THE LIFE STORY OF KING GEORGE V

RICHARD C. DENT

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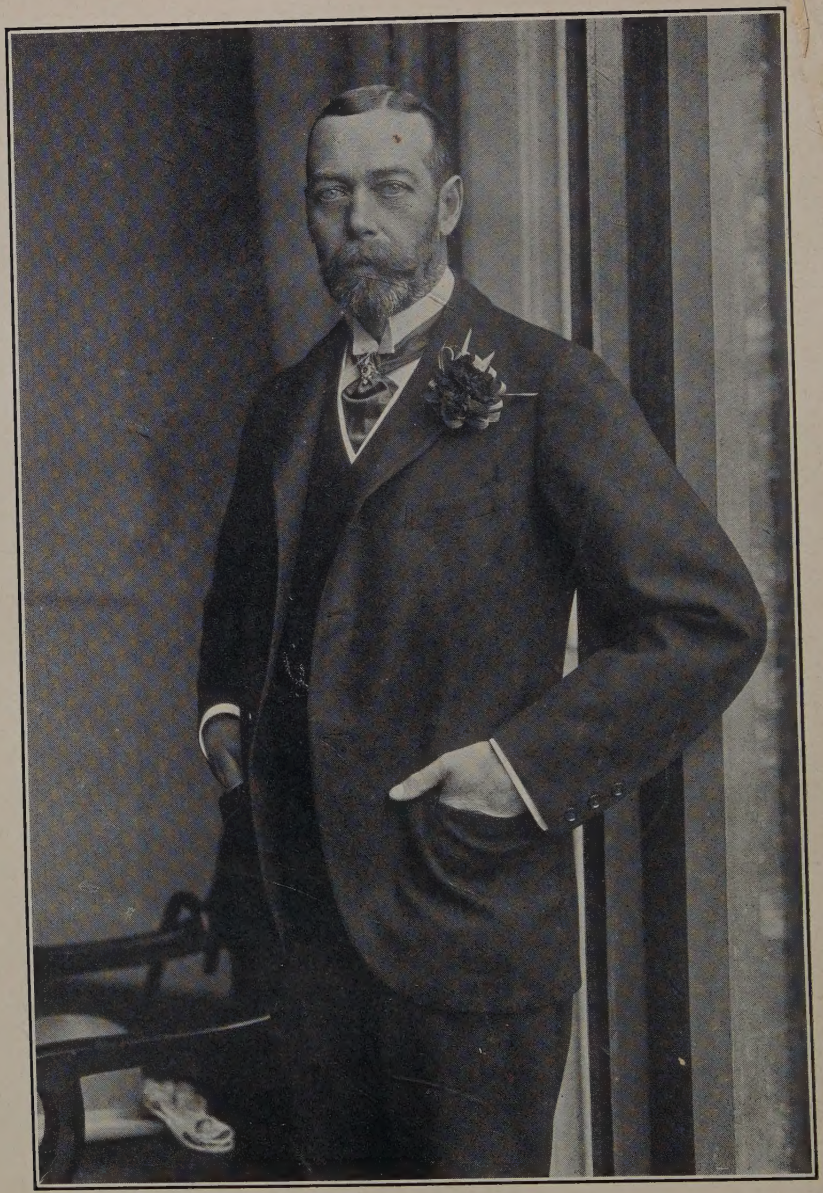


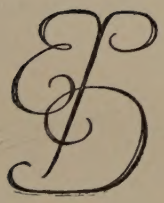
His Majesty, The King

THE LIFE STORY OF KING GEORGE V

BY

RICHARD C. DENT

ILLUSTRATED



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First Edition

DEDICATED TO

THE KING OF PEACEMAKERS

KING GEORGE V

COMMEMORATING THE

FIVE-POWER CONFERENCE

LONDON, 1930

22536

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THE LIFE STORY OF KING GEORGE V

CHAPTER I

THE KING

His will-power in illness—Publicity for his journey to Bognor—Honest bulletins by the King's command—Visiting a wounded sailor-boy—"We always call it 'home'"—Prince of Wales wanting to be an engine-driver—The King's stamp collection—Consideration for Piper MacGregor—Interest in weather reports—"On my yacht I am the happiest man in the world!"—A letter at the age of six—A chat with a skipper—Sympathy for India's people—"I suppose you can get hot baths every day"—A wreath of Laurel at the wine-cellar steps—The King at the Derby, Ascot, Twickenham—Keen on lawn tennis—Riding in the Row—The young photographer—"If you give me milk in any form, I shall know it"—Princess Elizabeth's posies—"Uncle George" in the albums—Ambassador Page's Eulogy.

THE grave and prolonged illness from which King George V recovered to the joy of his subjects, revealed the world-wide affection and esteem in which His Majesty is held. The intense anxiety, which was felt in the early days of December, 1928, has had no parallel as regards the incessant demand for the latest bulletins. A calculation was made as to the tens of thousands of words which were cabled all over the globe, and the total established a record. This sympathy had its satisfactory reflex action on the King.

It was stated by the Royal doctors that the King pulled through largely because he willed himself to live for his people. Day after day, until exhaustion set in, His Majesty would ask if people were inquiring for him; and, when he was told of the thousands of sympathetic messages that were pouring in from all parts of the country, he would smile contentedly.

When the deep shadow caused by his illness had lifted, the King gave another proof of how accurately he understands other people. He realized that there were many persons who would have been terribly disappointed if he had been taken to Bognor for convalescence without any public announcement of the time and route of his journey. So he insisted that the arrangements should be made known in the Press and that the route should be announced. He wanted all those people who cared for him to have the pleasure of seeing the invalid once more in person and, happily, on the road to recovery. He travelled in an ambulance with unscreened windows, by his own desire, so that people could see him acknowledge their greetings with a wave of his hand.

It is difficult not to dwell on the King's illness when writing any kind of appreciation of him, for he came nearer to his subjects than ever before in those three months of anxiety, and his recovery lightened a weight which was becoming almost insupportable. Those of us who were in London during those sad dark days in December know the atmosphere that pervaded it. Everyone's mind was far away in that quiet room in Buckingham Palace, and crowds stood daily near the

gates as if that proximity to the King brought them comfort. Nobody said much, but when the first reassuring bulletin came, one could almost hear the sigh of relief that went up.

Some people thought that the public should not have been given such intimate details regarding the King's illness, and that they should not have been told how ill he was. Vague bulletins, concealing the actual serious condition of the patient, might have been issued, but the King insisted that, from the beginning, his people should not be misled in any way about his illness. In the early stages he had the newspaper reports read aloud to him, so that he might be certain that the doctors' bulletins were given fully.

The King has seen so much of pain and suffering in his frequent visits to hospitals that he followed his own course of treatment with an expert interest. Having done his best, on countless occasions, to cheer wounded and dying men, he endured his own sufferings with courage. Royal personages become accustomed to the sight of illness from early youth, for, since the days of Queen Victoria, they have included visits to hospitals in the regular routine of their lives.

The late Dame Agnes Weston told a story of King George in his naval days which reveals his kindly sympathy. "When he commanded H.M.S. *Melampus* the Fleet was lying at Portland," said Dame Agnes Weston. "A boy whom I knew on board the ship had met with a bad accident, and was in the naval sick quarters. It was Sunday, and in the afternoon the Esplanade at Weymouth was crowded by all the rank

and fashion, eagerly expecting the arrival of the Sailor Prince. I went to Portland to my work, and in the sick quarters there was the Royal Captain, sitting by the bedside of the wounded sailor-boy, comforting and cheering him, and, eventually, when he left hospital and was invalided out of the Service, finding work for him."

The outpourings of the world's sympathy in his illness moved the King profoundly and proved, as we have said, an incentive towards exerting that "will to live" which turned the tide towards recovery.

When a number of people interested in the housing problem were received by the King some years ago, the conversation happened to touch on Buckingham Palace in its aspect as a house. "You know," said the King, "among ourselves—in the family, I mean—we never speak of 'Buckingham Palace'; we always call it 'home.'"

The Palace underwent several changes on the King's accession, and has been during his reign occupied for much longer periods by the Sovereign than was the case in the reigns of Queen Victoria, who disliked Buckingham Palace, and King Edward, who preferred Sandringham. King George's and Queen Mary's life at Buckingham Palace always had a pleasant domestic touch. When their children were young, the King and Queen saw much of them, for the King believed that nothing influenced youthful minds so much as intercourse with sympathetic and cultured people.

One can recall charming pictures from the early days of the King's reign. Down the long corridors of

Buckingham Palace childish laughter and running footsteps were often to be heard. "Father" was much in demand for hide-and-seek—he and his little daughter Princess Mary, being especially good "finders." They often hunted hand-in-hand, because "David" (now the Prince of Wales) "jumped out and frightened one." The King adored his little daughter. In his study at Buckingham Palace, with its rich sombre furniture, the little fairy-like figure of Princess Mary could often be seen enjoying the game of "ride-a-cock horse" on her father's foot. He was always a great playmate, as all children discovered. Once little Princess Mary was heard telling her mother that: "Daddy knows all the words, but when I asked Mr. —— to give me one the other day, he didn't seem to know what to do." She had implicit faith in the King's omniscience.

The King could not understand his eldest son's passion for being an engine-driver, and questioned him about it.

"I want to be an engine-driver," reiterated the boy for about the fourth time one day.

"If you can give me one really good reason why you want to be an engine-driver, David, we shall think about it seriously," said the King. "If anybody gets as far as having a real reason for doing anything I think they ought to be listened to."

"Because the drivers are so lovely and dirty!" the Prince answered with sparkling eyes. But apparently this reason was not sufficient, for the Prince did not realize his ambition, though in later years he has driven railway engines on more than one occasion.

The King has always taken a great interest in the Queen's hobby of interior decoration, and often makes quiet but useful suggestions. They are often to be seen at Sandringham arm-in-arm going through the rooms together. The King is a very observant man and seldom omits to notice a new improvement, and compliment the Queen upon it. Her Majesty in turn takes a very lively interest in the King's wonderful stamp collection. It is one of the best in the world and the King is justly proud of it. It is the envy of all philatelists. On more than one occasion, the King has assembled at the Palace a group of leading stamp collectors, and by his thorough acquaintance with all the rarities has proved that he is a connoisseur.

It has been said that the King never forgets a face; certainly he never forgets a friend. It is difficult for Royalty to have true friends for, as Tennyson wrote, the "lonely splendour of a throne" is a reality. But King George has an uncanny insight into what is true and what is false, and flatterers stand no chance with him. His friends are of all ages, and are selected from all classes. "No man is a hero to his valet," it has been said, but those who serve the King are amongst his best friends. The King is never quite at his ease when motoring unless his chauffeur, Humphreys, is driving him—and it was Humphreys who drove the ambulance which conveyed him to Bognor. Humphreys, too, invariably accompanies the King when he shoots.

The King believes in his friends, and they on their part never fail him. His consideration for them is

almost womanly. One of his friends in a humble walk of life is the Scottish piper, MacGregor. During the early part of the King's illness, regularly at 8 a.m. Piper MacGregor would play tunes on his bagpipes underneath the King's window. One day, however, the King saw that it was raining and sent the nurse to tell the piper not to come on wet days in future because it was bad for him. By the way, it may be mentioned that the King has always been a student of weather reports. So long ago as 1913 Sir Frederick Ponsonby, writing to the Meteorological Committee, stated: "I am commanded by the King to tell you that His Majesty would be very glad to have a copy of the Daily Weather Report sent to him regularly. His Majesty has always taken a great interest in the chart and details concerning the barometer ever since he was on board H.M.S. *Thrush*. The King would therefore be pleased to receive your Daily Report, and desires me to ask you to be good enough to address it direct to him every day."

There is one subject that brings invariably a brighter light into the King's eyes, and that is any mention of the sea or ships. For, after all, though King George has schooled himself into kingship, it was as a sailor that he spent a great part of his life. Like his elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence, he made the Navy his profession, and that profession, which he had to abandon when he came to the throne, has always been very dear to him. It is when he is on his yacht *Britannia* racing at Cowes, that he is revealed in his happiest mood.

It was characteristic that one of the greatest pleasures he enjoyed in his convalescence at Bognor was his sight of the sea and passing ships.

The King at Cowes is a laughing, jovial figure. "Directly I set foot on my yacht, I am the happiest man in the world," he once remarked to a friend. And he looks it. There is nothing he does not know about yachting, and the crew of the *Britannia* say that he is the most efficient man aboard. The King's cheeriness at Cowes is infectious. Once when landing from his yacht in a stiff breeze, his sailor cap flew off into the mud below the railings. "Well, that's gone," laughed the King as he stood, bareheaded, in the wind. A little townsboy, however, hopped down quickly, picked it up and returned it to His Majesty in a somewhat dilapidated condition. "Thank you, my boy," said the King, patting him on the head. "Better a muddy cap than none, don't you think?"

The Mediterranean cruise that the King and Queen took some time ago was not a success. The King is much happier in home waters, and Cowes Bay and the Norfolk Broads mean much more to him than the Mediterranean or the Atlantic.

A revelation of the King's earliest interest in Nelson was made in a letter written by the King when a boy of six to a lady as follows: "I am writing with your lovely ink and thank you so much for bringing it down last night, it was so very kind. We went yesterday to see Grandmama's swords pistols guns the bullet in a locket that killed Nelson the sword full of arrows tigers and peacocks and stars. We

will write with this ink to Mama to-morrow. . . . We were photographed twice yesterday and the day before the man took a long time—George."

The King has the absolute devotion of his servants. They will do anything for him, finding him just, considerate, and yet strict. It was said that he carried the methods of the Navy into his household, but that simply meant that he condemned a delinquent only after a perfectly impartial consideration of the case.

For one whole year in his life—1883–4—he was not home at all, serving as a midshipman on board the *Canada* on the North American and West Indian stations. Few people realize that the King put in twenty years of sea service. He once gave a reminder of this to the boys of the training ship *Conway* at Liverpool and at the same time expressed his own ideals of duty in these words: "I think that I am entitled, from a personal experience of twenty years at sea, to impress upon you three simple qualities, which I am sure, if conscientiously acted up to, will go a long way towards ensuring your success. The qualities to which I refer are truthfulness, obedience and zeal. Truthfulness will give those placed under you confidence in you; obedience will give those placed over you confidence in you; and although I have mentioned zeal last, it is by no means the least important, for without zeal no sailor can be worth his salt."

The King's sailor experience enabled him to appreciate the work of mine-sweeping and submarine-hunting performed by the skippers and crews of the small craft that scoured the waters of the North Sea in the War.

He paid a visit to a boat which had had the good fortune to do a piece of work that probably saved a transport from attack.

"When we got back into harbour," the skipper relates, "I got to know the King was coming, so we made the boat look a bit smart, and presently who should come along but His Majesty, Prince Albert, a lord, and an Admiral and some more. I never saw so much gold lace before. I was all of a shake when they came alongside the quay, and the Admiral said: 'Your Majesty, this is the ship and that is the skipper.'

"Then the King stepped aboard. 'Skipper,' says he, quite nice and friendly, 'I am very pleased to meet you. I am very proud of you. You are a brave man and so are all your crew.' Then he shook hands.

"I 'Majestied' him at first, but when he called me skipper, I just 'sirred' him, and he seemed pleased. He put his hand on my shoulder and walked with me forward, congratulating the crew, and having a look round. He looked down the engine-room and congratulated the engineer on how nice and smart the engine looked.

" 'Now, skipper,' said His Majesty, 'I should like to see where you sleep,' and down we went into the cabin.

" 'It's a very nice little place,' said the King, and then he says to me: 'Which is your bunk, skipper?' 'This one, sir,' and there was a nice counterpane and pillow-case. The King felt it and said: 'Very nice and comfortable, too; you can sleep well there.' Then he asked me how we lived, and I said: 'Champion in the

Navy.' The King shook hands with us again on deck, and then left."

The King is a thorough Britisher and prefers his own country and its scenery to that of all others. This does not mean to say that he is not intensely interested in the life and customs of other countries, for he is—especially in India. As King-Emperor he feels a tremendous responsibility for this great country which is under his rule. It is characteristic of the King, that, when he speaks of India, he never forgets the Indian women and their emancipation. He has never forgotten his tour to India when he was Prince of Wales; even then he was keenly interested in this question. When he was in Calcutta, he had a long talk with the late Mr. Gokhale, one of the ablest Indians of his time. "I gather," he said, "that you think that the people of India would be happier if they were governed by Indians?"

"I cannot say, sir," said Mr. Gokhale, "that they would be happier; but at any rate they would feel a pride in thinking that they were managing their own affairs and taking their places among the self-respecting nations of the world."

"Ah," said the future King, "I can quite understand that ambition, but how can you achieve this while the women of India remain as they are at present in the unenlightened, dark background?"

When the late Viscount Morley, Secretary of State for India, returned from an interview with the Prince of Wales—as King George then was—he recorded in

his diary this comment: "His whole attitude saturated with sympathy for its people." His hundreds of millions of Indian subjects may rest assured that their life and destiny are often in the thoughts of their King-Emperor.

During the Great War, all the King's observation, sense of duty and sincere kindliness were put to the test. In France the King's visits were an inspiration to thousands of soldiers. Simply and unaffectedly, he mingled with his men as one of them. One had only to look at his face to see how he cared and grieved for the hosts of wounded. His visits to hospitals were greeted with loud cheering, notwithstanding all instructions to the contrary. He had a word of praise for every bit of good work done, a joke for many a patient, and an intimate first-hand knowledge of the War which astounded the Generals who came into contact with him.

At home, King George and his family lived a life of Spartan simplicity at Buckingham Palace. Once during a visit to a hospital near London the King was shown some heating apparatus.

"I suppose you can get hot baths every day," said the King, a little ruefully, and then added, obviously from personal experience: "You can't lather with soap and cold water, can you?"

At Court, by the King's command, total abstinence became the rule. There is a story that the Royal servants at Windsor showed a pretty sense of humour. They placed a wreath of laurel at the head of the cellar steps, down which now, alas, no one goes. Exactly

what the wreath was meant to indicate—whether regret or homage—is not clear.

The Royal menus were simple to the point of frugality, and Queen Mary filled in her own card for meat allowance like the rest of the nation's women. A distinguished visitor to the Palace in the tense days of the War was so impressed by the small meals served to their Majesties that he suggested that the details should be published in order to encourage their subjects.

The King has never really recovered from the strain of the War, and he has never forgotten it. Many ex-Service men have had cause to thank him for some kindly thought or deed. Remembrance Day is sacred to the King—probably a great deal more sacred than it is to many people—and the Two Minutes' Silence is an intense emotional strain to him as he realizes the sacrifices it commemorates. It is believed that His Majesty caught the cold that started his long illness by standing bareheaded before the Cenotaph, on the 11th of November, 1928. What the King means to ex-Service men was shown by the tremendous ovation given to him at the *Daily Express* Remembrance Day celebrations at the Royal Albert Hall, just before he fell ill. The men cheered until they were hoarse.

To some people the King would mean far less if he were not that person so beloved of all Englishmen—a good sportsman. Derby Day and Ascot would lose much of their fascination if the King were not there. Newmarket would fall flat if it were not for the friendly, smiling man who walks informally among his

subjects in the paddock. You see him, laughing over a joke, young in mind and body. If his horse wins a race, the King is as exuberant as any other winning race-goer. He loves horses, although he never hunts nowadays.

Because the King is a "good sport" and also because he loves to be among his people, he attends most of the great sporting events in London. At the Cup Final at Twickenham his arrival is always greeted by a wild outburst of enthusiasm, made even more real by the fact that His Majesty obviously expects to enjoy the game as much as any of the public. The Tattoo, the Military Tournament, the Horse Show—to all of these the King goes, bringing with him the zest and vitality that never leave him. He is extremely interested in air development and in 1928 attended the Air Pageant at Hendon. Although His Majesty does not travel by air, he has a great belief in this form of transport, and has followed world flights and trans-Atlantic achievements with keen interest.

The King has, for many years been fond of lawn tennis, and used to play frequently in the gardens of Buckingham Palace with Princess Mary and the Duke of York, both of whom are excellent players. It will be remembered that the Duke of York, partnered by Wing-Commander Louis Greig, played twice at Wimbledon. The King and Queen enjoy few afternoons in the summer as much as those spent at Wimbledon. On the occasion of the Jubilee their Majesties presented medals to a procession of champions and ex-champions on the famous centre court.

The King discusses the points of a lawn-tennis match with the enthusiasm and knowledge of a keen player.

Riding is his favourite form of exercise, and he likes nothing better than a gallop in Windsor Great Park. Before Princess Mary's marriage, she and her father used often to ride together, for they were great companions. In London the King has often been seen early in the morning riding in the Row with a friend. Once he saw a little girl with a very large camera, vainly trying, with inexperienced hands, to take a photograph of him. Pulling up his horse, he asked her whether she would find it easier if he stood still. "Oh, yes, Your Majesty, now I can get a lovely one," said the little girl. The King's smile was very kind, as he rode away, for his love of all children is well known.

Some foreigners once said on a visit to England: "We find your King so charming because he has a wide diversity of tastes." People often ask the question: "Is the King really fond of all the things he has to do?" Naturally, like other men, King George has his own special tastes, but it is true to say that there is very little in his life that the King does not find, or make, interesting. This is, of course, in some degree due to his upbringing. His father, King Edward, looking back over youthful years of restriction and loneliness, determined that his sons should lead a very different life from his own. He encouraged them to read and travel. When quite young, Prince George was sent on a world tour with his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence. Queen Victoria strongly opposed the greater freedom allowed

to the Princes, but on this point King Edward was adamant, and King George has much to thank his father for in this respect. Being a genial person, the King enjoys lively plays at the theatre, and has sometimes attended cinemas. At the last Command Performance on the variety stage, many well-known artistes were seen at their best, and the King laughed until the tears ran down his face.

This sense of humour helped tremendously in pulling him through his grave illness. He joked frequently with the doctors and his nurses. When Nurse Black arrived from the London Hospital, to try and suggest new foods for the King, who was not taking nourishment, she found her patient very weak, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"If you give me milk in any shape or form, Nurse, I shall know it," he whispered; "you can't take me in."

But Nurse Black managed to provide tempting diet and her patient began to eat again. The King joked with the St. John's Ambulance men who were detailed to carry him on a stretcher from the Palace to the motor ambulance. He said that he hoped he was not too heavy, and then remarked laughingly that, in any case, he was not as heavy as the fat policeman outside Buckingham Palace. "I should think he weighs twenty stone," said the King; and it was found afterwards that this estimate was not far wrong.

Enjoyment of fun has kept the King very young, and enables him to enjoy his grandchildren. Little Princess Elizabeth is especially a favourite of her grand-

father, for she reminds him of the time when his own daughter, Princess Mary, was a little girl. Princess Elizabeth is, of course, a great favourite at the Palace, and the little posies which she used to send up to "Grandpa" nearly every day during his illness were the most treasured of all his flowers. On Christmas Day, 1928, when he was very ill, he particularly asked how little Elizabeth was enjoying her Christmas and whether she was pleased with her presents. He is proud of his two grandsons, George and Gerald Lascelles, and took a great deal of trouble in teaching Gerald how to salute during the last Tattoo. Now that Princess Mary is so often out of town, the Duchess of York has become very like a daughter to the King and Queen, who were delighted when she married their son.

Of great delight to all children who visit the King are the large family albums which he is sometimes induced to bring out. There is great excitement to find out which of the strangely dressed people are "Mother," "Father," and "Uncle George." In fact, George Lascelles will not yet believe that the strange young lady with the big hat who figures in many photographs is his own mother.

The late American Ambassador, Mr. W. H. Page, who was such a friend of the British nation in the Great War, wrote thus of the King: "The influence of the throne—and of him on the throne, being a wholly reputable, thoughtful, industrious, and conscientious man—is very great."

What motto has our King for the great Empire over

which he rules so well? Perhaps nothing brings him before our eyes so vividly as the telling phrase he uttered at the Ideal Home Exhibition—it is the phrase of a great idealist:

"The glory of the Nation is founded on the homes of the People."

CHAPTER II

THE KING'S BOYHOOD

His Birthday—"He is very small and not very pretty"—A fire at Marlborough House—A traveller when two years old—"It's very hard work being a Prince"—Happy days at Sandringham—"Georgie only likes the pretty letters"—Riding up the steps of a club-house on a pony—"This is the Princess of Wales and we are her children"—A new playmate at Rumpenheim—Wanting to be a sailor—"Georgie can never talk about anything except his old boats"—Christmas festivities at Sandringham—"A good sport."

ON 3rd of June, 1865, Victorian London again had the excitement of hearing of a Royal Prince's Birth, for on that day there was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales a son who was to become in due time King George V.

The baby was not the first child of the Prince and Princess as, eighteen months before, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, had been born. It is said that the Prince of Wales, during those anxious hours of waiting that for all fathers precede the birth of a child, found consolation, not in his library, but playing with his son and heir in the nursery. The country rejoiced over the birth of a second son to the Prince and Princess of

Wales, making a succession to the throne in the direct line of threefold strength.

Guns boomed from the Tower of London and from the parks. Silent and patient crowds waited outside Marlborough House awaiting bulletins—their imagination stirred by the thought of the beautiful and popular Princess and her little son. Queen Victoria was one of the first callers. As she stepped majestically from her carriage, she suggested the autocrat more than the grandmother. This was her second grandchild, and she knew exactly how she wished him and his elder brother brought up. Eighteen months was certainly not too early an age to start with the little Duke of Clarence and three-days-old Prince George, lying in his cradle, already had the plan of his education and mode of living mapped out by his Royal grandmother. On 17th June, Queen Victoria wrote to the King of the Belgians and mentioned little Prince George: "I have seen our new grandson," she wrote. "He is very small and not very pretty, but bigger than Albert Victor (Duke of Clarence), who is a dear little fellow."

A most unfortunate occurrence took place at Marlborough House on 4th July, when Prince George was only a month old. Fire broke out on the nursery floor. The Princess was with her two small sons at the time, and was much alarmed when she saw smoke coming up through the floor. The Princess always turned to her husband in cases of emergency, and rushing out on to the landing, she called out dramatically: "Edward, Edward, we are all on fire!" The Prince of Wales, rushing up from his study, helped to tear up the floor-

ing and discover the origin of the fire. Apparently, a smouldering cinder had set fire to some of the dry boards. This fire led to the discovery of a most astounding thing—that Marlborough House was not insured! It would have been a heavy financial loss to the Prince and Princess if it had been burnt to the ground.

On 7th July, Prince George was christened at Windsor, being named George Frederick Ernest Albert. On the same day, Queen Victoria, always a prolific letter-writer, wrote to the King of the Belgians: "To-day the christening of the new baby took place, but quietly and not *en grande tenue*. Still these ceremonies and events are painful to me in the extreme, as you know."

There was one thing upon which the Prince and Princess of Wales were entirely agreed. They would not be separated from their children, and they were determined that their youthful lives should be made as bright and happy as the young parents knew how. The Prince had not forgotten his own childhood, when, as a little boy, strict disciplinary rules had been drawn up for him by Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Baron Stockmar, his tutor. So he ruled out such "solitary confinement" as a part of his children's upbringing.

Thus it was at the early age of two, that Prince George paid a visit with his parents to Dunrobin Castle. This necessitated a drive of 25 miles, and his mother was greatly concerned lest the child should catch cold. Little Prince George, however, apparently loved the

drive, and kept his eyes on the horses the whole time. At three years old he had become an experienced traveller, for he went with his parents and his sister (who was later to become Princess Royal) to Paris, Copenhagen, and Stockholm, returning home with his nurse and two equerries, while his parents went on to Berlin.

The Princess of Wales always said that she loved taking "Georgie" about. "He is such a good child; always so cheerful and merry and with such big inquiring eyes. I think he is very much like Edward," she remarked to a friend. Perhaps an even deeper reason underlay the parents' desire to take their family with them wherever they went; possibly they were afraid to leave them at home. Queen Victoria disapproved strongly of the life that was lived in the nurseries of Marlborough House, and would have done her best, if she had had command, to have altered substantially many things in the day's routine.

"Grandmother" was certainly a very awe-inspiring person to little Prince George, but he saw her only occasionally. He never forgot a certain little incident because it was so different from his ideal of a grandmother's behavior—she had given him a biscuit with sugar on top! It wasn't a very nice biscuit, but little "George" ate it manfully, because his father had already taught him that he must never make people feel uncomfortable or unhappy.

King George's most vivid memories of his childhood group themselves round Sandringham. The country home of the Prince in Norfolk can claim dis-

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

King George at the age of eighteen months

tinguished association with the scholarly Earl Rivers, who instigated the coming of Caxton with his printing press to England. It was bought from Lady Harriet Cowper as a shooting-box for the Prince and became a real home to all his children. Prince George loved the quiet countryside. When he was quite a little boy, he could distinguish the different birds by their notes, and he was often chosen by his mother to gather flowers for her, because, as she said: "He picked them so tenderly." He and his brother and sisters loved especially springtime at Sandringham, with pleasant days in the woods, picnics, and merry games. These fragrant memories King George can never forget. Sandringham, with the primroses in Wolferton Woods, whinbushes in their yellow beauty, and and rhododendrons a glorious show of colour—these pictures shine in his boyhood memories.

In Prince George's early life simplicity was always the keynote. The brothers were not allowed to be called "Royal Highness," but "Prince Eddy" and "Prince George." They were taught from a very early age that they were no better than, and probably not as good as, other people. "It is very hard work being a Prince," his father once said to Prince George, gravely. "You must think all the time that other people matter more than yourself."

The little Prince thought the matter over very carefully for several days, and then he went to his mother: "I cried 'cos I couldn't have another cake for tea tonight," he said sadly; "don't tell daddy—Princes oughtn't to cry."

The children had few toys, and they were not allowed to receive gifts except from relatives. The Prince and Princess of Wales lived a very quiet and informal life at Sandringham. Breakfast was a meal specially loved by the children, and there was always a rush as to who should be down first to sit next to "Mamma." Often George, with his swift movements, reached one of the coveted chairs first, and during the meal would wriggle closer and closer to his mother, until at last a sticky little hand was thrust into hers. One strange nondescript woolly animal accompanied the little Prince during the day, and, alas for Victorian discipline, went to bed with him at night! Queen Victoria once caught sight of this animal, and remarked to the Princess of Wales that she thought it was high time the child should learn to do without such things.

"He is only six," murmured the mother, "and he does love it so." Prince George, skipping about the nursery, did not know until long afterwards how nearly his pet had been taken from him. The Princess was not an over-indulgent mother; she believed in teaching her children to sacrifice themselves for other people, and to interest themselves in them. Often, when she was driving with her family, she would pick up village children on their way from school and take them to their cottage homes, often going in and speaking to the mothers. Probably because of her Danish origin, the Princess loved these informal domestic chats, to which she had grown accustomed when she was a girl in Denmark. It is quite certain that at any

rate little Prince George appreciated thoroughly his intercourse with ordinary children. He was not averse to a fight with boys of his own age if the occasion demanded.

The education of all the children was begun by their mother. "Georgie likes only the pretty letters," she once said to a friend. "He will make any number of S's and Y's, but I's and H's he will *not* make." French and German governesses familiarized them with foreign languages. When Prince George was four and his elder brother nearly six, the lads were put under the tutorship of Mr. John Neale Dalton, then a curate of Sandringham, and now Canon Dalton.

About this time Prince George developed a passion for boats, and he often escaped his tutor to rush down to a tiny pond in the garden to "do some sailing" as he put it. He was a chubby little figure in his sailor suit, with a large collar, and his shock of fair hair. It must be admitted that his father viewed these little escapades leniently. He himself loved the sea with all his heart and soul, and it was well known that he wished his second son to enter the Navy. Sometimes he would go down to the pond to bring back his erring son, and would then forget all about the truancy of the wide-eyed little boy, who hung on his words with breathless interest as, with his memory stirred by the sight of the tiny boat making its way across the pond, he told stories of the sea, of the ships he had known, and the men who had been his comrades in his youthful days.

Love of animals was always fostered at Sandring-

ham. The Princess was very fond of riding and driving, and loved horses and dogs. She taught her children to love them, too; they had a little Indian pony called "Nawab," which had wonderful red and gold harness and was decorated with ribbons. Prince George was particularly adventurous on this animal, and once accomplished the feat of riding Nawab up the steps and into the Club House at West Newton. He was punished for this, but, as a small boy once said: "It is better to be punished after you have done a thing, than just for thinking about doing it." The Royal children had quite a menagerie at Sandringham. There was the dove-house, two heifer calves, two or three ponies, and "Viva," the beautiful mare belonging to their mother, of which Prince George was very fond. It was the custom of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when at Sandringham, to walk round the grounds with their family and guests, after lunch on Sundays, visiting the animals. Prince Eddy and Prince George were allowed to accompany the party, if they had been passably good during the week. Each child went down to the kitchens beforehand, and received a little basket of apples and carrots.

When the Princess visited the tenants' cottages in her charming, informal way, the children generally accompanied her, Prince George holding his mother's hand, and making from time to time observant remarks on trees and birds and flowers. On one occasion the Princess of Wales went over to Appleton Farm, some two miles away. The door was opened by a maid-servant, who saw a beautiful lady with merry children

confronting her, but did not know who they were until, stepping forward and removing his cap, Prince George remarked gravely: "This is the Princess of Wales, and we are her children."

There are old men at Sandringham who shake their heads laughingly at the remembrance of Prince Georgie's pranks, although his courtesy to people older than himself is also remembered. A story goes that his mother and a clergyman had been paying a visit to one of the cottages on the estate. The latter discovered suddenly when he reached Sandringham House, that he had left his walking-stick there. Nobody had observed Georgie, but he came forward suddenly with the request: "May I have the pleasure of fetching it for you?"

A great deal of entertaining was done at Sandringham by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and there was a delightful spirit in their hospitality that guests tried vainly to analyse. King Edward was at his best as a host. As he and his wife were very fond of dancing, the dances in the great ballroom were always a success. Sometimes the two elder children were allowed to have a peep at the festivities, and Prince George once remarked that he liked "to see mother being a great lady." It was King Edward's habit to accompany the men guests to their rooms, and he would stir the fire and see that they had all they wanted with the courtesy of the perfect host.

When Prince George was six years old, he spent a holiday at the Palace of Rumpenheim, where his mother had enjoyed happy months in her early child-

hood. This lovely old house near Frankfort had been left to the Duchess of Cambridge, the aunt of Queen Victoria, by Landgrave Frederick, with the request that she and her descendants should meet there every second year. This tradition was kept up for many years. Accordingly, there were often delightful reunions at Rumpenheim, and it was here that Princess Alexandra formed a friendship with Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) which lasted all her life.

Prince George loved Rumpenheim. He considered the gardens far superior to those of Sandringham for the purpose of hide-and-seek. It was here that he met for the first time little Princess Mary of Teck, who was in the future to become his wife. The Duchess of Teck called her baby "May-blossom," and the fairy-like little girl lived up to the pretty name. About the time when she first met Prince George, her mother wrote of her:

"She really is as sweet and engaging a child as you could wish to see. Full of life and fun, with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, and a tiny rosebud of a mouth."

The Duke and Duchess of Teck lived in a suite of rooms at Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria had passed her early years, and, after the Rumpenheim visit, their little daughter and the Prince of Wales's children spent much time together in each other's nurseries, when the latter were at Marlborough House. The Duchess of Teck wrote in her diary: "Wales's children came in this afternoon, and I went up to the nursery to keep them in order."

The difference between the two young Princes about this time became much more noticeable. Albert Duke of Clarence, the heir, had always been delicate. He was a quiet, reserved boy, while his younger brother George was always brimming over with merriment. In fact, so full of pranks was he that he earned the name of "Right Royal Pickle." Bishop Wilberforce, writing of the two boys when young, noted in the elder "a certain look of melancholy," while the younger was "full of fun and spirits and life."

Prince George showed at an early age a spirit of earnestness and a capacity for great enthusiasm, characteristics which developed strongly during his later life. He put his back into everything which he did, and it was striking to see how the childish lips could set with determination and the merry blue eyes become keen and thoughtful. It was when he was quite young that Prince George began to think of the sea as his profession. In this, he was greatly influenced by Charles Kingsley. The old man, with his keen love of boys, became a very real friend to Prince Eddy and Prince George, and, when he was dying at Eversley Rectory, he received a touching little note of sympathy from them both. Whether or not he should be allowed to go into the Navy was a topic of which Prince George never tired. Captain Marryat became his favourite author, and the sea, ships, and battles were his chief interest. So much so, in fact, that his little sister once remarked: "Georgie can never talk about anything except his old boats."

By the time he was six years old, the Prince had

developed into a sturdy, normal, healthy boy. He had also the foundations of a character which was to become as strong and virile as his body. It must have been a proud moment for the Prince of Wales when he first showed his merry, healthy little sons to the public. Often when looking at them he must have thought of his own very different childhood, and have sent up a prayer of thankfulness that his sons, at any rate, did not know "the abysmal depths of misery," that had been his portion at six years of age.

If you had asked Prince George at that time which home he loved best, he would have replied promptly: "Sandringham best of all, then Marlborough House, and last Charlottenburg, which is nice, but rather strange after England." Charlottenburg was the home of his grandparents, the King and Queen of Denmark. Why the little boy loved Sandringham best was because it was just a charming country home, with family portraits and pictures hanging on all the walls, and gardens in which to frolic. After the Prince of Wales's return from India in 1875 he had his study entirely furnished with the furniture used in his rooms on the *Serapis,* the ship on which he had made the voyage. The little Prince often crept into this room to touch the furniture which had come off "a real live boat."

Christmas was a wonderful time at Sandringham, when a Christmas tree, thirty feet high, used to stand at one end of the ballroom, glittering with lights, and loaded with presents. At Christmas the children were not allowed to think wholly of themselves: it was a

busy time for them, for beef and gifts were taken to every labourer on the estate; schoolchildren were entertained to tea, and there was always a ball for the servants, for which the Princes were allowed to stay up. King George, even now, recalls the skating-parties on the lake which winds through Sandringham grounds. All the children skated to their hearts' content, and their parents' friends and neighbours often came to join in the sport, while the villagers looked on. Blazing pine torches and coloured lanterns gave the lake a fairy-like appearance, and hot coffee was served out to the skaters.

Prince George has always loved London. Its busy streets and tall buildings had a peculiar fascination for him, even when quite a tiny child. During his early days, Marlborough House was, perhaps, even more "home" than Sandringham. When it had become necessary to select a Town House for the Prince of Wales on his marriage, Marlborough House had been chosen by Queen Victoria because of its nearness to Buckingham Palace. The little Princes, especially George, liked going for drives from Marlborough House, because there were always people near the gates watching them depart, and they could practise saluting!

Although the Princess of Wales's life was filled to overflowing with duties, she managed to have her children constantly with her, and there were many homely touches all over the great house. For instance, in her boudoir at Marlborough House was a sofa especially designed for her by her husband. It became a very favourite resting-place of "Georgie" who often

crept in unobserved and, when discovered by his mother, would lift cherubic eyes to her face with the remark: "It's got a nicer feel than the nursery one!" In this same room was a screen made of family photographs, at which Prince George never tired of looking.

King Edward was a sportsman, and he intended that his sons should also be efficient in the hunting field. Before he was ten, Prince George could ride, fish, skate, and enjoy almost any form of sport. It was a good augury for the future that he became known thus early as "a good sport," for the next few years of his life were to be spent in an atmosphere where a "muff" would not be tolerated. The British Navy is no respecter of persons, unless they show themselves worthy of respect; and a good sportsman finds a welcome on any ship.

Prince George acted as a constant and welcome stimulus, in work and play hours, to the more lymphatic temperament of Prince Eddy. When they were following the hounds together as boys, it was Prince George whose pony had to take the fence or hedge the first, and give Prince Eddy the lead. Were they bathing together in the sea, it was Prince George who was the first to leap off the ship or yacht's side into the water, and not till he was swimming around and encouraging his brother to follow him did the elder take the inevitable plunge. In many ways the elder constantly leant upon the younger brother, and the younger reciprocated the confidence with warm-hearted devotion.

CHAPTER III

TRAINING TO BE A SAILOR

The serious illness of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham—"Be good for my sake"—At the Thanksgiving Service—"Prince George seemed to thoroughly enjoy the crowds"—The menagerie of pets from India—"How nice-looking he is!"—Life on the training-ship "Britannia"—The Princes' cabins—Picnics ashore—Their nicknames of "Sprat" and "Herring"—The voyage in H.M.S. "Bacchante"—"I entirely approve of the plan of my grandsons going"—The Princes' diaries published—The bouquet meant for Prince Eddy—Sees Port Royal—Home again.

IN 1871, while the two young Princes were pursuing their studies with Mr. Dalton, their father was suddenly taken seriously ill. In November, the Prince of Wales developed typhoid fever at Sandringham, shortly after visiting Lord Londesborough at Scarborough. The Princess had been very ill with rheumatism and was still not at all strong when her husband was stricken down. One thought was uppermost in her mind: the children must be sent away at once.

Packing up and going to stay with their grandmother, Queen Victoria, was an exciting event. Their nurse remarked afterwards that Prince George was most helpful on this occasion, and did his best to help

her get them all off safely. It was he, and not Prince Eddy, who took command of the situation, for he was heard remarking to his brother that "we elder ones must do what we can."

Sir William Gull, Sir William Jenner, Dr. Clayton and Dr. Howe were summoned to the patient's bedside. The room where he lay between life and death at Sandringham was next door to his wife's boudoir and had a large bay window overlooking the gardens. In the ceiling was a pulley-hook, by which the Prince used to raise himself in bed during his illness. The Princess nursed her husband devotedly all through his illness, and it was specially fortunate that his sister, Princess Alice of Hesse, was visiting Sandringham at the time and could share the activities. During the first few days of the illness, Queen Victoria hurried from Windsor to see her son, and it was when she returned from Sandringham that she took her grandchildren with her. The children were on their best behaviour, partly because they were somewhat frightened of their grandmother, but chiefly because their mother, before they started, had begged them "to be good for my sake."

On 1st December, the Prince of Wales recovered consciousness, and, on being told the date, said: "This is my wife's birthday." Immediately after this, he asked after his children and, being told that they were with the Queen, remarked: "Has the Queen come from Scotland? Does she know I am ill?" This, however, was but a brief respite in his grave illness, and by 6th December his life was despaired of. Queen Victoria

came anxiously from Windsor, summoning other members of the Royal Family. The Princess seldom left her husband's side, and, in her telegrams to her special friend, the Duchess of Teck, she admitted that she had almost lost hope of the invalid's recovery.

All through the long winter night, when the crisis had been reached, crowds waited outside the newspaper offices for the latest tidings. Business during the day was almost suspended. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Greek, Jew, and Mohammedan joined in universal prayers for the Prince's recovery. In a single day no fewer than ten bulletins were issued by *The Times*. Londoners who passed through a time of anxiety regarding the illness of King George in December, 1928, will have no difficulty in visualizing the scenes that took place in 1871 when his father lay at the point of death.

It is interesting to examine the coincidence of dates in the illnesses of father and son. The Prince of Wales (later King Edward) developed typhoid on 22nd November, 1871. The crisis occurred in December, and he was removed to Osborne to recuperate on 10th February, 1872. The dates in King George's illness are practically identical. He was taken ill on 21st November, 1928; the symptoms became extremely grave about the middle of December; and his removal to Bognor was on 9th of February, 1929.

On 16th December, 1871, to the great joy of the nation the tide turned. On the following day, the Princess of Wales wrote to the Rector of Sandringham: "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I

am coming to church, but I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside."

Meanwhile, at Windsor, the children had not been told how serious was their father's illness. "Georgie" already was fretting to go home and, although it appears that they enjoyed themselves at Windsor, all the children were looking forward to seeing mother and father again. Princess Louise seemed to think that her father's illness would have entirely changed him. It was not until Prince George told her that "he won't be any different, except, I expect, he'll be all shaky, like that old horse we saw yesterday," that she was comforted.

The Prince spent most of his convalescence at Osborne and Windsor. From the latter place he went to Marlborough House, and, on 27th February, still frail and weak, he attended with his wife and family the great Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Fourteen thousand people were inside the Cathedral, and many thousands lined the route. A spectator wrote to one of the newspapers afterwards thus:

"Prince Albert is very tall for his age, and looks delicate. Little Prince George seemed to thoroughly enjoy the crowds, and sat very upright in the carriage, looking from side to side all the way along the route."

This was Prince George's first public appearance, but from this occasion onwards both the young Princes accompanied their parents to other public functions. In celebration of the Thanksgiving Service, Fleet Street subscribed a Bible for Prince Eddy as a memento of

the occasion. It was designed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, and contained 72 illustrations of places in the Holy Land which had been visited by his father. The Bible had a cover of ivory slabs with his monogram in enamel. Prince George thought he was going to be given a Bible, and cried with disappointment. Prince Eddy, naughty for once in his life, took pleasure in displaying his gift to his brother, with the teasing remark: "Look at my lovely Bible!"

In 1875, the Prince of Wales started his Indian tour. The Princess was distracted between her desire to accompany her husband, and the dread of a long separation from her children. It was decided, however, that her health was not good enough to undertake the exertions of the long journey. When the children were told that she was not going, after all, there was great excitement in the nursery. "Georgie's" imagination, however, had been stirred by the thought of India, and he wept bitterly because he was not allowed to accompany his father. During the Prince's absence, the Princess and her children paid a long visit to Copenhagen, where Prince George found it "very cold," as he left on record.

In the following May, preparations began for welcoming the Prince home again. The Princess and her children sailed in the *Enchantress,* escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, to meet the Prince's ship, the *Serapis,* and went on board off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Sad to relate, Prince George seems to have been so entirely thrilled by the ships and their crews that on this occasion his father took second place. When the Prince told

his children of the menagerie of pets that he had brought home for them, George was the first to demand to be shown them: "At once, please, father." Later, several of the animals brought home by the Prince were presented to the Zoological Gardens. Immediately on reaching London, the Prince of Wales visited Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and in the evening their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their two sons, visited Covent Garden Opera. This was the first appearance of Prince George in the famous Opera House, and there were many kind but somewhat embarrassing remarks made in his hearing. "How nice-looking he is!" one lady, seated near the Royal Box, exclaimed repeatedly. "I wish she wouldn't say that, mother," murmured the ten-year-old Prince, his face blushing with annoyance.

Prince Eddy and Prince George now attended with their parents various ceremonies. Both of them went up to Glasgow with the Prince and Princess when they laid the stone of the new General Post Office in St. George's Square. They also went with them to Norwich for the inauguration of the extension to the hospital. Prince George was beginning to be very proud of his mother, and always asked her in advance what gown she would be wearing for the occasion, generally commenting on the colour and design.

After the Prince's return from India, he began definitely to take up the question of the education of his two sons. Remembering his own childhood, he wished his sons' education to be the opposite of his own in that his had been wide from the point of view of learning,

but narrow as to the study of men and things. He wished his sons to be manly men capable of reading men as easily as books. Many were the anxious discussions as to whether the Princes should or should not be sent to a public school. After many weeks of consideration, he decided to place both the boys on a training-ship, one of his chief reasons being that there they would be taught "to do something with their hands."

The Princess with her Viking ancestry and her love of the sea, agreed with her husband, and it was settled that the two boys should receive two years' training on the *Britannia.* In 1877, therefore, Prince George went with his mother to join the *Britannia.* Both Princes had passed their examination at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, several months previously; but when it was time to join Prince Eddy developed typhoid fever and could not go until the autumn.

The *Britannia* was under the command of Captain Fairfax, a sound officer of the old school. The Prince was most anxious that his sons should be treated in every way like the other lads. He knew that they would pass through the stage of being "young cubs," and realized wisely that they could easily learn refinement, but that there was no hope for a boy who had once been branded "a muff." Accordingly, the boys' clothes were ordinary training-ship kit; and they drilled, studied, and messed with the other cadets without the smallest distinction of rank. Strict discipline was maintained on board, and the two Princes had to "knuckle under to it" like the others.

As has been said, Prince George arrived with his mother alone to inspect "his ship." He was rather glad than otherwise, for, as he said, it would give him a certain superiority over his elder brother. This was certainly the case, for when Prince Eddy joined the ship, "Georgie" was a swaggering cadet with a great variety of nautical language and a capacity for pranks which eclipsed the oldest middy.

The Princess, with Prince George hanging on her arm, examined her son's quarters, and would have liked to have added certain little comforts, but refrained. The Princes' quarters in the *Britannia* were extremely small. Their hammocks were slung in a space twelve feet square, and by them stood their seamen's chests. On the walls hung portraits of their parents and sisters, views of Sandringham, and a large photograph of Queen Victoria.

"I remember paying a visit to H.M.S. *Britannia* at Dartmouth in the 'seventies,' " wrote a friend of the Royal Family, "where through the kindness of the Rev. J. N. Dalton, I was introduced to two cadets. I can see them now in the cadet's uniform, of which they were so proud, though not yet promoted to the dignity of a dirk; the one tall and slim, with a quiet thoughtful face, the other shorter with a round face and laughing eyes, full of mischief, a regular pickle. These cadets were Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales. They took me to their cabins and showed me their treasures, the dearest of which were the home likenesses. 'Here's father and mother, and here's grandmamma.' While we were talking a lieutenant on

duty looked in and ordered them to don oil-skins, and to go out in the brig. Prince George was all for a cruise, wet and windy as it was; Prince Eddy was not quite so keen and would rather have done duty aboard. We shook hands and in two minutes the little Princes were scuttling aboard H.M.S. *Dapper.*"

Prince Eddy, being delicate, was allowed to take it easier than his brother on the *Britannia,* but Prince George took the life seriously and was thoroughly in his element, both at work and play. He once told one of his seamanship instructors not to bother about his brother, but devote his full attention to him. He loved carpentering and studying the details of a ship's rigging, and the engineering. Both boys had to darn their own socks and George hated this job; his socks, sad to relate, were often in a deplorable condition. Life on the *Britannia* was certainly hard. The bugle called them at 6.30 a.m. for a cold-water tub. Roll-call was at 7.10, followed by drill; prayers at 8.15, then breakfast; after this came general inspection and studies. Both boys were often so tired by the end of the day that they were glad to turn into their hammocks at 8.30.

Sir Charles Cust, who later became Equerry to King George, entered the *Britannia* at the same time as the young Prince, and the two boys started a friendship which was to last during long years. They both studied French together under M. Hua.

Prince George's love of mischief was almost inexhaustible in those days. He was generally the leader in the raids which took place on the ship's larder in search of sweet foods. Occasionally, as was the prac-

tice of young naval cadets, he amused himself by running his boat into timid rowers on the Dart. He was very fond of picnics, and he and his brother with some of their intimate friends had great times ashore on half-holidays. George was always deputed to make tea on these occasions, and he would gather sticks and boil the kettle in the most expert way, afterwards settling down with the others to eat the "grub" obtained from a confectioner's shop in Dartmouth.

In the autumn of 1878, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, to distribute medals and prizes to the cadets. The Princess said that it was one of her happiest and proudest moments when she saw the two bronzed young sailors in a boat preparing to take herself and the Prince alongside the *Britannia,* one steering and the other pulling in the crew. She said that she had no idea they were her sons until they drew in at the jetty, and jumped ashore, saluting and kissing her successively. The Prince of Wales was also delighted with his sons, for he saw that the education which he had planned for them was working well. They were excellent sportsmen and ship's life had taught them to stand up for themselves. Prince George, who was at home in a boat from his earliest *Britannia* days, won more than one prize for sailing, and helped to carry off prizes for rowing gained by several boats' crews.

The Princess was piloted over the ship by her two excited sons. She learnt with some astonishment that Prince Edward was known as "Sprat," and Prince George as "Herring." Prince George remarked: "It's

rather funny Eddy being called 'Sprat,' isn't it, mother? He's so lanky." At the end of two years both boys passed first-class in seamanship, entitling them to three months sea-time, while for general good conduct they obtained another three months. The young Princes suggested that their mother should give a present to the *Britannia* after they had left, and the Princess gave a harmonium to the ship, and prints to hang around the wardroom and gunroom mess.

So great a success had the naval training been, that the Prince of Wales decided to send his sons as cadets on a long cruise in H.M.S. *Bacchante*. In the brief interval before their departure, the Princess of Wales had her sons with her a great deal, and the two Princes realized more than ever the charm and lovableness of their mother. She always wanted to "mother" her first-born because he was not strong, but she felt that sturdy young Prince George was a protector, and leant upon him at this time a good deal more than is known.

The interval was spent partly by Prince George on board the Royal Yacht *Osborne,* during Regatta Week at Cowes, after which both boys accompanied their mother to Copenhagen to say good-bye to their grandparents, the King and Queen of Denmark.

On the 6th of August they said good-bye to their mother at Spithead, and set off on their first voyage on the *Bacchante*. Both looked so merry as they stood and waved good-bye to their mother, that she was a little upset. Prince Eddy did become a little homesick on the voyage, but Prince George was interested and delighted with his life and, as he remarked afterwards:

"I do miss mother and all of them very much, but everything is so exciting."

This voyage caused great disquiet in the Cabinet. Lord Beaconsfield had been strongly against the plan ever since the project had been mooted in the previous May. Queen Victoria approved rather surprisingly of the plan, and numerous letters passed between Downing Street and Buckingham Palace. Even as early as the 19th of May, Lord Beaconsfield wrote: "I must repeat that the Cabinet was strongly of the opinion that the departure of the two young Princes in the same ship will greatly disquiet the public mind, and that, if anything happened to them, your Majesty's Government would justly be called to severe account. I cannot adequately describe the feelings of Your Majesty's Ministers on this subject."

To this letter Queen Victoria sent a cipher telegram on the same day, which ran: "I entirely approve the plan of my grandsons' going, which ought never to have been brought before the Cabinet. The Prince of Wales only mentioned it to Mr. Smith, and was, with right, extremely annoyed, at his doing so. Such a thing was never done when the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred went on long journeys and voyages." This controversy with the Cabinet was carried on almost till the day of the Princes' departure. It sounds absurd to us in the present day, but was a very real question to Ministers who were over-anxious as to the young sailors' safety.

If the Princes knew about this, they did not let it trouble them.

During their first trip they went to the Mediterranean, West Indies and Bermuda. They were taught seamanship by Lieut. the Hon. Curzon Howe; gunnery by Gunnery Lieut. the Hon. C. H. Adair; their mathematics were in the hands of the Naval Instructor, Mr. John W. Lawless; and they read French with Mr. G. Sceales; Lord Charles Scott, captain of the ship, supervised and managed everything that concerned them on board. No hard-and-fast rules had been laid down by their father regarding their voyage, except that the Princes were asked to keep a daily diary of everything they saw. This was carried out faithfully, and, at the end of their second cruise in the *Bacchante* (by which time the boys had been on her for three years), they had completed a most interesting account of their voyages. The diaries, edited by Canon Dalton, their tutor, were published four years later and dedicated to Queen Victoria, by "Her Majesty's affectionate and dutiful grandsons, Albert Victor C. Edward, George Frederick E. Albert."

Some of the matter in the book is amusing. For instance, on the 10th of February, when the *Bacchante* was stationed off the West Indies, the Princes wrote in their diary:

> A cricket match was played to-day between the *Bacchante* and the St. Vincent Club, in which, as usual, we were thoroughly beaten.

And again on the 4th of August:

> In the afternoon, walked through the town of Vigo, where there is much new building going on; the houses are white in

front, and have some pretty iron verandas and curious screens; but the smells are more powerful than pleasing.

This first journey to the West Indian Islands gave the boys a delightful experience of Bermuda, where they were entertained by the Governor and Lady Laffan. While they were at Bermuda, it was arranged that the Princes should visit some of the small islands round about. A large party was made up, composed of the Princes and other of the *Bacchante's* midshipmen. At the first island the authorities wished to present Prince Eddy with a bouquet of Bermuda lilies, and anxiously inquired the Prince's identity among the group of naval cadets. Prince George, always ready for a bit of fun, gave the most misleading answers, with the result that the embarrassing bouquet was presented to nearly every midshipman before it reached his brother at last.

After this ceremony, they boarded the launch again, and the high spirits of the young Princes greatly astonished the dignitaries of the next island they visited. They sat together in the bows of the launch and, during the short voyage between the islands, amused themselves by ornamenting each other's noses with the pollen from the brilliant orange stamens of the Bermuda lilies. The astonishment of the islanders may be imagined when they saw their future King's sons landing on their shores with bright yellow noses!

Not that life in the *Bacchante* was all fun. The time spent at sea was for the Princes the equivalent of the ordinary schoolboy's life; and holiday time only existed when they went ashore. Everyone on board, whether

officer, man or boy, had his special and individual duties to perform; and the habit of instant obedience to seniors, which is brought out fully in naval service, did much to stabilize the character of the two Princes. Prince George especially was as keen as mustard about it all. Nothing could be more exciting for a boy of fourteen than to visit the West Indies fifty-two years ago. The islands symbolized Romance and Adventure. Prince George read eagerly about the great men who had made these islands—of Columbus, Raleigh, Drake, Nelson, and Rodney. He read, too, the stories of the less reputable, but more alluring, figures of the buccaneers—of Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd.

The wonderful variety of the voyage was incessantly interesting to Prince George. Now it was a heavy sea running clear, green and unbroken; then it was sails, quickly spread to steady the ship. Or it was the sudden storms, that rage for a few hours in the Caribbean Sea and then subside. Taking his turn on watch, Prince George, with his sensitive imagination, appreciated the beauties of life at sea that previously he had only realized dimly. Prince George was particularly interested when they passed Fort Augusta. Here a guard of negro soldiers kept watch, and the old guard ship, *Urgent,* thundered out a salute with her guns. Prince George was not very interested in Kingston Harbour, for he was on the look-out for Port Royal which could just be seen—a wicked town, from which many a pirate ship had set sail in days gone by. Although Prince George did not feel any qualms of homesickness on his first voyage, occasionally in the diary there are little

sentences which show that thoughts of home may have given him an uncomfortable twinge. For instance, on the 15th of December, he writes: "Finished reading 'Westward Ho!' for the second time." This book had been given to him by his mother before he left.

On the 2nd of May, 1880, the *Bacchante* arrived at Cowes, after having accomplished a most successful voyage. A telegram was sent informing the Prince and Princess of Wales of the safe arrival of their sons, and one was received back, saying that they would be with the Princes on the next day.

It was an exciting moment when H.M.S. *Fire Queen* came alongside, and the boys had the joy of seeing their mother, father, and three sisters, again. The family reunion was not to be for long, for, on the 19th of July, the Princes left for their second and more important cruise of the *Bacchante*.

CHAPTER IV

THE SECOND VOYAGE IN THE "BACCHANTE"

IN 1880, the two young Princes started their longer and more important voyage in H.M.S. *Bacchante*. It was arranged that the *Bacchante* was to be one of a flying squadron to the Pacific, visiting amongst other places the Pacific Coast of South America, proceeding thence to the Sandwich Isles, Australia, South Africa, Japan, and China. It was an ambitious programme, and Prince George especially welcomed this extensive itinerary, for he had thoroughly enjoyed his previous voyage.

Queen Victoria had by this time become very much interested in her grandsons' adventures at sea. The Queen had a very soft spot in her heart for Prince George and liked to hear what he was doing. But she could not forget the fact that the two boys were Royal Princes, one of them an Heir Apparent, and she considered that their lives should be if possible devoid of all danger. Therefore, when she heard that they were going to Cape Town, she became at once terribly anxious and wrote to her daughter-in-law in her customary decisive fashion. It may be interesting to quote Queen Victoria's letter, because it shows how different her outlook on life was from that of her son. She wrote:

DARLING ALIX,

Many loving thanks for your last dear letter just received at Osborne. I am very sorry Bertie (the Prince of Wales) should have been sore about the boys; but I think he must have forgotten *the arrangements* and *conditions* and *instructions* respecting their going to sea. I, and even Bertie and you, only consented to their *both* going to sea for their education and *moral* training; and Eddy was specially not to *go aloft* or *command* a boat, as he was *not* to remain in the Navy.

This being the case, the *Bacchante* going to the Cape—which was done in a hurry without due consultation with me (I *disapprove*)—and feeling how valuable these two young lives are to the *whole nation,* I felt *bound* to protect them against useless and unnecessary exposure, in a cruel civil war, for so it is, the Boers being *my* subjects, and it being a rule the Princes of the Royal Family ought not to be mixed in it.[1] In any other war, should in time there be one (when Georgie is older), and his ship be obliged necessarily to take part in it, I would quite agree with Bertie.

Pray show this to him as I am sure he and everyone would agree to this being the *right* course.

It is the letter of an autocrat, but it is also, if we look deeper, the letter of an over-anxious grandmother. However, the plans for the Princes' voyage were not modified.

It is unnecessary in a book of this description to attempt to give every detail of the *Bacchante's* voyage to foreign shores. The journey interests us much more from the point of view of how it affected the life and character of Prince George than from the point of view of a sea voyage. To have seen most of the world before he was seventeen, is no small experience for any

[1] This was a reference to the first Boer War which was then giving anxiety to the Queen and her Ministers.

boy; and that this voyage broadened and developed tremendously the outlook of our future King, it is impossible to deny.

In many respects, shipboard life was hard and rough, a life which Prince George could appreciate more than his brother. Everyone worked and played hard. "George's" endless vitality and energy were calculated to win for him a good deal of popularity. The two brothers were devoted to each other, and would often be seen going down to their cabin arm-in-arm to write up their Diary for the day, for they maintained this habit through the voyage. It seems almost impossible that two boys could have seen and remembered so much, but Mr. Dalton, their tutor who accompanied them, says that their interest regarding everything was one of the most attractive things on board. Both wrote the Diary together, but it is fairly easy to see where George took a hand, owing to his sense of fun and humour.

The Prince of Wales went to see his sons off at Spithead on the 14th of September. He did not stay long, however, but went on board the *Osborne* in order to return to London. At that minute, a fierce squall came up with heavy rain which completely hid everybody from view. The Princes caught a glimpse of the Royal yacht before she disappeared finally into the mist, flying the signal "Farewell and God-speed!"

Life on the *Bacchante* was similar to that of the first cruise, with a good deal of study when at sea, and a good deal of fun when ashore. The ship made good way to Ferrol, thence on to Madeira, Monte-

video, the Falkland Islands, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope, where the first stage of her journey was accomplished. George, observant as ever, thoroughly enjoyed Spain.

"Wages are low," he writes in one place. "One Englishman will do more in one day than ten natives." At Ferrol, he went fishing with the Captain. "Often three or four dozen trout were caught in one afternoon to one rod," he wrote jubilantly in his Diary. At Vigo, the poetical side of his nature was roused by the sight of some seagulls. It was an aspect of his character that he did not often display, but his description of the birds at Vigo is a surprisingly good piece of writing:

"Lots of them were swooping over the water over the garbage adrift. Their curious fidgety ways and silly looks, as they hang in the air, appear as if they were timid of swooping for the white filth; one comes down and picks up a piece in his beak, fluttering the whole time, and not touching the water. And then another, instead of helping himself, flies screaming after the first, flutter, flutter! And then down comes another, half-hopping, half-flying with his feet tucked up under him, the very image of silly indecision, but manages to snip up a morsel, which he swallows on the wing with difficulty, for, apparently, to move the muscles of the throat while those of the wings are in full play is not easy; and so they wheel and wheel in very graceful curves."

But Prince George was not by any means always poetical. He was very much a boy, and was probably

the sleeping, if not active, partner in a hoax which was circulated in the English newspapers to the effect that both the brothers had been tattooed on the nose with an anchor while at Fiji! This report was believed for a long time at home, and the Prince of Wales and Queen Victoria were in a state of consternation, until at last a cablegram reassured them. It informed them that the Princes' noses were free from all marks.

King George's love of birds has always been well known. He often wrote about them in his Diary. At Vigo Bay, he mentioned that the robins were singing and "their faint, quiet note reminded us again of England."

At Madeira he saw three pretty little birds with black spots on white breasts like starlings which settled in the mizzen rigging. He wrote: "They were quite exhausted and very tame. We chopped up some raw mutton in thin strips to look like worms, and put it here and there on the poop; after eyeing it wistfully for a short time, they hopped down and devoured it eagerly, and then went off to sleep, and woke an hour or so afterwards, chirping merrily."

Sports on board and on shore were very much enjoyed by both boys. George played cricket a good deal. He has retained to this day his keen enjoyment of the game and has often witnessed matches at Lord's. A favourite game of the middies was to set a quart bottle on deck, sit on it, holding a lighted candle in one hand, and an unlighted one in the other. The thing to do was to try and kindle the second candle from the first, with-

out toppling over. Prince George managed to accomplished this feat, and it made him a hero to his shipmates.

Prince George obtained a fair amount of shooting when ashore. At Vigo, he mentioned humorously, he and a party took as a guide an old man with excellent recommendation and six "smell dogs." They had a happy day, he mentions, but shot next to nothing. The old man said it was their fault, but they thought it was his! At Daraguo the Princes saw lassoing and bolassing practised for the first time, and were interested, although not anxious to try it themselves.

Prince George's humour springs out everywhere. At Wynburg, near Cape Town, he was very dissatisfied with the sport: "The total bag obtained during our two months' sojourn here was a single hare of the lop-eared species, which was shot to-day by one of our indefatigable shipmates, who had been out after him for many days." Here is another incident he related: "One afternoon three senior and sedate members of the ward-room went away in a dinghy, fishing, and, as it came on squally, they got adrift, and were in an awful position, and a cutter had to be sent after them to tow them back. As she came alongside, they sat bolt up in the stern-sheets, looking as dignified as they could, and made believe to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves." We pity the officers if Prince George's sparkling eyes were fixed upon them!

While at Collingwood, the Prince was amused by a cavalcade of Oddfellows who appeared wearing sashes and bows. He says: "One of them was brandishing his

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

King George as a Sailor Prince

red banner on high, which operation, as neither he nor his horse were used to it, caused the two to part company—the man being shot in one direction and the banner in the other."

There were in the Diary plenty of more serious comments. Africa he alluded to as "that ill-starred land," and showed real concern for its welfare. Australia was a land which, in his own words, "after England, will always occupy the warmest corner of my heart."

In the Diary he revealed the soul of a kindly boy. None of the birthdays of his family ever fail to be recorded, and Britain is often in his thoughts. At Corfu, the Prince wrote: "The little coves are just like those on the Devonshire coast," and one little one reminded him very much of Black Pool, near Dartmouth. He records that when in Australia, one morning Mrs. Young, his hostess, laid a small wreath of rosebuds round each of their plates, "for Sunday morning and in memory of England."

When they visited Cape Town, the Princes, accompanied by Lord Charles Scott, went to see Cetewayo, the Zulu King, at the farm where he was in captivity, a few miles outside Cape Town. Prince George seems to have been very much struck with his size, and apparently found out full details, for he wrote that Cetewayo weighed eighteen stone, was nearly six feet tall, and was large-boned, with enormous legs and thighs.

Going from the Cape to Australia, the *Bacchante* ran into a terrible storm, which not only smashed the steering gear of the ship, but reduced the cabins and the

mess-rooms to a condition of considerable discomfort. The mess-room used by the midshipmen, including the Princes, was reduced, as regards its crockery, to two or three tea-cups and a very limited number of plates. The Princes had to rough it like the rest. Amongst other things that were carried away in the storm was the stanchion of one of the cots, which sent Prince George rolling on to the deck, amid all the other things that were scattered there, "I think something must have happened," said the bewildered Prince, amid the laughter of his mates.

The storm continued for several days, and left the *Bacchante* practically rudderless, and the other ships of the squadron out of sight. At last, however, her head was got round with extemporized steering-gear, and she made for the nearest port, King George's Sound, three hundred and eighty miles distant. At Melbourne, the Princes left the *Bacchante* for the *Inconstant* while repairs were being made to the *Bacchante's* rudder, rejoining the ship before leaving New South Wales.

Both Princes enjoyed Australia thoroughly and were very sorry to leave it. They stayed there for about three months, and told Sir Arthur and Miss Kennedy, their last host and hostess on Australian soil, that during their stay in Australia they had enjoyed themselves more than at any other place since they left England. Among many other things which they did in Australia was kangaroo-hunting. They took two wallabies with them as pets, and presented them later to the Empress of Japan.

On the 21st of August, the *Bacchante* set sail for

Fiji. From Fiji, she went on to Japan, and the Princes were from the first fascinated with customs and scenes in that picturesque country. They were presented to the Mikado, who received them in full uniform. The Empress Haruko was, according to Prince George, "very small, and would be very pretty, if she were not painted up so much." A ceremonial dinner was given to the two Princes by the Mikado, and both Prince Eddy and Prince George used chop-sticks for the first time. They were much amused next day, when two little boxes arrived for them, containing the chop-sticks used by them on the previous evening, as mementoes of the banquet.

Some of the Prince's descriptions of Japan are particularly original and entertaining, as, for example, his account of an incident which occurred at a review of the troops by the Emperor of Japan: "The wiry Japanese little ponies were very skittish," we are told. "The officers of the squadron were offered ponies to ride round with the Mikado and his staff. They mounted, wearing their naval cocked hats and swords, and the little ponies kicked and sky-rocketed all over the place, and there was a likelihood of a general capsize of naval officers in one direction and their paraphernalia in another. One of the medical officers from the squadron, who was most eager to mount, was, however, no sooner in the saddle, than he opened the fray by sending the heels of his steed full into the stomach of the polite little Japanese who helped him up; and then, without waiting to prescribe, went careering away, like a sky-rocket to the other side of the field, after which he spent

the best part of the time on the horse's neck. The brave little steed meanwhile shot about in all directions, and after nearly cannoning against several magnates, who tried to keep out of his way and formed a ring to watch his erratic gyrations, lashed out at a naval captain, as he sat bolt upright on his horse, struck and nearly smashed his leg; then, leaving the print of the hoofs on his trousers, broke away through the crowd, and came up again on the other side, to the admiration and wonder of all who beheld him. His rider, although he had discarded his reins, hung on manfully to the pommel, and, with his cocked hat over his nose, was like nothing so much as a rat looking out through a bunch of scarlet geraniums; and with his sword waving up in the air, like the stuffed tail of a tawny lion, continued his equestrian exercises, until it was time to dismount and light a cigar, and over that to profess that he never enjoyed anything so much in his life before."

Shiga-in, which the Princes visited, had a little museum of antiquities, to which several country gentlemen had lent suits of old armour for the day. Prince George arrayed himself in one of these suits as a young knight, and, curiously enough, all the pieces from the helmet to the greaves fitted him exactly. It is a pity there was no photographer at hand, as the Prince must have looked a striking figure in his Japanese armour.

After leaving Japan, China, Singapore, and Ceylon were in turn visited. The *Bacchante* was in Chinese waters on Christmas Day, 1882. The Princes gave all the men on the ship Christmas cards, and at noon went round the men's messes and admired the decorations of

evergreens, flags, Chinese lanterns, oranges, and bananas. "Rather a medley." Prince George remarked afterwards, "but quite a good attempt, considering where we were!" All the between-decks, both fore and aft, were lit up in the evening, and the effect was—again to quote Prince George—"most Christmassy."

While they were at Colombo, a ball was given in honour of the Princes, and an amusing account of it was given to the writer by Mrs. Fred Maturin, who was one of the guests. The young lady had promised dances to a certain midshipman, who may be known as "M."

"We were resting from the waltz, I still standing gazing at the Princes, who were being introduced to all the big-wigs and a lot of bowing and scraping going on, when in a pause the two Royal boys took a glance round on their own account, and the next minute we saw Lady Lagden, the wife of the Governor, sailing across the room in a lovely flame-coloured dress, Prince Edward and Prince George following her, and I could hardly believe my ears when she informed me, smiling, that 'Their Royal Highnesses wish to be introduced to you, Miss ——.' 'M', who was at my elbow, whispered in an agonized tone: 'Remember you are full up.' So when Prince Eddy and then Prince George requested the pleasure of a dance, I could only reply: 'I'm so sorry, but all my dances have been promised.' At this point Lady Lagden pulled my sleeve in horror, and whispered to me: 'My dear child, a Royal request is a command. Hand them your card.' I did so; first, of course, to the Heir-Apparent, who looked overjoyed at

finding the name of his rival all down my programme. 'Sorry "M," ' said he, 'but I'm top-dog to-night, you know,' and he calmly scratched four of the six hieroglyphics which 'M' had made on my card and scribbled over them 'Edward,' remarking to his enraged fellow middie: 'Left you two, old chap.' He then bowed to me, and our present Gracious Majesty the King came up (then a laughing, rosy-cheeked boy, broad and fat and full of fun), and as he and 'M' got on all right and never had rows, Prince George annexed someone else's dances, and I found myself booked for as glorious an evening as the heart of any young girl, at her first ball, could wish."

Mrs. Maturin, drawing on her recollections of the eventful evening, says that Prince Eddy impressed her by his devotion to his mother, whom he called "The sweetest mother a boy ever had." Prince George, she says, was never disconcerted. "Nothing offended him. Nothing upset him! While we were sitting resting in the ballroom, a man came up whom he had never seen before, and who, I think, must have been imbibing too much champagne in the supper-room. He gave Prince George a resounding smack on his shoulder, and shouted: 'Well, Georgie, and how's your Royal Ma?' 'She's A1,' replied the Prince, 'how's yours?'

"I asked Prince George if he was sorry he was not heir to the British throne, and he said: 'Oh, lor, no! I'm jolly glad! Eddy has to lay all the foundation-stones, and "open" everything, and receive all the kow-towing on this tour round the world, while I lark round and enjoy myself.'

The Princes went to see an elephant hunt, from the grand-stand. "We had just got to the Princes' stand when the elephant tried to pull it down," says Mrs. Maturin. "Of course, there was one mad rush to get off it, everyone shouting: 'Get the Princes on shore!' forgetting we were not on a sinking ship. Mr. Dalton, the Royal tutor, dashed up to us, and said: 'Come at once, I beg you,' and dragged Prince George along by an arm in a fearful stew. What consternation there would have been in England had a catastrophe occurred to those two boys, the hopes of the nation! Mr. Dalton turned white as a sheet, and I beheld Admiral Gore-Jones being hurriedly carried off the stand on men's shoulders. The angry elephant was secured, and when everything was deemed safe again we returned to the stand and watched the final securing of each elephant, a most exciting sight."

From Ceylon, they began their return journey. During the voyage upon the Red Sea, "Chung," Prince George's little Canton puppy, died. The Prince was very upset, for he had loved the little fellow very much, and had longed to take him home to show his parents.

During their stay in Egypt the boys climbed the Great Pyramid, and inscribed their initials on the south-west corner, next to those of their father. After a tour through Palestine, and a short stay in Syria, the boys paid a flying visit to Athens, and had lunch with the King and Queen of Greece.

Soon H.M.S. *Bacchante* was ploughing the Mediterranean, homeward bound. Both boys by this time spoke quite freely of the *Bacchante* as their "home." An

amusing entry in their Diary, when at Corfu, suggests that although older and wiser than when they set out on their journey, they were at heart still very boyish. In describing some of the beauties of Corfu, they break off in the middle to remark: "As we came home, we went with some mids., who had been playing cricket, to try the wonderfully cheap ices in the Piazza."

On the 5th of August, they reached Swanage Bay, and were met by the *Osborne,* with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters on board. It was a happy reunion after all the months of absence.

Before leaving the story of this voyage, a few words may be written about Prince Eddy. Up to this time Prince George and his brother had been almost inseparable companions, but thenceforth their course of life was divided, until the tragic death of the latter. Prince Eddy was not a seaman like his brother, and, because he was the Heir, he was sheltered from risks. His love and admiration for Prince George were one of the chief things in his life. Writing in his Diary, he said: "The boats were away exercising. The whaler in charge of George did very well." At another time he recorded that "George went fishing with the Captain," and "George is away shooting. He is a very excellent shot."

They were devoted brothers, and George's grief at his brother's death, when it occurred some years later, was overwhelming. As he said to his mother: "We have been so much together, that it seems impossible that he is dead." Some of his happiest recollections are of his two voyages on the *Bacchante.* When some years

later the ship was about to be broken up, he wrote to ask for a souvenir. A model of the vessel's stern was made out of her own timbers, and about fifty feet of the original vessel were reproduced, including that portion of the vessel where the young Princes had berthed. This was presented to him at York House, on the 4th of July, 1898.

Directly the Princes landed after their long and adventurous journey, they went to Osborne with their parents to see Queen Victoria. The Queen, interested, as always, in everything which concerned her family, asked the Princes so many questions that Prince George owns that he was "awfully muddled." Their grandmother, however, was very pleased with them both and was delighted with the souvenirs which they brought for her acceptance.

On the 8th of August, the young Princes were confirmed together in Whippingham Church, in the presence of Queen Victoria and their parents. Canon Dalton had prepared them for this event during the last part of the voyage. Archbishop Tait performed the ceremony, and the words he spoke to them on "Duty" were the last he uttered in public. The naval officers from the *Bacchante* and a party of marines and bluejackets were present, and afterwards all the officers who had taken part in the instruction of the young Princes were presented with mementoes by the Prince of Wales.

So ended one phase of their lives. Prince Eddy had finished with the sea; but Prince George, looking out over the English Channel, knew that he was only at the beginning of his naval career.

CHAPTER V

A BUSY CAREER IN THE NAVY

A rest in Switzerland—"I can't bear tourists"—Quiet life in Heidelberg—Diverging careers of the two Princes—"Bachelors' Cottage"—On H.M.S. "Canada"—A grimy guide—Strict routine of study at Greenwich—"The old country won't go to the dogs when there are men like that to rule it"—Saving a life at sea—The sailor's postage-stamp—"Go I must"—Commanding the "Thrush"—Letters to Princess Maud—Promoted Commander.

AFTER their second voyage in H.M.S. *Bacchante,* the two Princes spent six months in Switzerland with Mr. Lawless, who was with them on the *Britannia* and the *Bacchante,* and M. Hua, who became later the French master at Eton.

Prince George was sorry to leave his mother after so short a reunion with her, but the charms of Switzerland were not to be resisted. "I hate leaving you, but I want to go," he said to his mother before starting, and he was relieved when she told him smilingly that it was her pleasure that he should go.

In Switzerland Prince George threw himself into all the sports; ski-ing parties, skating, and tobogganing were the order of the day. Once, during a long expedition, he slipped and twisted his foot rather badly. As

it was at the beginning of the expedition, and everyone was happy and jolly, the Prince determined to say nothing about it, and endured a day of agony without anyone suspecting anything was wrong. He had to spend several days with his foot up afterwards, but made very light of the whole thing and insisted that none of the others should stay indoors with him.

During his holiday in Switzerland he made friends with two little twin children, a boy and girl. Their parents were friends of Mr. Lawless, and the Prince took a pleasure in teaching them to skate. It was a pretty sight to see him with a child on either side of him, clinging to his hands, going round and round the skating-rink.

From Switzerland, Prince George went on to Heidelberg, living with Professor Ihne on the banks of the Neckar. Heidelberg fascinated the young man, and he was never tired of exploring it and its buildings. It was a familiar sight to see his boyish figure, in knickerbockers, striding about Heidelberg, with a walking-stick, and always with a dog at his heels. The Prince's sense of humour did not desert him. One day he happened to overhear the conversation of two elderly English ladies, obviously residents.

"I can't bear tourists," one of them remarked, "and that young man is certainly one."

"Do tourists have dogs, dear?" the other asked.

Prince George, turning, raised his cap, and said: "You are quite right, madam, they do not," and walked on smiling. The ladies found out later who the so-called "tourist" was, and she who had observed the

dog and had evoked Prince George's remark felt very pleased with herself.

A frequent visitor to Heidelberg recalled recently the months which Prince George spent in the quaint old city. "I was charmed with the fine spirit and courtesy that characterized him," he said. "The Prince was interested in the people he met in the streets and the shops, and had many a chat with them. There was an old ferryman who used very queer slang words, and the Prince learnt some of his phrases, including *'Das ist mir Wurst,'* which is almost an equivalent to: 'I don't care a hang.'

"The Prince liked to watch lawn-tennis matches or stroll in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg. On Sunday mornings he was a regular worshipper at the English church. Many citizens remember his later visit, after his brother's death, when his personality had an added seriousness."

After these few months of relaxation, Prince George returned to England. Prince Eddy went to Cambridge University, and it was decided by his father that he should enter the Army after his university career. At Cambridge he had rooms at Trinity College, where his younger brother sometimes visited him. His tutor was Mr. J. K. Stephen, whose brilliant career ended all too soon. Prince Eddy was liked by his fellow undergraduates although his shyness never gained for him the social success of his brother.

Prince Eddy was soon afterwards assigned York Cottage, Sandringham, which Prince George immediately entitled "Bachelors' Cottage." It had accom-

modation for about half a dozen gentlemen and a few servants. The two brothers spent a very amusing time "doing it up" as they called it. Prince George had a decided taste for colour, and the decorations he chose for one or two of the rooms at "Bachelors' Cottage" were very effective. Soon after Prince Eddy settled into "Bachelors' Cottage," Prince George came down, and they gave a big party to which most of the *Britannia* and *Bacchante* middies were invited. The party went with a swing, for they sang the old songs and recalled together their life afloat.

In 1883, Midshipman Prince George was appointed to H.M.S. *Canada,* which was due for service at a North American and West Indies station. Captain Durrant was the commander of the *Canada.* He was a fine man and a keen officer, and soon found out that Prince George had a knowledge of seamanship above the average. From that day forward, he became a good friend to the young Prince. To most of the middies on board the *Canada* the voyage to the West Indies was a new experience, but Prince George had been there before. He would yarn about his reminiscences of a previous visit to a crowd of admiring messmates.

He wrote to his brother that "it was an awful fag writing that diary, but it does help one to remember things. It seems strange your not being here to see and do all the familiar things." During this stay in the West Indies, he revisited a station where he had been known by the natives as "One of the Queen's Piccaninnies." Now he no longer was a piccaninny but the natives had not forgotten him, nor had he forgotten

them. His excellent memory for faces stood him in good stead, and he delighted people wherever he went by his recollection of them.

Work was "rather hard," as he wrote to Prince Eddy, for now he was studying for his steamship examination. No advantages were to be given to Prince George in this examination, and he had to pass like other midshipmen on merit alone. There were so many things to know: the rule of the road at sea, signals, anchor-work, rigging, the handling of ships and boats, interior organization, and ship-construction and fittings. The Prince owned that he was in a "blue funk" about it, and determined to forego recreations until the examination was over successfully. Then he and his comrades could exchange their "snotties' " patches for the single gold stripes of acting sub-lieutenants.

On this voyage an American visited the *Canada,* and remarked sadly that he was sorry not to have seen Prince George, but supposed he was kept well out of the way while coaling was carried on. He was amazed when he learnt that his grimy guide over the ship had been Prince George himself!

On his nineteenth birthday, Prince George went up for his seamanship examination together with several other middies, all of them carrying their logs, journals and certificates. Although very nervous, Prince George obtained a first-class in seamanship, and thus became a sub-lieutenant. He wrote and told his mother, but his letter was mostly filled with indignation. He mentioned that a lady had come up to him and asked him why he had joined the Navy. Apparently, she had

also made some other unpleasant remarks, such as that she thought Princes never did anything except just be Princes. "You can't tell people like that why you go into the Navy, can you?" he wrote to the Princess of Wales.

The West Indies, with their colour and life, appealed to the Prince as strongly when he saw them the second time as on the first occasion. He said good-bye with regret to the blue sky and the bluer sea, which had been the setting for so many "larks" and so much hard work. He returned home to undergo a course of instruction at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and to have gunnery, torpedo and pilotage practice on H.M.S. *Excellent* and *Vernon* at Portsmouth. This instruction came under the rather terrifying name of "navigation" —but most of the work had been learnt by Prince George in the *Britannia* days; in fact, Greenwich was, in his opinion, "excellent fun."

The rules and regulations for the conduct and discipline of the young officers were moderately strict. Late nights, or absence after 10 p.m., were discouraged, and permission could be obtained only upon application. After this time the gate was shut for the night and guarded by police. Certain daring spirits, however— Prince George among them—found it possible, if they had been shut out (which was often the case and brought a penalty) to scramble over the tall spiked railings. The spice of danger was the most delightful part, especially to Prince George, for the police were always prowling about the ground to prevent such unauthorized entrance.

The Prince's coach on the *Excellent* was Lieut. (afterwards Captain) Percy Scott, C.B. The acting-subs. were housed in the old Naval College and the routine was more or less the same as at Greenwich. Each morning, after breakfast at eight o'clock, he hurried through the dockyard to the *Excellent*. Punctually at nine o'clock, all officers and men under instruction fell in for half an hour's physical drill, the acting subs., with Prince George, forming a company of their own. After this, they broke off into classes for the morning's work. There was an hour's break for lunch in the middle of the day, and two hours' instruction in the afternoon. At four o'clock the acting subs. returned to the College, and were free for the rest of the day.

Prince George, after one exhausting day's work, was heard to remark that he thought his brother had an easier life in the Army. But he loved the life, and passed first-class in four out of the five subjects—seamanship, torpedo, gunnery, navigation and pilotage.

On 8th of October, 1885, he was promoted lieutenant, and, in January, 1886, was appointed to H.M.S. *Thunderer* under Captain Stephenson on the Mediterranean Station.

In this year he had a little change from naval work by being sent to represent Queen Victoria at the marriage of the Crown Prince of Portugal to the Princess Marie Amelie of Orleans. At the wedding Prince George saw a man to whom he had been introduced once when in Australia. He recognized him immediately, remembering his name and what he had

been doing. As he shook hands with him, he inquired about his wife, who had been very ill when the Prince was in Australia. The Australian was greatly touched, and remarked afterwards to a friend in his gruff way: "The old country won't go to the dogs when there are men like that to rule it."

At the age of twenty-one Prince George was a good-looking, well set-up young man, and every inch a naval officer. His eyes were blue, and sparkled when he was amused, which was often. He had a habit of clasping his hands round his knee and leaning slightly forward, when listening to a conversation. "He was an excellent listener," said one of his brother-officers. "He didn't talk very much, but when he did, he always said something worth hearing. There was not much he didn't know about the sea, and, if you once got him yarning, he couldn't leave off. His interest in everything made us all as keen as mustard, and I think we were a very cheery crew."

On the day after the Royal Wedding, which some of the other officers had attended with Prince George, it was decided to go for a picnic. They thought they would make an excursion to Cintra and Pena, and go on donkeys. Prince George had a very obstinate donkey, which he urged vainly to go on. A brother-officer offered to lend him his mount, but the Prince would not hear of it. It was just as well he did so, for five minutes afterwards the officer's donkey stumbled, he was thrown over its head and rolled in the dust. The Prince roared with laughter, and said that he was going to hang on to the one that didn't go, for at all

events he could sit on that one even if nothing else happened! As a matter of fact, they all managed to get their donkeys trotting briskly towards the end of the excursion, and Prince George organized a donkey-race, which failed ignominously, as three of the donkeys sat down halfway!

From that time until 1891, Prince George continued his naval service practically unbroken. In 1886 he was transferred to H.M.S. *Dreadnought,* and, later in the same year, to the *Alexandra,* the flagship of his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, then in command of the Mediterranean Fleet. During his time on the *Alexandra* Prince George showed a promptitude of action which averted what might have been a terrible tragedy. He was coming back to the ship in the cutter, after an afternoon spent on shore. It was nearly dusk, and suddenly Prince George, looking ahead, saw a man plunge over the *Alexandra's* side into the water. He shouted: "Man overboard!" but apparently no one in the flagship had seen the man. He had disappeared, but, quick as lightning, Prince George threw off his coat and dived into the water at the spot where he had seen the man go down. With almost miraculous luck, he found him, and swam with him to the cutter. It appeared that the man had tried to commit suicide, after having received some very bad news from home. He recovered, and the next day the Prince sent for him in his cabin. What passed between the two was never told, but the man came away very cheered and, to a great extent, comforted. The only remark he would

make, when asked about the interview, was: " 'E's one of the best, God bless 'im."

Another story which shows the Prince's complete understanding of ordinary men, and his sensitiveness as to hurting people's feelings in any way, is the following: The Prince, ever since he had been a little boy, had been keen on stamp-collecting. By this time, owing to his wide travels, he had a large and rare collection which he kept in his cabin. Most of the men on board knew of this hobby, and one day an able seaman humbly asked the Prince whether he might speak to him for a moment. The Prince said "Yes" and the sailor drew carefully from his trousers pocket a solitary soiled stamp. "This 'ere stamp," he said, "is a rare 'un. I thought it might come in 'andy for your collection." The man was quite sincere, and the Prince took the stamp, after cordially thanking him, promising to stick it in his album. This he did, for he never failed to keep a promise, although the stamp was utterly worthless.

His next appointment was to H.M.S. *Northumberland* and about the same time he was commissioned to the Torpedo-Boat 79 for summer manœuvres. Prince George was extremely pleased when he heard the news, for to get on to a torpedo-boat was then the ambition of every officer. There was little chance of the appointment unless an officer had done very well in his torpedo examination.

Very slowly the Navy was changing; although the change did not show itself until the beginning of the twentieth century, things were altering as far back as

1889. The old-time sailing ship, with its officers and sailormen accustomed to going aloft and reefing topsails, was dying out; sailors of a new type were beginning to make their appearance—scientic seamen, engineers wearing the same uniform but skilled in the use of machinery.

During the time that Prince George was in the Navy he had the opportunity of witnessing some of the most important changes. Being a keen naval officer, the new scientific devices that were beginning to be used were hailed by him with delight, although his first love was given to the old sailing-ships. Slowly but surely, the day of the ram, the boarding pike, and the tomahawk were passing. During the Prince's time as officer in command of the torpedo-boat, he started seriously to read naval history. He said that he had never realized before how fascinating it was, and that he was of opinion that all officers should undergo a course. "Although," he added, "I quite agree that there isn't much time."

Prince George's devotion to duty was displayed in an incident which occurred when he was in command of his boat. His father, the Prince of Wales, who was staying at Goodwood for the races, sent word that he would like to see his son. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Commerell, summoned the Prince and informed him of his father's wish. "But what is to become of my torpedo-boat?" said Prince George. The Commander-in-Chief replied that the visit to Goodwood could be arranged. "No," replied the young Prince; "my orders are to take my torpedo-boat out

to Spithead, and I must go." When the Prince of Wales heard his son's reply, he was proud and pleased, although disappointed at missing him.

Life on a torpedo-boat had its exciting moments. One night three torpedo-boats were sent out, including Prince George's No. 79. One of them, when they were a long way out, broke down. Another one returned to report, while 79 tried to rescue the damaged vessel. Prince George and his crew struggled for hours in the cold and damp to get the boat in tow, but at last had to return with a broken hawser. The Prince, however, was not to be outdone; he was given a new hawser, and returned to the damaged boat. There followed several more hours of dogged perseverance, before he returned with the boat in tow. It had been work which required pluck and good seamanship, and the exploit gained for him command of the first-class gunboat, *Thrush.*

Although Prince George was, of course, greatly pleased on hearing of his advancement, he was sorry indeed to leave No. 79. This small vessel of about 70 tons displacement, manned by about fifteen men and carrying a couple of machine-guns and four small torpedo tubes, had been the first boat which he had commanded. Although it was miserable to live in, and rocked violently at sea, nothing could surpass the supreme joy of seeing the white pendant flying at the masthead of one's first command. Prince George gave a farewell party in the little wardroom in the stern to his fellow-officers. Probably most people would not have called it much of a party, for the four men who composed it had lived together in the little room with

its four bunks along the ship's side, with the usual drawers underneath and a narrow table in the centre, for several months. But they enjoyed it thoroughly, and toasted each other, and "ragged" until far into the morning, ending up with: "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The gun-boat *Thrush* was again due for the North American and West Indies Station. It was a great responsibility for the young commander, but no single mishap occurred to the *Thrush* either on its outward or return journey. Boats of her class carry no chaplain and it was the Prince's duty to read daily prayers and conduct the Sunday services. It was a rather trying ordeal for the young man of 24, but he faced it with his usual composure and *savoir-faire*. He mentioned to a Royal chaplain in later years that he had made it a rule to read over the Lessons before taking the service on board. "If every clergyman would do the same, sir," said the chaplain, "how their reading would improve!" Hymns were always practised over first with the officers and men, the Prince's favourites being "Nearer, My God to Thee," "O God our help in ages past," and "I heard the voice of Jesus say." The Prince had a very good ear for music, and, unfortunately, there was one man on board who could not keep in tune. The Prince, of course, could not ask him to refrain from singing, and as the man's position was rather near the Prince, he went through some agonizing moments every day while the man's voice warbled on the wrong note.

During this voyage to the West Indies the Prince opened the Industrial Exhibition in Jamaica in the

name of Queen Victoria. Kingston Harbour and Port Royal were familiar to him by this time, and he also had many friends on the island, so he enjoyed his time ashore and managed to obtain a certain amount of shooting.

Prince George had by this time developed a keen judgment of men. Once as commander he had to take a young bluejacket, from another ship, from one part of the Station to another. The man was a black sheep and had offended badly. The Prince, when the man's time of punishment was over, asked that the man might be transferred to the *Thrush,* for he was always very quick to see worth in a man. When he arrived the Prince called him up and gave him a clean sheet in spite of all his past offences. "I do not ask you to make me any promises as to your future behaviour," he said; "I trust to your honour and good feeling alone. You know as well as I do what you may do, and what you may not do." The Prince went further than this. Knowing that the man's pay had been stopped, he gave him a sovereign and special leave. This judgment and confidence were not misplaced, for the man later attained Petty Officer's rating.

Prince George wrote regularly to his mother, father and sisters; to Prince Eddy he wrote long, detailed letters.

The Prince's three sisters have not so far come much into this narrative, but they influenced the Prince a great deal. He was very fond of them, especially of "Harry," as Princess Maud (now Queen Maud of Norway) was called, because of her tomboy tricks.

During the Prince's time at sea he heard of his eldest sister Louise's engagement to the Earl of Fife. Many of the Prince's fellow-officers shared the opinion of the world in general that the Prince of Wales would not allow his daughter to marry a man who was of an age to be an intimate friend of his own, and was not even of Royal rank. But Prince George knew his father better, and said that he was sure that his sister's happiness would count more with both his parents than anything else. He remarked that it made him feel quite old to think that his sister was going to be married, for it seemed so short a time since they had all been children together.

The Prince kept photographs of all his sisters in his cabin, and would often point them out proudly. An American gentleman was once privileged to enter the Prince's cabin. "How lovely the Princesses are!" he exclaimed when he was shown the photographs. "Yes, you wouldn't think they were connected with me, would you?" said the Prince with a twinkle in his eyes.

He told a friend how at Buckingham Palace, he and his brother and sisters, when small, each had their own little garden plot to "dig and mess about in." "He laughed when I told him," says the friend, "that often I and my sisters and brothers, digging in our own gardens down in our Sussex home, had wondered if Princes and Princesses had gardens to tend, and if so, would not their spades be made of gold?"

The Prince was, like his father, extremely ambitious for his sister "Harry." He used to write chaffing letters to her from various ports asking her whether she was a

Queen yet, and adding that he could provide her with such a position if she would be willing to come out and reign over a dusky tribe in the West Indies. It was Princess Maud, who, during the Prince's absence on naval service looked after his pets, and told him all the news regarding sport. At one time she informed the Prince that she was teaching tricks to his favourite dog. The Prince, who was away in the Mediterranean when he heard the news, wrote at once giving strict injunctions that "Harry" was to leave *his* dog alone, as he certainly did not want a dog who brought him his morning paper or fetched his walking-stick. King George has altered very little in most things during the years, but he has certainly changed his mind about dogs. His little Cairn, "Snip," always brings him his morning paper, and is very accomplished in many other tricks.

In 1891 the Prince returned to England. The Prince and Princess of Wales came to meet him, and after he had spent a few days with them, he went to Windsor to see Queen Victoria. "How you have grown!" was the first thing the Queen said to him, after she had kissed him. "The Navy certainly seems to suit you." To which the Prince answered: "It does indeed!" During his first weeks in England the Prince was constantly by the Queen's side, and the old lady and her grandson enjoyed many a joke together.

Soon after this, the Prince was informed that he was now a full-blown commander. It was something to be proud of, for the Prince was young to have attained such a rank. The first person whom the Prince

told of his promotion was his mother, travelling down to Sandringham and entering her boudoir quietly one afternoon. Ever since his childhood he had always told things to his mother first, and he continued this practice until he was a man, for they remained to the last a very devoted mother and son.

It now seemed that the Prince's career was settled. He had shown brilliant promise in the profession which he had chosen, and there seemed no reason why he should not carry on with the work that he loved. Alas, it was not to be: a dark cloud was hanging over the Royal Family, and, when it had passed, Prince George found that the destiny of his life had altered! He was faced with other duties and other responsibilities, and had to accept an entirely new order of things. A throne, not a battleship, was to be his future sphere.

Summarizing his character at this period, an intimate friend wrote:

"Prince George is known to be a great reader, of active habits of mind and body, punctual in the discharge of the smallest appointments, warm and constant in his friendships, endowed with a large share of common sense, simple in his tastes, and, singularly free from any trace of self-esteem or conceit, most considerate for the feelings of others, willing to learn from all, generous and open-handed, yet careful and frugal on his own account—for his private allowance has up to now been moderate, and never large."

CHAPTER VI

BECOMES HEIR-APPARENT AND MARRIES

Sudden illness—His brother's engagement—Tragic death of the Duke of Clarence—New responsibilities as heir—Marriage to Princess May—Queen Victoria's satisfaction——Gifts from sailor friends—"She looked Empire, gracious Empire"—An ovation on the balcony—Winning hearts at Sandringham—Planning the garden.

IN November, 1891, the Prince of Wales quietly celebrated his fiftieth birthday with his two sons at Sandringham. The Princess of Wales was at Livadia with her daughters for the Silver Wedding of her sister, Princess Dagmar, and the Tsarevitch. The two young men and their father spent most of their time shooting, and Prince George appeared to be in the best of health, when suddenly, on 15th of November, he was taken ill while out on the marshes. He became rapidly worse, and the Prince of Wales became very anxious. A special train was ordered to convey Prince George and his father to London, and, until his wife's arrival, the Prince was assiduous in nursing his son.

I have often heard King George say with deep feeling that he never got to know his father so well as in those early days of his illness. Once the young man

asked for his mother, but, for the most part, he seemed quite contented when his father was in the room. When he was very ill, his eyes followed him about the room, and he could not bear to have him out of his sight.

The Prince of Wales was not at all used to a sick-room, but those who saw him during those days of anxiety say that his tenderness and skill were amazing. Only he could make the pillows comfortable for Prince George; only his touch could soothe the restlessness of the invalid. Father and son drew closer than ever before, and it is not too much to say that it was the Prince's nursing that helped to pull his son through.

The Prince with his brother, the Duke of Clarence, had arrived at Culford Hall on a visit, and was then observed to be looking ill. In the previous month he and his brother had paid a series of visits to Ireland, the last being at Castleboro, Enniscorthy, the delightful home of Lord and Lady Carew. The Princes finished their short stay in Ireland, and left for the home of the Earl and Countess Cadogan. Following this came their return to Sandringham, where Prince George developed enteric fever and bronchial catarrh.

Although very weak, the invalid was able to scold his mother in a whisper for returning from Russia in such a hurry. "You must be so tired, mother; I'm not worth all this trouble," he said, to which his mother, with brimming eyes, replied: "You know you are worth it to me, Georgie."

Dr. (afterward Sir Francis) Laking, who lived opposite Marlborough House, was unremitting in his atten-

dance on the Prince, and with him was that wise physician Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Broadbent. Workmen, with toolbags on shoulder, going home in the afternoon, stopped at Marlborough House gates to inquire of the courteous policeman how the Prince was. One aged clergyman, the Rev. William Rogers, of Bishopsgate, insisted on seeing the bulletin itself, and, inscribing his name in the visitors' book, and was helped out of his carriage by the policeman on duty for this purpose.

Prince George recovered sufficiently to spend Christmas at Sandringham in the family circle. He was doubly welcome, for it was the first Christmas he had spent at home for several years. He and his father were now close companions, and were often to be seen walking up and down a certain favourite path in the Sandringham grounds. Prince George's arm lightly linked in that of his father. The Duke of Clarence, as Prince Eddy had become, would sometimes join them, but he would cautiously ask what they were talking about before he did so. If it was "the Navy," he would laugh and depart, remarking that on that subject, at any rate, "two was company—and three none."

On 7th December, 1891, the Duke of Clarence's engagement to Princess May of Teck was announced. This charming daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck was one of the best beloved of English princesses and the engagement was very popular all over the land. During the next six weeks, the country began preparations for celebrating the coming mar-

riage, and early in January Princess May, with her parents, went to stay at Sandringham for the Duke of Clarence's birthday. When the day arrived, however, he felt too ill to appear at dinner, having caught cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The doctors who were summoned pronounced the illness to be a serious attack of influenza which rapidly developed into pneumonia.

Surrounded by his family and her to whom he had been betrothed so recently, the young Duke passed away on 14th of January. The shock to Queen Victoria and his family—indeed, to the whole country—cannot be estimated. As for Prince George, still weak after his recent illness, he was stunned by the tragic suddenness of the event. He could not believe that Prince Eddy was dead. The two brothers had been so closely united in work and play, that the separation was terrible and unrealizable. Prince George bore his grief silently, trying to help his mother and father as much as possible during the terrible days between the Duke's death and his funeral. With a sensitiveness which was characteristic of him he did not intrude on his parents' sorrow, but his mother would often ask for him, and he would sit and hold her hand silently. The Prince of Wales did not forget how ill Prince George had been, and, during the funeral service on 20th of January, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, it was noticed how closely he watched his son.

Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Devonshire lent the Prince and Princess of Wales his Eastbourne home, Compton Place. The writer will never forget

the pathetic sight of the Royal mourners driving for a mile from the station amid sympathetic silence, between lines of people, many of whom were in tears as they looked at the pale faces of the Prince and Princess and their children. The change and sea air were beneficial to them after the terrible strain through which they had passed. The Prince of Wales addressed himself to public work, as soon as possible, in order to distract his mind from the loss of his elder son. The letters he wrote to friends showed how poignantly he felt the passing of the young Duke on the threshold of marriage.

It was not until after the funeral that Prince George awoke to the fact that he was now heir-apparent to the Throne. He accepted the fact seriously and calmly, as was his wont, although it meant having to give up his naval career, which was a bitter disappointment. The thought that he was stepping into his brother's shoes was sometimes almost unbearable. He took his seat in the House of Lords on the 17th of June, 1892, as Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, Baron Killarney. During the ceremony the new Peer and the Lord Chancellor, the veteran Lord Halsbury, had to bow to each other three times. Much amusement was caused by the Duke's alert salutation, which had been learnt in the Navy, and left the Lord Chancellor fully one bow behind!

Although the Duke of York's seafaring days were of necessity ended, the sea and seamen have never been forgotten by him. In the same year which had seen so much alteration in his life he accepted the position of

Patron of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. He is always swift to recognize any former shipmates, and, during the War, would always detain sailors who were receiving honours for a talk as to their experience.

Early in 1893 he accompanied his mother on a visit to Rome and the Riviera. The tour was quite a private one, and mother and son, with so many interests in common, appreciated it greatly. During this tour the Duke of York did everything in his power to try and make his mother forget as much as possible the loss of her eldest son. I particularly noticed the way he took care of her, trying hard to fill his brother's place.

To the intense satisfaction of the nation, which had sympathized deeply with Princess May of Teck, her engagement to the Duke of York was announced on the 4th of May, while they were staying with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Sheen Lodge. The Duke had proposed to his cousin at Sheen Lodge at the end of April, and as soon as Queen Victoria's ready assent had been given and other State formalities had been met, the Press was authorized to publish the happy tidings. The Princess had been deeply shocked and grieved at the death of the Duke of Clarence, and this romantic sequel was a real joy to everyone. The love and happiness that shone in Princess May's eyes, when she made her first public appearance with the Duke of York, was delightful to see. All the world loves a lover, and the Duke of York's affection for Princess May was both deep and sincere.

Queen Victoria was pleased. She received the shy

young bride-elect at Windsor with a grandmotherly kiss, and told her grandson that he ought to think himself a lucky young man.

No one could guess at that time that the shy young girl would develop into such a woman as the present Queen, but even at that early age she had a charm of manner and a deep sense of duty which made her a fitting companion for the Duke of York. She was the only daughter of the Duchess of Teck, the popular Princess Mary of an earlier day, and had lived with her mother and father at Kensington Palace during a quiet, tranquil childhood and girlhood. The Duchess of Teck, who was the idol of London crowds, mentions her daughter repeatedly in her diary. "Dear little May," she says at one time, "grows every day more of a companion, and is as clever and bright a child as possible for her age."

Princess May early learnt the art of cookery and, even as a young girl, her rolls, cakes, and jam puddings were voted perfection by her three brothers. Some of the sympathy and charm which are Queen Mary's peculiar attraction to-day are the result of her mother's care during her early girlhood. One of the reasons the Queen has never become blasé is because her mother refused to let her have overmuch pleasure or excitement when she was young. A friend of the Duchess of Teck once sent Princess May and her brothers three invitations during a week. Two were allowed to be accepted, but the third was declined with the words (which it would be well if many a mother to-day could or would utter): "A child has enough to do to learn

obedience and attend to her lessons, and to grow, without too many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away, and the brightness and beauty from girlhood. There are too many grown-up children in the present day."

As a child, Princess May was a great favourite of Queen Victoria, and was allowed to say things which, had they been said by anyone else, would have necessitated a veil being drawn over the scene which would have followed. Once Princess May visited the Queen at Windsor when she was at lunch. The Queen was fond of game and, whenever a particular leg or wing took her fancy, she would take it up in her fingers to eat it. She happened to do this on the day in question, and, as the Queen raised the bone to her lips, little Princess May's voice rang through the room: "Oh, how can you eat with your fingers!"

When she was about seventeen, she and her parents settled at White Lodge, Richmond Park, and here the young Princess shared many of her mother's interests, most prominent among them being the Needlework Guild. As is well known Queen Mary is still an ardent supporter of the Guild, and her daughter, Princess Mary, is also an active worker for it. The Duchess of Teck and her daughter were probably among the first to encourage British Industries, from the point of view of women. They set the fashion for wearing English silks, Irish poplins, and Scottish tweeds.

Queen Mary has always hated sham in any shape or form; she believes in fair dealing. A little story which shows her straightforward character is the

following: When quite young, she was selling at her mother's stall at a bazaar. A fashionably dressed lady selected an article which was marked 15s. 6d. and offered a sovereign in payment, remarking gushingly that she did not want any change. "That is not my way of doing business," said the Princess. "I believe in fair dealing: I will not take any more than the price marked."

Each summer at White Lodge there was a distribution of vegetables to old women, and Princess May and her mother—always great companions—would have merry interchanges. "I shall not recommend you for a stall at Covent Garden, mother, if you are not quicker," or "You will never do for a greengrocer's wife if you do not attend to business better, May!"

As soon as the engagement was made known, golden-haired, blue-eyed Princess May and her sailor fiancé went about in public, and pleased everyone who saw them by their obvious happiness. They attended the opening of the Imperial Institute by Queen Victoria soon after the engagement was announced. The young couple tried to keep in the background, but the Queen was very pleased with the betrothal and insisted that they should take their share of the cheering.

Princess May was in her favourite blue, and it was noticeable that the young couple often forgot the crowds around them, so wrapped up were they in each other's society. The Prince and Princess of Wales welcomed "May" with open arms, and Queen Mary's love and admiration for Queen Alexandra dated from the first meeting after betrothal when, as a shy young girl,

she was met with outstretched hands and a kiss, and the remark: "I know you will make Georgie happy, my dear."

Both the young people realized seriously the duties that lay ahead of them. Mrs. Dalrymple, a lifelong friend of the Duchess of Teck, writes of an afternoon when she was present at White Lodge for tea in the garden. Scattered among the teacups were packets of telegraph forms. Messages were being delivered constantly, and the Princess, and the Duke, with not a word of complaint at these incessant interruptions, wrote out replies between the intervals of sipping their tea.

Preparations now began in earnest for the coming marriage. The Princess of Wales, who, since the death of the Duke of Clarence, had led a very quiet, retired life, began to resume her old interest in things and regain some of her old vivacity. A series of festivities and dinners took place at Marlborough House before the wedding, and on 4th July a wonderful garden-party was given in the spacious grounds, to which some 2,000 people were invited to meet Queen Victoria and the Duke of York and his bride. It was a wonderful scene in summer sunshine, and the Duke and Princess May enjoyed it obviously. Princess May was in pink with a large pink hat, and carried a parasol. She was certainly the most beautiful girl there, although the flower of Society was present.

As had been anticipated, the Duchess of Teck decided that the trousseau should be made in the British Isles. "I am determined," she wrote, "that all the silk

shall come from England, all the flannel from Wales, all the tweeds from Scotland, and every yard of lace and poplin from Ireland." It was, indeed, a wonderful trousseau. The lingerie was covered with the finest and most delicate embroidery, and the whole of it was in excellent taste. The gowns chosen by the young bride were all in soft shades, and blue was a favourite color, just as it is with Princess Mary to-day. The bridal gown was woven at Spitalfields, and was of silver and white brocade, with a design of roses, shamrock, and thistle. The bridal veil was of Honiton lace, and was the actual one which was worn by the Duchess of Teck in 1866.

Presents showered in upon the young couple. Both had so many friends in all stations of life that it was not surprising that the variety of gifts was immense. The Duke of York received many gifts from the friends he had made abroad, and very touching were some of the letters and small gifts sent to him by various sailors whom he had helped from time to time. The officers and crew that had been with him on the *Bacchante,* although now separated on many different ships, clubbed together, and presented him with a piece of silver plate. Not one of the ships to which he had been commissioned failed to send some tribute of its esteem. This remembrance of the Navy touched the Prince very deeply. These presents were arranged in a separate group at the Duke's express desire, and they were generally the first he showed to friends.

Many mysterious little gifts arrived for Princess May, which proved how much she was loved by the

poor people. With a little home-made needle-case came the words: "To dear Princess May, with a mother's thanks for all she has done." A little lavender bag, with a letter written in an illiterate scrawl, bore the inscription: "Wishing you every happiness, and thanking you again for the words of comfort you gave me after my baby died." Amongst many other charming gifts was a parasol given by a noted firm, the ivory handle of which was exquisitely carved with "may blossom." All the presents were exhibited at the Imperial Institute, and were admired by crowds of visitors.

Not for a long time had London seen such a pageant as that of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, at the Chapel Royal, St. James, on the 6th of July, 1893. For several days before the event, people had promenaded the route to see the decorations, and on the morning of the wedding, London was like a vast flower garden with roses and may blossom. St. James's Street was a specially beautiful sight, with its lavish floral decoration and flags. Crowds waited in the streets all night, and by ten o'clock every building and thoroughfare on the route was packed with people. It was a glorious morning; the sunshine made the scene, with so many flowers, like fairyland. "Is it possible that your staid London can get so excited?" one foreign notable whom I met during the wedding remarked to me, after witnessing the enthusiasm of the crowds. No more popular wedding had ever taken place in London.

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The wedding day portrait of the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, and their bridal party

Both the bride and bridegroom were British, and both satisfied one's natural love of romance.

Soon after eleven o'clock, guests began to arrive at St. James's Palace. It is not in any way a palatial residence. In fact, when, more than a century ago, Christian VII of Denmark came to woo Caroline Matilda, sister of George III, he exclaimed scornfully: "It is not fit to lodge a Christian in!" But the Palace has a charm all its own—the charm of antiquity. Its old walls listened to the wooing of Anne Boleyn, and resounded to the hunting-horn of Henry VIII. Its chapel has been the scene of many brilliant ceremonies, and it was here that Queen Victoria plighted her troth.

Queen Victoria had arrived from Windsor at Buckingham Palace in time for the garden-party at Marlborough House. By mistake, on the day of the wedding, her procession arrived first, instead of last, at the Chapel Royal. However, when the abashed gentlemen of the Household apologized, the Queen only smiled, and replied: "It has been so amusing to watch the people come in."

Writing of Queen Victoria in his Diary, Archbishop Benson said of her that day: "On she came, most pleasant, bowing to right and left, her black silk dress covered with wonderful lace, and lace with a little crown of chains of diamonds on her head, walking a little lame, with a long stick. She looked Empire—gracious Empire. . . . I would not have missed the sight of her like that for the world."

Very beautiful was the entrance of the bride between her father, the Duke of Teck, and her eldest brother, Prince Adolphus. Her white satin train was carried by ten Royal Princesses; the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales; the Princesses Victoria, Alexandra, and Beatrix of Edinburgh; the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Alice of Albany, and Princess Ena of Battenberg. They wore white satin dresses, trimmed with silver Buckinghamshire lace, and carried bouquets of white York roses tied with silver. Each wore a bracelet enamelled with the rose of York, the gift of the bridegroom. The Duke of York, very upright and looking young and handsome, stood at the foot of the altar with his father and his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. He was very nervous —rather more nervous than his bride—but he looked very happy nevertheless. After the singing of "Father of Life Everlasting," the ceremony proceeded, and at its conclusion came the salute of one hundred and one guns, while the strains of "O perfect love" filled the chapel. During the final prayer, a stream of sunlight poured through one of the stained-glass windows on to the youthful bride and bridegroom, who were kneeling together. It was an augury of a happy life, and the succeeding years have seen it fulfilled.

Among those present were the mothers of both the bride and the bridegroom, the late Emperor of Russia (then the Tsarevitch), the King and Queen of Denmark, and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. On the return to Buckingham Palace, the Duke and Duch-

ess of York received a tremendous ovation from the crowd. Although the Duchess bowed smilingly from side to side, it could be seen that she was beginning to feel the nervous strain. It was only natural she should feel it after the quiet life she had led. Her great will-power, however, kept her up, and few people suspected that she was really near breaking down with emotion. Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Teck drove together, and were received with wild enthusiasm by the crowd. The Princess of Wales and her mother, the Queen of Denmark, both wore white gowns, the Princess's being trimmed with silver. They, too, passed through the cheering people, bowing and smiling. Before they had left St. James's Palace, the Duke and Duchess of York had signed the marriage register, to which also Queen Victoria affixed her name.

After the wedding-breakfast at Buckingham Palace, a wonderful spectacle with the gorgeous display of gold plate—the seven-tiered wedding-cake was cut. Then Queen Victoria presented the bridal pair to the loyal crowd, taking her place beside them on the balcony of the Palace. It was seen that the young bride slipped her hand into her husband's hand when she saw that sea of upturned faces, and that he drew her close to him. Soon afterwards, the young couple started for York Cottage, Sandringham, where the honeymoon was to be spent. Showers of slippers and confetti fell upon the happy pair as they took their seats. Forgotten was the pomp and dignity of Royalty. The Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, with

cousins and nephews put their dignity of station into the background. The Royal ladies followed suit—the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck keeping near each other, and wiping the tears that would come to their eyes. Some of the Royal party ran in front of the carriage, some at the sides, and some at the rear; none cared when they stepped into small puddles of the lately watered ground. Thus, to the accompaniment of laughter and tears, Princess May, smiling gladly into the eyes of her gallant young husband, left to start the first phase of her married life.

There was naturally great excitement at Sandringham as soon as the villagers and tenantry heard that the honeymoon was to be spent at York Cottage. A charming story is told of the Duchess of York's first act of kindness after she was married—one which was to be the first of a long sequence. As she came out of the station, and was about to step into the carriage, followed by her husband, amid the cheers and admiring glances of the villagers, a little girl broke through the crowd, carrying a few rather bedraggled buttercups in her hand. With wide, upturned eyes, she handed them to the Duchess. The child's mother dragged her back, red and ashamed, but Princess May stopped, saying: "Oh, may I have them, please? I love buttercups so much." The child's face as she handed the faded flowers to the object of her adoration was wonderful to behold.

At the Lodge gates all the tenants had gathered to see the bride. The Duke and Duchess, for the benefit of the people, decided to walk from the gates to York

Cottage—a little act of graciousness which was much appreciated. At the back of the crowd the Duchess saw a boy lying in a spinal chair, vainly trying to get a glimpse of her. Walking up to him, and standing where he could see her plainly, she said softly: "I do hope you will soon be better," after which she made her way to the house.

York Cottage held so much of the early married life of the Duke and Duchess of York that a little description may be interesting. It was only a small country house, simple in the extreme, with no pomp or circumstance to differentiate it in any way from any other country-house of its size. It was, as the Duke of York remarked to his father, "just what we wanted."

People with grand ideas would no doubt have been disappointed in its tiny hall, the small dining-room, the substantial arm-chairs in the study, and the very homelike drawing-room. But to the Duke and Duchess of York it was home, and that was why they loved it. They did not like even a carpet being changed. In York Cottage were many relics, when the Duke brought his young bride there, of the happy times when, as Prince George, he had stayed with his tutor and brother, the Duke of Clarence, at "Bachelors' Cottage." It was Bachelors' Cottage no longer.

One of the first things that the Duchess of York placed in her rooms at York Cottage was a little china ornament, which Prince George had bought for her when they were children. She was then living in Kensington Palace, and he was at Marlborough House. It represented a small boy and girl kissing each other,

and became an emblem of the happy married life of the two whose property it was.

During the quiet honeymoon, Princess May interested herself in the garden at York Cottage. She and her husband spent many hours wandering about hand-in-hand, deciding where they would put new beds of flowers, and discussing whether "rockery wouldn't be nice there," or "Don't you think a small pool would be nice here?" The Duchess was always the one to make suggestions on these occasions, for the Duke owned that he was nothing of a gardener and would leave all the practical notions to his wife. As the Duchess's favourite flowers were roses, it was decided to make a great many new rose-beds and fill them with all her favourite varieties, tea roses and maiden's blush roses predominating. At York Cottage a tiny herb garden was a source of interest to the young bride, and she decided that this should become her own special concern. All the fragrant lavender, which was placed among the linen at York Cottage came from the Duchess's own lavender plants.

And so began the happy married life of the Duke and Duchess. During those early days they showed clearly how well they understood each other. There was no doubt that the young Duchess realized that life in the country was new and strange for him after his many years in the Navy. To become an Heir-Apparent, a husband, and a householder was something of an ordeal, especially when these responsibilities had all arrived in less than a year. "I seem to know hardly anyone at a party," said the Duke, after his many years

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at sea. But Princess May and her charming companionship atoned for all the sudden change in the Duke's position. She was to be "the Angel in the House," to quote Coventry Patmore's phrase. Another poet, in his greeting to the Royal bride and bridegroom, adjured them to exercise "the pure might of doing good." They have lived up to this great ideal all their married life.

Lincoln Christian College

CHAPTER VII

THE HOME LIFE AT SANDRINGHAM

"Bachelors' Cottage" changed—An adept at billiards—"Yer Royal 'Ighness" or "Spot"—Birth of a son and heir—The Christening—Queen Victoria's gifts—"Thank goodness, he's a sportsman"—Busy with duties of State—Prince Albert's birth—Enlarging York Cottage.

TO those who, like myself, were privileged to see something of the early years of the Duke and Duchess's married life, the memory must ever abide as of one of the happiest marriages that have ever taken place.

Both Duke and Duchess grew to love York Cottage, and were very glad that they had decided on it and not on Appleton Hall, a choice of either having been offered them by the Prince of Wales before their marriage. I was much amused at the Duke's argument in favour of York Cottage, when the decision had to be made: "I'm sure it's sick of being a Bachelors' Cottage," he remarked. "It's dying to be a real old-fashioned home. I know, and therefore it's just right for us." It became a home in the very fullest sense of the word.

The little house was enlarged, redecorated, and a billiard-room built on. "George must have his bil-

liards," his wife remarked laughingly, when she was discussing the new room. "He loves playing with those little balls." "And I shall make you love playing with them, too!" laughed the Duke. And he did, for both became expert billiard-players, and I have often watched an exciting match between them, sometimes ending in a triumph for the Duchess. The King's enjoyment of a game of billiards has continued to this day. On one occasion he visited some naval dockyards, and in the evening entered a billiard-room for a quiet game.

When the marker was told that the Duke of York was to be one of the players, his self-possession forsook him altogether. Creeping up to an officer who was present, he cried in a whisper loud enough to be heard distinctly by the Royal visitor: "Excuse me, sir, do I call 'im 'Yer Royal 'Ighness' or 'Spot'?"

At York Cottage, the Duke of York became boyish, Prince George again. He was so young and eager, in spite of his twenty-eight years. He did not look half his age when he was at home, although, when engaged on State duties, a mantle of age seemed to fall upon him like a cloak.

People who did not know him in his home thought him almost too grave and serious for his age.

Sea days were gone, if not forgotten, and the Duke and Duchess, after a few quiet months of respite, began to pay a series of official visits. The first notable one was to Edinburgh, which welcomed the Duke and Duchess with open arms. The Duke was a little surprised at the enthusiasm and remarked on the fact

to his host. "They're not so much seeing a Duke and Duchess," was the reply, "as a happy lad and lassie."

On the 23rd of June, 1894, a son and heir was born to the Duke and Duchess, of York at White Lodge, Richmond, the home of the Duchess's parents. I had known how much the Duke wanted a son, for he made no secret of his longing, and his joy at the news was very great. He walked up and down the room, saying again and again: "I *am* glad—I *am* glad!" In those first few minutes of his joy, he thought of the fascinating things he would be able to teach this son of his. It showed how very near the Navy always was in his thoughts that he murmured soon afterwards: "I must teach him to love the sea."

The important news of the birth of another direct heir to the throne was received with great satisfaction by the whole nation. The Duke and Duchess of York were overwhelmed with messages from all parts of the world. All the foreign Courts sent their good wishes, and flowers and presents began to arrive in great numbers.

Queen Victoria was delighted. The *Court Circular* recorded that "Her Majesty received, shortly after dinner, the joyful news of the birth." *The Times,* in a leading article, drew attention to the fact that never before in our history had the reigning sovereign seen three male descendants in the direct line of inheritance. The Queen's delight in her great-grandson was certainly augmented by this remarkable record, one more added to the unique record of her long reign.

White Lodge had been connected by telephone with

the Post Office at East Sheen, so that the Home Secretary, whose presence on the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne is obligatory, could be summoned without delay. Mr. Asquith (later Lord Oxford and Asquith) was then Home Secretary, and he arrived at White Lodge before the birth occurred. I well remember the Duke's greeting. "Well, Mr. Asquith, you have got here in time, anyway," he said, trying hard to look cheerful, but in reality extremely worried and anxious.

The number of callers during the next few days was really remarkable. A marquee had to be erected near White Lodge in order that the visitors might inscribe their names in a special book and thus save calling at the house. In a very short time no fewer than 1,500 persons had paid complimentary calls. It was rather amusing to see the long queue of people waiting patiently their turn to sign the book. I, for one, was glad that it was summer, and that it did not rain.

On Sunday morning, the Duke and Duchess of Teck worshipped at Kingston Vale Church, where a merry peal of bells had rung for two hours prior to midnight. On Sunday the bells of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were rung. In every church references were made to the baby Prince. At the Great Synagogue in London, the Chief Rabbi prayed "that the Prince might grow up in strength to rule hereafter in happiness over this great Realm," and the Rev. Arthur Robins expressed the nation's delight at the birth when preaching at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, in the presence of the Prince of Wales.

On the 26th of June Queen Victoria decided to pay

a visit to White Lodge. Those who were at Richmond on that day remember the tremendous rush which was made to get ready the decorations in the streets. The aged Queen, who journeyed by special train from Windsor, was accompanied by the Tsarevitch (later the ill-fated Tsar of Russia), Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Leiningen besides other notables.

The call at White Lodge lasted one hour, during which time the three-days-old baby regarded his great-grandmother with awe-struck, tearless eyes. After this, the Queen returned through the crowded streets of loyal Richmond, looking very proud and pleased.

The great decision as to the names the child should bear was not made until several days later. So many relatives had to be considered, and great care had to be exercised that no one was offended. It was decided finally that the Prince should be christened Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. It was a good choice, for it commemorated the Prince's grandfather, his two great-grandfathers, the late Prince Consort and King Christian of Denmark, and the patron saints of the four parts of the United Kingdom.

The christening took place on the 16th of July, but before the ceremony two little events took place—the Duke of York held his son in his arms, and the Prince of Wales arrived and was delighted when his little grandson curled baby fingers round his own. The christening was held in the drawing-room of White Lodge. It was a very quiet ceremony, attended almost exclusively by members of the Royal Family. The

Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, and Queen Victoria herself handed her great-grandson to him, and acted as one of the sponsors. The water used at the service was brought from the River Jordan and the golden bowl was the same one in which Edward VI, and also, most of Queen Victoria's descendants, had been baptized. It was part of the Regalia from the Tower, and was brought down specially for the occasion. The Archbishop was assisted by the Bishop of Rochester and the Rev. the Hon. E. Carr-Glyn. Besides Queen Victoria, the little Prince's sponsors were his mother and father, the Tsarevitch, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the King and Queen of Denmark. The baby wore the robe in which all Queen Victoria's children and British grandchildren had been baptized. It was of white satin and Honiton lace, and the carrying-cloak was made of the veil worn by Queen Victoria at her marriage. This was edged with ribbon and mounted on white silk.

Although I have said that those present at the ceremony were mostly of the Royal Family, it must be added that Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and the Duchess's physicians, Sir John Williams and Dr. Wadd, were also present. The child, having been brought into the room by the nurse, was handed to Lady Eva Greville, who, at the proper moment, handed him to Queen Victoria. Everything went off most satisfactorily. The christening cake was much admired, being ornamented in relief with the Royal arms, the Duke of York's arms, and the arms of the City of Edinburgh, entwined with York roses. On the top of

the cake was a cradle, surmounted by a crown, over which waved the Royal arms and the Union Jack.

The Duke of York had been terribly nervous beforehand lest his son should not conduct himself properly on the eventful day in front of so many of his relations. The Duchess, however, took a much calmer view. "After all, it would not be so very dreadful if he did cry, George," she said placidly. "Babies do." I remember thinking then how sensible and quiet was her outlook on an occasion that might try any young mother's feelings.

The baby, however, was perfectly good, and, after the service, Queen Victoria and the Duchess of York took tea in the green corridor. At 5.40 p.m., Her Majesty set out on her homeward journey. It had rained heavily on her arrival, but with her customary defiance of bad weather, the Queen had her carriage opened so that the loyal crowd might see her on the drive back to Richmond station. I thought it a rash thing to do, and said as much to the Duke, who quite agreed and attempted to persuade his grandmother to drive back in a closed carriage. But Queen Victoria was adamant, and no ill effects seemed to have resulted.

Queen Victoria gave the baby Prince the old cradle which had held the Queen's own children. The cradle was on rockers, and was made of finely carved wood; a charming miniature was painted of the child in this cradle, and this is a treasured possession of Queen Mary. Queen Victoria expressed a wish for a family group, and a portrait was painted called "Four

Generations," with Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the infant Prince. Besides this painting, many photographs were taken, for Queen Victoria's love of photography was great. Her favourite photograph was that of the little Prince seated in his high chair, one chubby hand holding a spoon stretched out. It looked for all the world like Oliver Twist asking for more! This was taken when he was two years old.

The little Prince was called "David" from the first, chiefly on account of the sad memories connected with the name "Eddy." He was the most healthy little fellow, and his two grandmothers rivalled one another in petting him. An amusing incident took place when the baby was quite small. We were in the middle of tea at York Cottage, and David had been brought down by his nurse to "get used to company," as his mother put it. Suddenly the Duke's little terrier, who was very jealous, rushed forward and started barking furiously at the baby. Little David set his face for a tremendous howl, but evidently thought better of it and, rather amazingly started to coo with delight. "Thank goodness he's a sportsman," ejaculated the Duke. His gold watch-chain, and the big gold watch attached to it, were a constant source of delight to "Baby David." Often the Duke was called when the child was troublesome and the watch held against the baby's ear acted like magic. I have often waited downstairs before an interview, while the Duke was performing his "watch trick" with his little son.

This first grandson was a source of infinite delight

to the Duchess of Teck during the last three years of her life, and he was often taken to stay at Richmond. David, like any other baby, knew who spoiled him, and he could certainly twist his grandmother round his little finger. When the Duchess died in 1897 there was laid on her coffin a cross of lilies of the valley which bore this inscription: "In memory of days at White Lodge. Most dear Grandmamma, from little David, Bertie, and Baby."

Who can say when the first bond of sympathy arose between grandfather and tiny grandson? During very early days, I think. The Prince of Wales hardly ever spoke to the baby: he just sat and looked at him, and David would show off all his baby tricks to perfection. "He never smiled like that to anyone else," his mother once remarked, and it was true. Little David showed a side of his character to his grandfather which he showed to no one else.

After the birth of his son, the Duke of York began to busy himself with State duties and take his part as eventual heir to the Throne. It was characteristic of him that he settled down to study the functions and responsibilities of his new career as earnestly as he had studied in the Navy. No one—I least of all—can pretend that State duties interested him as much as naval work. You cannot entirely wean a man from his chosen career. So much of his life had been spent in the Navy that it was not easy for him to settle down to the desk routine which his new life necessitated. But the Duke of York was nothing if not conscientious, and in time he grew to love the very work which he hated, owing to his forgetfulness of self.

His study at York Cottage was a cheerful room, very like its owner; with big windows—except in the very coldest weather—wide open. This was not a characteristic of the age, and it told visitors at once that the Duke was used to winds and the coldness of a seafaring life. A large desk occupied a great part of the room, but there were comfortable armchairs for visitors. "A man can never talk naturally when he is sitting bolt upright on a chair which is much too small for him," I once heard the Duke remark, and visitors were encouraged to sit back and be comfortable. On his desk, on the right-hand side, there stood a large photograph of the Duchess, and on the left there was always a small bowl filled with fresh flowers. The Duke could not bear these two things to be reversed, and woe betide anyone who did change their position. The walls were covered with naval prints, photographs of the *Bacchante,* and many portraits of friends and officers, as well as mementoes of various countries he had visited. The Duke's favourite portrait of his son occupied a favoured position on the wall, and showed the baby face just about to break into a smile.

State functions followed one another rapidly, and both the Duke and Duchess, who were not accustomed to them, grew very tired. These functions included the opening of Rutherford College, the new home of the Missions to Seamen, and the opening of the Hospital for Accidents, Poplar. In September, 1894, they began a round of official visits, starting with laying the foundation-stone of the new General Hospital, Birmingham, and ending with laying the foundation-stone of the new Post Office, Liverpool.

In March, 1895, the Duke held his first levee at St. James's Palace on behalf of Queen Victoria, attended by his gentlemen-in-waiting and full escort of Life Guards.

On the 14th of December, 1895, his second son was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, and was christened in Sandringham Church, Albert Frederick George. A charming note was given to the ceremony by the Duke, who went to the church first, carrying little David in his arms. The Duchess came next, followed by the nurse with baby Albert, or "Bertie," as he was generally called. Bertie was not so strong as his brother, and the Duchess spent many worrying hours with her small son. After the first year, however, he entirely outgrew any trace of his former delicacy. David was introduced to his baby brother by his father, but it was not at all a satisfactory meeting, for the baby, liking the look of a rather gaudy rattle that David was never parted from, tried to seize it, and there were many tears on both sides.

The Princess of Wales was one of the first to pay a visit to York Cottage after this event, and she and her daughter-in-law had much to talk about with regard to children and their upbringing. She was already friends with David, and she had to be very careful not to give too much attention to the new baby. The Duchess taught her children, even as babies, the meaning of obedience. They knew even before they could talk that their mother loved them too much to spoil them.

About this time an amusing incident occurred. The

Duke, as has been said, was extraordinarily anxious that his son and heir should early learn to appreciate the sea. One day David was not to be found, and the Duchess, after searching the house, opened her husband's study door quietly. There sat the Duke of York at his desk with two-year-old David perched on his knee. He was explaining various naval matters which would not have interested a child of seven, let alone two years of age, and on the desk were some maps and a large picture-book. The Duchess often told this tale against her husband. "So like a man," she always added.

At the birth of their second child, the Duke and Duchess of York decided that York Cottage must be enlarged again. It was rather a trial for the Duchess that her home was so small, and the business of enlarging it was constantly discussed. After "Bertie's" birth a new wing was added, containing day and night nurseries. David refused for a long time to live in the new home, as he called it, but he became accustomed to it eventually.

The babies, seeing from their home the expanse of Norfolk country and the hills of Wolferton, grew up healthily among the rich marsh meadows and the wild heather. The Duke of York, watching them, determined that their life should be as free and happy as his own had been; and that determination never wavered.

CHAPTER VIII

HOME, DUTIES OF STATE, AND THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

"My children expect me to be such an expert"—Prince David's gift to a sick child—"Dada spoils me most"—A bargain in postage-stamps—The Duke's first speech as a dinner president—Birth of Princess Mary—The Diamond Jubilee—A gorgeous spectacle for Prince David's eyes—"I have been on a boat before"—The Duchess of Teck's passing—A touching story of the Duchess's sympathy.

AFTER the enlargement of York Cottage, the Duke and Duchess turned their attention to the grounds. Both were very enthusiastic farmers, and they soon had the farms, which had fallen into disuse, stocked with animals of the best breed. Among the first purchases were some excellent black Berkshire pigs. When little David was shown these by his father, he shrieked with mirth. In fact he never looked at them without laughing, for the animals seemed to have some irresistibly comic fascination for him.

The Duke and Duchess, after this first purchase, visited some of the Agricultural Shows in the County of Norfolk. I was always amused to notice that the Duchess would move instinctively towards the pretty animals: little calves always had a great attraction for

her. The Duke was strictly businesslike in his inquiries at these shows, and there were very few new methods of agriculture which he missed.

Now that there were children at York Cottage, it was even more of a home than before. The Duke and Duchess loved children, and about this time they began to make what is, I believe, a unique collection. It consisted of comic pictures of children of all ages, including posters advertising various foods. It was most attractive and amusing, for the Duchess used to paste the pictures in a large album, and the "Babies' Book" was much in demand. The Duke of York was still young enough to retain vivid memories of his own childhood, and I have often been amused when I have seen him stop suddenly in front of a toy-shop and, with wrinkled brow, examine the working of some mechanical toys. "You see," he would say, "my children expect me to be such an expert, especially in constructing mimic fortifications and manœuvring toy-soldiers, that I have to rub up my knowledge from time to time."

Little Prince David's first pocket-money was 6d. a week, and even when quite tiny he made or bought birthday presents for his grandparents, parents, and little brother. He was very fond of the Matron of the Technical School at Sandringham, and once, when he was taken to see her by his nurse, said that he wanted to make a present "specially for mamma's birthday." After a very long consultation, it was decided that "mamma" would love a little card with a doggie on it, carefully pricked and sewn by David. This was finished and duly presented; and the donor was soon back

at the school with the suggestion that he should prick little cards for everybody he knew. This ambitious resolve, however, he was persuaded to limit to three more cards—one for grandma, one for grandpa, and one for father.

The children were taught to think of other people. Once David was being nursed through a childish ailment by a nurse who had been attending previously the little daughter of a London physician. She told the little Prince about her former patient and contrasted his restlessness with her patience. "Nurse, I would like to send that little girl something," he said, "because she has been so good." "Very well," said the nurse; "what will you send her?" After a considerable effort, the little Prince said: "Take her my little statuette of Lord Roberts." It was his greatest treasure, as the nurse well knew, and she consulted his mother. "Take it by all means, nurse," she said. "I am so glad David thought of doing this, for I want my children to learn to think of others." When the little girl, who had been overjoyed with the Prince's gift, passed away, her parents offered to return the statuette; but a wish was expressed that they should retain it.

The Duke of York insisted that he never "gave in" to his children—in fact, he would tell people that he was afraid he erred on the side of hardness. I shall never forget the day when little David made his father actually blush in public. The Duke and Duchess had been entertaining some friends at tea, and the Duke had been remarking that he was a strong believer in discipline in children. At that moment, his little son

came in with his nurse, looking very cherubic in his white sailor suit. "Who do you like best, darling, father or mother?" asked one misguided lady. "I like them both the same," said the little boy after some reflection; and then, with a roguish look at his father, he added: "But I think dada spoils me most." There was much laughter after this remark.

The little Prince's early love of animals was encouraged by his mother and father, and he had many pets at York Cottage. "Cæsar," King Edward's dog, was a great favourite with him, and it was a pretty sight to see him playing with the dog. Once he was asked what he would do if he were King. The reply was an amazing one: "When I am King," said the small boy, "I shall make three laws: no one shall cut the tails of the little dogs; there shall be no more fishing with hooks; and no one shall use bearing-reins to hurt the horses." On this occasion his father picked up his small son and kissed him. He was so exactly what he wanted him to be—already a sportsman who hated cruelty in any shape or form. The Prince had yet to show signs of his love for the sea, but his father felt sure that this would come, and his hopes were justified.

The Duke of York was now able to turn again to his hobby of stamp-collecting, which he had begun as a boy at sea. The Duke bought and exchanged stamps in the ordinary way, studying dealers' catalogues and advertisements for rare specimens. Once a young man in a City office advertised that his stamp collection was for sale, and could be seen at his lodgings. A young man called at these lodgings on a foggy Saturday after-

noon, chose some stamps, and made an offer which was accepted. It was not until the purchaser was going out of the house, that he was recognized as the Duke of York.

State functions began to encroach more and more on his time. I remember him once saying with a sigh, as he left York Cottage, "I never seem to be at home nowadays." The Duke took a great deal of trouble with his speeches. On the first occasion of presiding at a public dinner, he asked the old Duke of Cambridge for some hints as to speaking. "Nothing easier, my boy," said the Duke. "Get your speech typewritten on small sheets of paper. Saves all worry. When the time comes, all you have to do is to get up and read your speech." This advice did not satisfy the young Duke and, to the elder man's horror when the time came, he rose and trusted to his memory. "Conceited boy! Absurd! Why didn't he do what I told him? He will break down as sure as fate!" But the Duke was wrong, and told the Duke of York's father the same evening how well he had acquitted himself.

The present Prince of Wales began his speech-making at a very early age, much to his father's secret joy and his mother's fear—for the Duchess wanted to keep her children out of the limelight as long as she could. His very first speech was made at a children's party, when he was presented by his hostess with a sword. Solemnly, the little boy mounted a chair, and said in clear tones with much dignity: "Thank you for giving me such a beautiful sword. I shall always keep it, and remember this night." I was much amused to

hear the Duke of York remark: "Little wretch! He speaks better than I do."

The greatest joy that the Duke of York and his elder son shared during these early days was their interest in the Zoological Gardens. Little Albert used to be taken to the Zoo occasionally, but then it was not nearly such fun, for a nurse always came with him. The Duke of York and David were often to be seen hand-in-hand walking round the cages. When they reached something that interested them they would stop, and a long series of questions and answers would follow. That King George has such a profound knowledge of a variety of subjects. I cannot help putting down to the constant inquisitiveness of his elder son, who expected his father to know everything. The Duke of York seldom failed to answer his questions. David and his brother were taken to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, and the elder boy was the last visitor who was permitted to sit in Napoleon Bonaparte's carriage.

An eventful year for the residents at York Cottage was 1897, for on the 25th of April a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of York. Like her mother, she has been the only daughter, and she was, as her mother had been, a most beautiful baby. The Duke was delighted. From the day of her birth, everyone could tell that the little daughter was going to be the pet of her father. She really was a lovely child, with the pink and white, may-blossom complexion of her mother. Prince David was an early arrival at the side of the cot. "That's your little sister, dear," said the nurse, gently. The Prince remained staring at the newcomer

for a long time in silence, and then he remarked reflectively: "I like sisters."

The Princess was christened in Sandringham Church by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, assisted by Canon Dalton, Canon Harvey, and the Rev. de Putron, receiving the names of Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary. Out of all these names, Mary was the one by which the little Princess was called universally. To those who know her, it has been one of the most delightful things in the world to watch Princess Mary grow from babyhood to childhood, from a simple unspoiled girl to a womanhood crowned by wifehood and motherhood.

She was known as the "Jubilee Baby," for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated by the Empire on the 22nd of June. The Premiers of Australia, Canada, the Cape, New Zealand, and Newfoundland were asked to share in the national celebrations. In Great Britain it was felt that some good work should be inaugurated to form a lasting memorial of an historic event. The Prince of Wales, with the help of the Duke of York, suggested a scheme for freeing the great London hospitals from debt, and this received generous support from all classes of people.

Sunday, the 20th of June, 1897, was a day of general thanksgiving throughout the country. The Duke and Duchess of York attended service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to give thanks on the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne. On the following day London was putting out its flags and arranging its decorations. From many a housetop and

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The King and Queen at the famous Devonshire House Ball in 1897

window flew the Union Jack; and special stands had been erected in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, some of immense size holding as many as 5,000 persons.

I shall never forget the sight of London streets during those days. It seemed as if all nationalities of the world had congregated to pay homage to the Queen. The Duke of York drove out on the day before to look at some of the decorations, and he was very deeply touched by the arrangements prepared in honour of his venerated grandmother. The Duke and Duchess of York had their elder son with them as they drove in the procession to St. Paul's Cathedral on the memorable day. The service was performed in a broad open space outside St. Paul's. The little Prince was thrilled by the splendour of the scene, but even more thrilled by the fact that it was his first appearance in boy's clothes. He kept on repeating the fact to his father as they drove through the cheering crowds. Seeing a small boy in the crowd, who had managed to get in front of a tall policeman, he tried hard to clamber over the back of the carriage to get a final glimpse of the boy "with a suit like mine."

Although the Duke of York did not play such an important part in the Diamond Jubilee festivities as his father, the Jubilee influenced his mind considerably. He realised as never before how great and how wide-stretched was the Empire, over which his grandmother ruled, and over which he also in time would rule. His voyage in the *Bacchante* had been made when he was little more than a boy, and when there had been no

thought of his succession to the Throne. During the Jubilee celebrations the Duke had many serious talks with the Dominion Premiers, and remarked afterwards that he had never realised before how strong the bond of Empire was.

One day during the Jubilee celebrations, a very notable man from overseas went to lunch at Marlborough House. He was introduced to Prince David, the present Prince of Wales. Turning to the boy's father, the man remarked : "You should send your boy overseas when he is older. There is nothing that cements friendship between the Home country and the Colonies more than a friendly visit of Royalty." Little did either of them guess, looking at the small boy in a sailor-suit, how prophetic those words were to become, or how great a traveller and Empire-builder that small boy was going to be.

It was certainly a wonderful spectacle that the Duke beheld on the 22nd of June. He has always had an eye for colour, and he has remarked often that the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of his grandmother were the most brilliantly colorful and picturesque that he has ever witnessed. I have heard him describe it with enthusiasm —this pageant of colour from all over the world; men in red coats, and men in blue; men in khaki; the stern Zaptiehs from Cyprus, the diminutive and yellow-skinned Dyaks from North Borneo; the troops from Hong-Kong in their curious hats, sitting like mushrooms on their heads; those big-limbed fighters, the Maoris; the splendid forms of the Australian troopers; the Cape Mounted Rifles, a fit bodyguard for

the Colony's Premier; the Rhodesian Horse, whose participation in recent troubles in South Africa secured for them a cheer of particular heartiness; men from Natal and Canada.

I shall never forget the words he uttered afterwards: "I believe that the British Empire is founded on love and understanding, and because of this, I am positive that it will never fail." How true these words were could only be realised when, in after years, our great Empire beyond the seas gave to the Mother Country without stint everything she asked for in her hour of need. What a Jubilee procession it was! Will any of us who saw it ever forget it? At the head of a group of men picked from the British Army rode the tallest man in the service—Captain Oswald Ames, of the Life Guards. Then came bluejackets, dragging their naval guns, followed by detachments of cavalry regiments; then the first of the Royal carriages, containing the Special Envoys of Greece and Central America, Mexico and Brazil. Next came Chang-yin-hun, the Chinese Ambassador, in his marvellous silk robes, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador, in black coat and silk hat. Next, one saw the carriages of the Royal Family, filled with familiar and popular personages. Finally, with an escort of Indian Cavalry, came the seventeenth and last carriage, containing Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Before she had left Buckingham Palace, the Queen had sent a message which would be flashed to the farthest corner of the British Empire: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!"

During the service outside St. Paul's Cathedral, little David, with his hand in his father's, his golden head bared, watched awestruck the assembling of an Empire's representatives. I saw the Duke bend down and speak to him once, but the little boy did not hear his father, so intent was he on the service. A railed space was kept clear in front of the Cathedral, and, as the Queen appeared, the huge choir broke into the "Te Deum." Everybody stood with heads uncovered, while this was sung. Her Majesty remained seated, holding a white sunshade over her bowed head, although the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York stood up in their carriages. After the service, during which I saw the aged Queen's hands tremble and tears fill her eyes, there came a cry of "Three cheers for the Queen," and by the volume of the cheer that went up it would seem as if the whole of London, nay, the whole of the Empire was participating in it.

In the evening, the Queen, not over-wearied by the day's excitement, gave a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace, to which were invited all her distinguished guests. The Duke and Duchess of York drove from Marlborough House, the Duke in full uniform, and the Duchess looking wonderfully beautiful with a tiara crowning her gracious head. The Duchess was most enthusiastic over the illuminations, which by this time were blazing brilliantly. They were indeed wonderful, but perhaps even more striking were the bonfires lighted on high hills all round the coast. More than a hundred of these beacons could be counted from the Northern

Heights, and seventy blazed on the heights seen from the top of the Crystal Palace.

Although Tuesday had shown something of military power and Imperial greatness, it was the following Saturday that appealed most to the heart of the Duke of York. On this day was held the Naval Review. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, on behalf of the Queen, passed down lines of battleships, moored a length of 25 miles. The Duke of York, who stood at the salute, saw them all—the ironclads, torpedo vessels, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo-boat destroyers, each decorated with brilliant bunting. Ships bearing foreign Princes and Dominion Premiers proceeded in the wake of the Royal Yacht, the *Victoria and Albert,* which was greeted, as it appeared, by the thunder of the Royal Salute. As the yacht passed each vessel, it was cheered by the officers and men lined up on the deck. The Duke said that he had never felt so homesick for the Navy as during that tour of inspection—especially, he added, "when I saw a little torpedo-boat looking for all the world as if it were expecting me to step on board and take over the command."

On that evening every ship was outlined with incandescent lamps. The Prince of Wales, assisted by the Duke of York, held a reception on board the *Victoria and Albert,* of all the Flag Officers of the Fleet, and the officers representing the foreign fleets. "I feel as if I had never left the sea," I heard the Duke of York say, a trifle wistfully. It was a great night. So ended the Jubilee celebrations.

In August, the Duke and Duchess of York paid a visit to Ireland. Neither of them liked leaving their children, and Prince David had to be shown the map by his father and assured that the bit of sea "was really very tiny," before he would be comforted. The children all waved good-bye from York Cottage.

The Duke and Duchess had a terrible crossing, although the weather turned very fine on landing. They were given a fine reception, and the vessels in Kingstown Harbour were decorated for the occasion. The Irish people were charmed with both the Duke and Duchess, and immediately began to copy their clothes and manner. The Duchess stepped ashore, looking as fresh and charming as ever, in a dress of green Irish poplin trimmed with pink roses.

On the day after their arrival, they opened Lady Cadogan's Irish Textile Exhibition. The Duchess was greatly interested in this, for, following her mother's example, she had always taken a sympathetic interest in fostering home industries.

On this occasion a very pretty little girl shyly presented a bouquet to the Duchess with an Irish "bob." Taking both her hands, the Duchess kissed her, saying "I have a little girl very like you at home, only she is not old enough to give anybody flowers yet. I am afraid she would drop them." Soon after this, the Duke was invested as a Knight of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Hall. The Duke and Duchess had a very busy time in Ireland, and among other functions, visited the famous Horse Show. During this visit, the Duchess suddenly saw a tiny white pony, and called out to

her husband delightedly: "Oh, look, George, wouldn't David love this." Even in the midst of all this new life the mother was thinking of her children.

They went on to Killarney, and both of them were very anxious to go on the lake, but it was too rough and the trip was not considered safe. The Duke suggested making the trip alone, but the Duchess would not hear of it. The Duke gave in, although he remarked laughingly, "I have been on a boat before, and am not entirely unused to squalls." However, he managed to get some deer-stalking in Lord Kenmare's deer forest, before he and the Duchess went on to Londonderry and Belfast.

It was a most successful tour in every way, and did much towards placating some of the hostile elements which were then manifesting themselves. There had been grave doubts of the advisability of the Duke and Duchess visiting Ireland, and the success of the visit was something of a triumph for them. They had a knack of being able to pour oil on troubled waters, an art which stood them in good stead on this occasion. On returning home, the Duke wrote the following letter to the Viceroy: "The agreeable impressions which we derived from our visit can never be effaced from our memory."

Only one thing marred the visit, and that was the bad news they had received regarding the Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of York's mother. She had been in failing health for some time, and an operation had been performed in the previous April. She had, however, not been well enough to attend the Jubilee, and

became very much worse in October. On the 25th of October, another operation was performed, and the Duchess died on the 27th of October.

Her daughter's grief cannot be estimated, and the whole nation mourned her loss, a very much loved Princess who had been tireless in her public work.

The Duchess had moulded her life to a great extent on her mother's character and high principles. Her love of beauty and her uprightness are undoubtedly derived from her.

There is one word which it is impossible to leave out in any account of the life of the Duchess of Teck—it is the word "friendship." The friendship between her and Queen Alexandra was a very real and beautiful thing, dating from the time when, as Princess Mary of Cambridge, she used to meet and play with Princess Alexandra of Denmark at family gatherings in the Palace of Rumpenheim. When the Princess became engaged, she said in a letter that "dear Mary Cambridge was a kind and useful friend." When Princess Mary married the Duke of Teck, three years after Princess Alexandra's marriage to the Prince of Wales, the friendship deepened and the two women already hoped in their heart of hearts that their children would marry one another.

The Duchess of Teck was one of the kindest women of her time. She made an interesting link with the old Royal Family, as she was the daughter of the youngest son of George III. "Our Mary," as she was called by the people, was a great favourite in Society, and her wedding to the Duke of Teck was very popular.

It was the first festivity attended by Queen Victoria, after the long seclusion of her widowhood. The Duchess of Teck and her daughter were often to be seen at social and philanthropic functions and at many of Queen Victoria's Courts. They once went to Austria to see the Ober-Ammergau passion play, of which the Duchess of Teck was always an admirer.

When, to the satisfaction of the Duchess, Princess May married the Duke of York, the Duchess had more time to settle herself down to those philanthropic activities which she so much loved. The training of young girls for domestic service interested the Duchess, and she had a Home for this purpose near Richmond. Once when some repairs to the Home were being discussed by the Committee over which the Duchess presided, it was suggested that the staircase to the basement was unsafe. "Ladies," said the Duchess with a twinkle in her eyes, "my ponderous weight has descended that staircase without accident." The Royal Cambridge Asylum for Widows of Soldiers was another institution in which the Duchess took a life-long interest, and when she celebrated her silver wedding the old women at the Asylum subscribed to give her a silver pincushion. With characteristic kindliness, the Duchess came over with the Duke and Princess May to receive the little gift in person, and there was a gala day at Kingston for the old folk.

She was always very fond of her future son-in-law, and used to call him "my young naval son-in-law," and to this day King George always speaks of her with affection. Her three little grandchildren were a source

of constant delight to her—"my darling trio," she used to call them. Certainly they did much to brighten her last years. When the end came, her daughter was by her side. She had come to help her mother with the yearly parcels for the Needlework Guild, not realising she was so ill, and was therefore able to be with her when she passed away.

Queen Mary tells this story of her mother, which shows something of her goodness and generous, sympathetic spirit: The Duchess of Teck was visiting the Hospital for Women in Liverpool, when she saw a woman, who was about to undergo an operation, crying bitterly. The Duchess inquired the reason, and, although by this time she had left the ward, said: "I will go to her, and will try to comfort her." She stayed with the woman some time, and then, turning away to hide her own tears, told the doctor that she wished to be kept informed of this patient's progress. She was just leaving the hospital when the woman's husband came in, looking very pale and haggard. "Can I see him alone?" inquired the Duchess. A door was opened, and she went into the room with the man. Afterwards she said, as she stepped into her carriage: "I'm glad I saw him—I think he will be comforted."

CHAPTER IX

NEW DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

Commanding H.M.S. "Crescent"—Tragic christening of the "Albion"—"The soldiers will eat their Christmas dinner in Pretoria"—Prince Henry christened—Attempt on the Prince of Wales's life—Australian Commonwealth inaugurated—"To-night I shall see a new star in the heavens"—Queen Victoria's death—The accession of King Edward VII—Imperial tour begins.

THE year 1898 was happy and interesting for the Duke of York, for it was during the summer of that year that he had the joy of going to sea again.

The last few years had been difficult ones for the Duke, because, on the death of his brother, he had thrust upon him responsibilities of State of which he knew nothing at the time. Very few people realise the hard work which he put into his rôle of Duke of York. One has to be educated to State functions and State etiquette, and it was no easy thing for a young naval officer, who had no thought of kingship, to make himself conversant in so short a time with intricate matters of this kind. That he was an able speaker by 1898, and had a very considerable knowledge of home and foreign affairs was due to his own iron determination and the sympathy and counsel of his wife.

When he heard that he was to command H.M.S. *Crescent* during the summer naval manœuvres, he was boyishly excited. He and the Duchess went down to Portsmouth before he took command, to arrange the furnishing of their cabins in the *Crescent,* and they had a great deal of fun in making their plans. Naval people are, by general consent, the jolliest in the world, and the Duke and Duchess were extremely popular at Portsmouth during the time he was in command. The residents of Portsmouth took them both to their hearts, and arranged dances, entertainments, and garden-parties for practically every day ashore. The Duke and Duchess did not forget their children at York Cottage, and many anxious letters were written by the Duchess to the nurses regarding their clothes and food, the same home letters that parents write whenever they are away from their family.

The Duchess already showed her gift for putting people at their ease, her knowledge when anything was wrong, and her tact in righting it. An incident, which I remember plainly, on board the *Crescent,* illustrates this characteristic of the Queen when she was quite a young woman. A concert was being given by a ship's company, to which the Duchess and several other ladies had been invited. I noticed the Duchess was wrinkling her brows, and concluded she realised that something was not quite right; neither I nor anyone else, however, could think what it was. Suddenly, the Duchess smiled and, leaning over to the Duke, whispered to him that none of the men were smoking. The Duke announced immediately, "All hands may smoke," and

the Duchess then prepared to enjoy herself. As she said afterwards: "I knew something was wrong immediately I entered, but it took me some time to find out what it was." This sensitiveness is to me one of the most charming traits of the Queen.

The Duchess received a terrible shock about this time at the tragic launching of the battleship *Albion,* at Thames Ironworks, Blackwall. The Duchess was christening the ship. Many people will remember the tragic incident which followed the act of naming the ship, an incident which I hope and pray may never be repeated. The bottle which the Duchess was to break against the sides of the ship—it was filled with rose-water instead of champagne on account of the tee-total principles of Mr. Arnold Hills, the managing director of the company that had built the *Albion*—somehow or other failed to break. The Duchess made two unsuccessful attempts, and, just before the third attempt, the ship slid unchristened into the water. Several hundred people had assembled on an obviously dangerous staging rather far out, and when the *Albion* took the water an enormous displacement occurred. The tremendous waves, carrying away the staging, plunged many people into the water. A large number of these were drowned before the Duchess's eyes. The shock to every onlooker was great, especially as there were several children among the drowned.

In October came the news that the aged Queen of Denmark was seriously ill, and the Duke and his mother, the Princess of Wales, went over to Copenhagen. Mother and son had not been able to see much

of each other owing to home responsibilities and State engagements. This visit to Denmark, although a sad one, gave the Duke a welcome opportunity for renewing the companionship with his mother which had meant so much to them both. The Queen of Denmark passed away soon after they reached the Palace, and the bereaved daughter said that her son's presence was the next best thing to her husband's.

During this visit abroad, the Tsar, who had arrived because of his mother's illness, endeavoured to enlist the Duke's sympathies in his crusade against war, which ended in the Peace Conference at The Hague in the following year. The scheme was a failure, for neither the Prince of Wales nor the Kaiser believed it practicable. The Duke of York had not thought it practicable when the Tsar first suggested it to him at Copenhagen, but naturally he had been careful to say little for or against it.

After all these activities there was a hurried visit home. There were a few quiet weeks with the children, and then the Duke and Duchess started for Ireland again on a less formal visit than previously and one which they enjoyed thoroughly. On their return journey, they stayed in Wales, visiting Carnarvon Castle, Llandudno, Llanberis, and other places of interest. There was political disquietude brewing so they shortened their holiday in order to be near the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. In October, 1899, the Boer War broke out. It was particularly sad that the war should have come during the last months of Queen Victoria's life. It was difficult to keep her

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Queen Mary, when Princess of Wales, giving her oldest son a "piggy-back" ride

from getting depressed. At the beginning of the war she, like her subjects, had said: "The soldiers will eat their Christmas dinner in Pretoria." The defeat at Colenso was a keen disappointment, although she would never give in. Her invariable answer to all questions was: "All will yet come right."

With Lord Roberts in command, and Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff, things began to look brighter, although the Queen's anxieties for her soldiers kept her at Windsor for Christmas, instead of going to Osborne as was her invariable custom. She sent her Army boxes of chocolates as a proof of her sympathy with them.

The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York threw themselves actively into war work. The "Princess of Wales Hospital Ship" was the first of the kind that ever sailed under the sign of the Red Cross. At Baffingly, near Sandringham, the Princess turned the little private hospital into a convalescent home for officers, and this was visited constantly by the Duchess of York. The Duke was kept busy inspecting and seeing off troops, but the Duchess and her children were often at the hospital, and their visits were a source of great delight to the officers.

On the 31st of March, 1900, Prince Henry, the fourth child of the Duke and Duchess, was born at York Cottage. He was christened in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, being given the name Henry William Frederick Albert. The Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Sheepshanks, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Dean of Windsor and Canon Dalton. It was

attended by nearly all the members of the Royal Family then in England. A prominent figure was the baby's eldest brother, David. On being informed that he had another baby brother, the six-year-old boy ejaculated: "What, another?" and this was the only remark he volunteered on the new baby's arrival. Queen Victoria attended the christening and, with the exception of the christening of Prince David and his cousin, Lady Alexandra Duff, Prince Henry's was the only christening of her great grandchildren which she attended. Prince Henry gave only one cry of disapproval on this occasion, and that was when Queen Victoria took him and handed him to the Bishop. Among the sponsors was Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, then in Africa, who was represented by Sir Dighton Probyn.

A few days after Prince Henry's birth, the news spread all over England of the attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales, when travelling with the Princess of Wales from Calais to Copenhagen. I was in London at the time, and I could hardly believe that Londoners could work themselves into such a frenzy. It appears that when the train was leaving the Gare du Nord, Brussels, a youth about sixteen named Sipido, a Belgian, sprang on to the footboard of the Prince's saloon and fired two shots which embedded themselves in the woodwork. He was seized by officials before he could fire again, and, struggling wildly, was dragged away, while the Prince, leaning out of the window, called out: "Don't hurt the poor fool!"

At the trial, the boy said that he wished "to avenge thousands of men whom the Prince had caused to be

slaughtered in South Africa." Sipido was tried under Belgian law, acquitted on the grounds of being "irresponsible" and handed over to the care of his father. King Leopold sent a letter of deep regret and thus the affair ended, but it caused a great stir throughout England, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were besought to take more care of themselves. Neither had the slightest sense of fear and no extra precautions were taken.

The Boer war continued its dreary course, although a ray of brightness pierced the gloom in 1900 when the Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth was celebrated. It was an important step towards Queen Victoria's dream of Imperial federation, and Her Majesty decided that the table and ink-stand used by her on this occasion should be forwarded to Sydney with the following inscription placed upon it:

"This table was used by her Majesty Queen Victoria on the occasion of the signing of the commission empowering the Lords Commissioners to declare the Royal Assent to the Bill creating the Commonwealth of Australia, 9th July, 1900."

It was a notable step forward in the development of the Empire. A strong, virile, united nation had sprung into existence, with a high sense of its rights and its privileges, yet bound to the mother country by ties of blood, loyalty and affection. The aged Queen realised this, and saw that the opening of the new Federal Parliament at Melbourne was an occasion which called for some mark of Royal favour. Her Majesty was therefore greatly pleased when it was suggested that the Duke and Duchess of York should make a tour of the

Commonwealth and open the new Federal Parliament. The visit was not only to be a compliment to the new Commonwealth, but a recognition of what all the Dominions were doing in the South African War. So great was the enthusiasm shown in the tour that eventually the programme was extended to Natal, the Cape and Canada. It was estimated that the Duke and Duchess would be away from England for nearly eight months and the date was fixed vaguely as the "spring of next year." An itinerary was drawn up, by which the Royal pair was to call at Gibraltar on the 20th of March, reaching Melbourne via Port Said and Singapore, and thereafter visiting New Zealand, Tasmania, Cape Town and Canada, arriving home in October. The tour would comprise a sea voyage of some 35,000 miles, and it was decided that H.M.S. *Ophir* should make the important trip.

However, before "the spring of next year," an event occurred which put all ideas of the trip into the background. Queen Victoria died. She had had moments of depression during her last visit to Balmoral, and she had felt ill after her return to Windsor, where the burden of having to talk to visitors was becoming too much for her. Very slowly she began to lose her grip of affairs. There was increasing uncertainty as to whether the Queen would appear at lunch or dinner. For the first time, she did not write herself the good wishes for Christmas and the New Year which she always sent to each member of her family.

But her unfaltering courage never deserted her. She refused to go to bed earlier and she continued to see

her Ministers of State. She spent Christmas at Osborne, and saw Lord Roberts twice, making many inquiries as to the war. Although she was deeply affected by the interviews, nothing in her manner or conversation gave an extra anxiety. The Duchess of Edinburgh was one of her last visitors. At last she was unable to take her daily drive, and, after the briefest of illnesses, the end came peacefully on the 22nd of January, 1901. Her children and grandchildren were grouped around her and she recognized each one.

The Empire was broken-hearted. It was the end of a great reign, and, more than that, it was the end of the Victorian epoch. Something of what Queen Victoria meant to the people whom she governed beyond the seas was shown by the pathetic remark of a Zulu Chief when he heard the sad news: "The great white Queen is dead? To-night I shall see a new star in the heavens." Little Prince David received the news of his great-grandmother's death in a characteristic way. When told about it, he was deeply impressed, but with a child's light-heartedness, a short time afterwards he astonished his nurse by asking, "Do you think Grannie will be happy in Heaven?"

"Of course she will be—much happier than when upon earth," was the reply.

"I don't think she will be," persisted the little Prince, "because you see she will have to walk behind the angels, and she won't like that."

The Duke of York did his utmost to help his father through a very sad and difficult time. Early in the

morning after the Queen's death, it was necessary for King Edward VII, as the Prince of Wales had become, to leave for London to meet the Privy Council. The Duke of York attended him, and in London the train was met by dense crowds in mourning. The complicated details of the Queen's funeral had to be arranged. The first stage from Osborne to Portsmouth gave the Navy the opportunity for mourning its Queen. The second stage, that of the procession through London, belonged to the Army, which lined the streets. The servants would be able to pay their tribute at the Church service in Windsor, and the great Queen would belong to her family when she was placed in the tomb at Frogmore.

The streets of London were draped, at King Edward's suggestion, with Royal Purple and laurel leaves, instead of with black cloth. I remember seeing some sailors who had climbed to the topmost branches of the tallest trees, in order to catch the first glimpse of the *cortège* in the distance, as it entered at Hyde Park Corner. They kept their watch from the "masthead" of trees for some hours, and thoughtful friends below sent them up refreshments by means of a rope. There had been joking and badinage when, suddenly from the top of the tree came the cry: "It's coming." Instantly, the sailors doffed their caps, although only the faintest line of the procession could be seen, and, as the procession passed, they stood, or rather balanced themselves at "attention" in reverent silence. It was a spontaneous and speaking tribute to a mother of her people from rough sailormen.

The coffin was conveyed by train from Paddington to Windsor, and, as it was being drawn up the hill from the station to the Castle, the horses grew restive. King Edward and a member of his suite conferred together, and the horses were removed from the gun-carriage, and a body of sailors—handy and resourceful as ever—were called out of the procession. Adjusting the ropes of the carriage with dexterity, they drew their beloved Sovereign to her last resting place.

This final tribute to Queen Victoria was unfortunately not witnessed by her grandson, the Duke of York, as he was suffering at the time from a severe attack of German measles. It was thought unlikely by the general public that, now he had attained to the position of Heir to the Throne, he would be able to make the tour that had been planned for him. King Edward thought differently, however, and, although naturally reluctant to part with his only son, he cabled to Lord Hopetoun, Governor-General of Australia, that, sharing the wishes of Her late Majesty, he had decided that the visit should take place as arranged.

It was generally expected that before sailing the Duke would receive the title of "Prince of Wales," but the King decided otherwise. King Edward had been so long known as "The Prince," that it was almost impossible for the public to think of him as the "King." If the Duke of York had been created immediately Prince of Wales, there might have been considerable confusion. It was thought advisable therefore to postpone changing the title until the return of His Royal Highness from Australia. It was as Duke and Duchess

of York, and not as Prince and Princess of Wales, that their grand tour of the Empire was made.

Directly the decision to go had been made, decorators set to work to transform H.M.S. *Ophir* into a luxurious Royal yacht. The dining-room and smoking-rooms were re-furnished, and a suite of apartments on the upper deck was reserved for the private use of the Duke and Duchess. There were engravings of Royal functions, photographic groups and portraits in the private apartments, as reminders of home. Over the Duke's swing-cot was a photograph of his mother, Queen Alexandra, holding little Prince David in her arms, with the inscription: "Grannie and baby." In his sitting-room was a familiar portrait of Queen Victoria, signed "Victoria, R. I., Jubilee Day." There were other photographs of home and the children.

In the middle of each ceiling was an electric fan, which was something of a novelty in those days, and it proved a great boon to the travellers. The hull of the ship was painted white and had a single mourning band of deep blue running round her sides. The Royal yacht was due to sail on the 16th of March, and the previous day the Duke and Duchess drove from York House to Victoria Station, the Duke wearing the uniform of a Rear-Admiral, and the Duchess being in deep mourning. I who was near them could see that the tears were pouring almost unhindered down the young Duchess' face. She had just said good-bye to "David," "Mary," "Bertie," and "Harry," and she would not see them again for nearly eight months. Recalling that farewell, I cannot help being reminded

of the present Duke and Duchess of York, who also had to leave their little daughter Elizabeth to traverse the Empire. One thing the Duchess of York was denied when she made her world trip, for which the present Duchess was very thankful—Queen Mary had no "wireless" to give her news of her children.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra travelled down to Portsmouth to say good-bye, accompanied by members of the Royal Family. The King gave a luncheon on board his own yacht, the *Victoria and Albert,* and proposed the toast of the day: "Success to the Trip!"

At four o'clock the signal was given, and H.M.S. *Ophir* glided away from the jetty, with the Duke and Duchess standing on the fore-bridge. The last words they heard from the shore came from King Edward, who called out after them: "We will take care of the children for you."

CHAPTER X

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. "OPHIR"

"Mary is so understanding"—Happy days on board—"My bunting's broken loose!"—The Flowers at Aden sent from Bombay—Interesting sights at Kandy—"Bobs" returns to his master—Tropical heat—"King Neptune" boards the "Ophir"—Lathered and shaved—Inaugurating the Commonwealth Parliament—The "camera fiends'" activities—Recognizing a visitor to Sandringham—Queen Victoria's knitted scarf—Boys who tramped 130 miles to see the Duke and Duchess—Visiting beautiful New Zealand.

THE Duke of York looked forward to his Australian tour in H.M.S. *Ophir* with much pleasure. He knew that he would see again many of the places he had visited on the *Bacchante* when a boy, but with what a difference! Now he had by his side the woman who was dearest to him in all the world, and he longed to be able to show her all the sights that he had enjoyed in boyhood.

Such a trip as had been arranged for the Duke and Duchess could only be carried out successfully, if there were absolute sympathy and understanding between the two chief members. It was because King Edward knew how perfectly happy the married life of the young couple was that he allowed them to undertake the trip.

"Mary is so understanding," I heard the Duke remark one day, and it was because both of them worked in perfect co-operation that this Australian tour was one of the most successful that had ever been planned or carried out.

The *Ophir* was escorted from Portsmouth to Gibraltar by two first-class cruisers, and directly she got out to sea the crew of the yacht settled down to the routine of a man-o'-war. The ship was officered and manned by the Royal Navy, with the exception of the engineers, who were engaged from the Orient Company. The Duke and Duchess soon became acquainted with most of the ship's company. The Duke settled down once more to naval life as to the manner born, and began to use again the jargon of the sea. He was the most popular man aboard, for his cheeriness and good temper won the golden opinion of all ranks. The quiet, shy young Duchess, with her gentle smile, was also loved by everybody. At the beginning of the voyage, even the ordinary sailor could see that she was missing sorely her children; and everyone from the lowest to the highest did his best to cheer her up. I could see that she appreciated this kindly thought, although she could not give word to her gratitude. The first day at sea was Sunday, and service was conducted on deck by the Chaplain, Mr. Wood, assisted by Canon Dalton. When the chaplain prayed for "All at home," the Duchess turned her head away to hide her tears.

By the time the *Ophir* had passed Cape St. Vincent, she met with a heavy gale, which was the worst she encountered during the outward voyage. The Duke and

Duchess, however, proved good sailors, and the Duchess was much amused at the way all the movable things were at once clamped down during the storm. When the *Ophir* steamed into Gibraltar, the sun was shining, and the Governor's little daughter, Mary, on presenting shyly a bouquet was warmly kissed by the Duchess, who said: "We must be friends, Mary, because we both have the same name."

An amusing scene occurred when the party was driving down Main Street, which had been decorated gaily by the garrison. At the last moment, some of the bunting came down, and the soldier who was responsible, hearing the cheering but not realising the Royal carriage was so near, called out "Hi, hold 'em back a minute. My bunting's broken loose." The Duke and Duchess who heard every word, laughed heartily, and the man, drawing himself up hastily and saluting, could not help grinning, too.

The *Ophir* sailed for Malta, and the second day of their stay there was given up to sight-seeing. The Duchess was especially interested in the Arts and Crafts exhibition in the town, and, with her love of home industries, she watched the lace-makers at work for a long time, and accepted with pleasure a beautiful Maltese lace flounce. After Port Said had been passed, the weather changed, and was perfect from then onwards. The voyage down the Gulf of Suez was delightful, for the heat was tempered by a breeze. I was very amused to hear the Duke and Duchess having an argument about a mountain they saw in the distance. The Duke declared that it was Mount Sinai, but the Duchess

insisted that it was not. Much Bible geography was discussed, and the laurels eventually rested with the Duchess, for the mountain seen was not the one mentioned in the Bible.

During the voyage up the Red Sea the little *Cockatrice,* which had been sent out from Suakin with dispatches, came alongside, and informed the *Ophir* that a British force had occupied Vryheid and captured three guns. The Duke led the three cheers which followed this news. On Good Friday, the *Ophir* came in sight of Aden, and flying the Royal Standard, the White Ensign, and the Union Jack, soon steamed into the harbour.

Good Friday was not forgotten on board the *Ophir.* There were hot-cross buns for breakfast, and Divine Service on board.

At Aden, they visited the famous tanks which were at one time the only resource of this waterless land. A very touching incident occurred when the Duke and Duchess were about to re-embark after their visit. Two bouquets were presented to them, and the Duchess exclaimed at their beauty, remarking that she had not thought they could grow such flowers in that part of the world. It transpired afterwards that the bouquets had been sent all the way from Bombay, at a cost of 100 rupees each. "I do wish I had known," said the Duchess.

The 2,130 miles between Aden and Colombo were accomplished in a week in the most terrific heat. Everyone was now in white, and the Duke and others slept on deck. Everyone was glad to reach Ceylon—the first

British colony to be visited—and to have the joy of seeing this fertile island, after being so long at sea. Colombo's tropical sunshine, magnificent vegetation, flowering trees, and dazzling white buildings, made it an ideal stopping-place. The beautiful foliage, fruit, and flowers (bound together with bunting and native banners) were novel decorations that pleased the Duke and Duchess.

The Duke and Duchess landed, and took their seats in the specially prepared Pavilion that had been erected. It was a wonderful scene. The Duke and Duchess made a handsome pair that day—he in white naval uniform, with the Star of India on his breast, and a crape band on his left arm, and his wife in a pearl-gray dress, with a bouquet of the faintest blush roses.

The heat was terrible in Colombo, and the Royal party was glad to get up to Kandy. They went by train, native children sprinkling burnt rice before them at the station to bring them luck. At Kandy, they witnessed a torchlight procession of elephants—a traditional ceremony handed down for generations—and visited the tomb where yellow-robed priests showed them Buddha's tooth enshrined in jewels.

The torchlight procession was quite a new experience for both the Duke and Duchess. There were sixty-three elephants, and the torches were made of coconut shells fixed on to stakes and filled with palm oil. This produced a beautiful haze of blue smoke, the elephants appearing out of it like spirits from another world.

New colours were presented to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry before the *Ophir* sailed for Singapore. A little

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

King George V (then Prince of Wales), King Edward VII, and the Prince of Wales

incident, which I must mention here, shows what real lovers of animals the Royal tourists were. Commodore Winsloe, who was in charge of the *Ophir,* had a dog named "Bobs," which was his great companion. When he was appointed to take charge of the Imperial Tour, he left "Bobs" in his own ship, the *St. George.* The dog was most disconsolate and forlorn, and, by a happy chance, a photo was taken of him looking extremely miserable, and this eventually appeared in *The Sketch.* When this issue of *The Sketch* was seen at Colombo by the Duchess she noticed "Bob's" picture. The rest of the story may be guessed: Bobs disappeared from the *St. George* and, by the time the *Ophir* reached Singapore, had joined his beloved master. The Duchess herself saw that a kennel was prepared for his reception outside his master's cabin. Bobs soon became a great favourite with the Royal couple, and made the complete trip with them.

After Colombo, regular life began on the *Ophir.* At 8 A.M. there was "the constitutional"; at 8.30, breakfast—three small tables being spread in the corner of the dining-saloon with reserved places for their Royal Highnesses. Luncheon was at one o'clock, and the afternoon was given over to rest, as the heat was terrific. A bugle sounded at 7.30 P.M. to let the party know that it was time to get into "mess-dress"—a specially comfortable semi-naval dress invented for the voyage. Dinner was at eight o'clock, punctually, and was eaten at one long table, their Royal Highnesses occupying the centre places on either side.

I remember how the Duke and Duchess loved the

long cool evenings after dinner. They would often stand on deck, arm in arm, watching the wonderful sunsets reflected in the deep blue of the sea, and waiting until that strange semi-twilight turned the sea and sky into a mystery. The Duchess wore white costumes a good deal on the voyage, and always looked cool and unruffled, in spite of the heat and the tiring functions which occupied much of her time on shore.

After leaving Colombo the men of the squadron began to think about their leave. No leave had yet been granted, but soon after quitting Ceylon the men were told that, by the Duke's desire, the crew were to have sixty hours' leave at Melbourne and Sydney. The message ended: "His Royal Highness hopes the men of the squadron, having a little more money in their pockets than they would have if they had spent it in the great heat at Colombo, will thoroughly enjoy their leave in Australia."

I have said that the weather was hot, but this did not prevent physical drill and exercises from going on merrily. The Duke in flannels led the officers and members of the suite, and kept himself fit also by running round the deck. The Duchess also did exercises with the ladies of the party. As has been said, the Royal party dined in the saloon while the officers dined in the wardroom, but there was constant interchange of hospitality between the two. There was also a sweepstake on the daily run, the results being read out at lunch-time.

Arriving, on the 21st of April at Singapore, they found the streets were roofed with silk, and everywhere

one saw charming festoons of silk, flowers, and Chinese lanterns. A noticeable part of the demonstrations at Singapore was that made by the children. Five thousand youngsters assembled one day to meet their future King and Queen: Europeans, Eurasians, Chinese, and Malays. Huge scrolls bore patriotic words, such as: "Ten thousand loyal greetings from five thousand children's hearts." Under a great Union Jack were Rudyard Kipling's lines:

> "Take hold of the wings of the morning,
> And flop round the world till you're dead,
> But you won't get away from the tune that they play,
> To the blooming old rag overhead."

Certainly all the children knew how to sing "God Save the King," and they sang it lustily, waving little blue, red, and yellow flags. At Singapore the Duchess held a private reception for the Sultan's wives, and this act was much appreciated by the native community, A reception at the Governor's house was a delightful affair.

On the 23rd of April the *Ophir* sailed from Singapore on its 2,500-mile voyage to Australia. Soon after the ship was on its way, the festivities of "crossing the line" were in full swing. The ceremony is too well known to need detailed description. King Neptune, as was customary, came on board the *Ophir,* and demanded the name of her commander. "Rear-Admiral H.R.H. The Duke of York," was the answer. King Neptune was received by the Duke, and then he and his train retired to complete their preliminaries for the revels of the next day.

Although the Duke had crossed the equator before, he entered thoroughly into the spirit of the frolic, and was duly placed in the barber's chair, lathered with a huge shaving-brush—the lather being a compound of soap, whitening, and oatmeal—and then shaved with a scrap of old iron (of course, the shaving was only a pretence, as the Duke would never have parted with his beard). During all this, the Royal victim was plied with questions which he did not answer: he was too old a hand at the game, and knew that those who agreed to the suggestion of being given refreshment had to swallow a liberal portion of vinegar and water. The last ordeal to which the Duke had to succumb was that of being shot backwards from the ducking-stool into the tank. He emerged from this breathless and laughing, and vigorously helped to initiate his suite in the same manner.

The ladies of the party had a less trying ordeal, for they were only christened by Father Neptune with water from a silver bowl. When it came to the Duchess's turn to be christened, however, Father Neptune grew timid, and held out the bowl nervously to the Duke. "Oh, do it yourself," said the Duke, and Father Neptune still extremely embarrassed, dipped his fingers into the bowl and touched the forehead of the future Queen, thus christening her "a woman of the sea."

The Duke ended the amusing proceedings by giving orders to "splice the mainbrace."

On the 30th of April the Australian coast was sighted, and on the 5th of May the *Ophir* arrived at Melbourne. Four days later the Commonwealth Parlia-

ment was opened in Melbourne in great state by the Duke and Duchess. This was the *raison d'être* of the voyage, and Australia gave the Royal pair a most wonderful welcome. State banquets and levees followed one another with lightning rapidity. One morning the Duke had to shake hands with 4,000 people, and twice I saw the Duke pause to stretch his numbed fingers. He would not give up, however, and gallantly saw it through.

The Duke and Duchess opened Parliament in the Exhibition building, the beautiful structure where two shy little midshipmen, "Prince Eddy and Prince George," had been welcomed years ago. After the Duke's impressive speech to a vast assembly, he read a message from King Edward: "My thoughts are with you in to-day's important ceremony." Then the Duchess touched a golden button on the table before her, and the news that the Federated Parliament was opened flashed round the world. It was an historic scene which will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

In Melbourne the Duke and Duchess had to bear with what became known as the "camera fiend." Cameras were levelled at them wherever they went, and the constant clicking must have got on their nerves, although they took it in very good part. Once an enthusiastic photographer tried to get a snap of the Duke when he was shooting. Just at the critical moment, a field-mouse ran up the photographer's trouser leg. The Royal party could not help showing its mirth, but the Duke posed specially for the man afterwards, because, as he said, "a field-mouse was a rotten bit of hard luck." At another time he said smilingly to one of these

"fiends," who had been stalking him for some time. "Do you want to photograph me?"

"I've just done it, Your Royal Highness," was the reply.

I remember the Duke laughed and said: "If I had a sovereign for every time I have been photographed during the past week, I should be a rich man."

The Duke and Duchess did not forget the Children's Hospital while in Melbourne. Their own youngsters were always in their thoughts, and they spent several hours at the hospital distributing toys and giving away photographs of themselves and their children. For the Duke of York, Melbourne had some sad memories, for he and Prince Eddy greatly enjoyed their visit there when on the *Bacchante*. Recollections of his brother came to his mind during every hour of the stay. When later the Royal couple visited Ballarat, the Duke stood for a long time before the two trees that he and Prince Eddy had planted during their last visit. King George has never talked much about his brother, but I know how dear his memory was, and still is. Sometimes on that second tour, when I saw his face grow sad, I knew that he was thinking of his brother.

At Ballarat the Duchess made the grand signal for Union Jacks to be hoisted simultaneously in the seven thousand different schools throughout Australia. The Duke laid the foundation-stone of a South African War Memorial.

The Royal party were to have gone to Brisbane by the *Ophir* but, as there were cases of plague in the port, they went by train, rejoining the *Ophir* at Sydney. At

Brisbane a native entertainment was given at night by aborigines in war-paint. The Duke and Duchess also visited a cattle-show. The foundation-stone of the Anglican Cathedral was laid by the Duke in the presence of a great crowd.

An incident which occurred at the cattle-show at Brisbane is one of many similar incidents showing the Duke and Duchess's kindness and thought for others. He has, as everyone knows, a marvellous memory for faces, and, during the cattle-show, his keen eye recognized in the owner of a pony a certain Mr. Nock, who had served in the war as a veterinary surgeon, and had afterwards visited Sandringham with other Colonial volunteers who were then in England. The Duke stepped up to Mr. Nock, shook hands with him, and detained him in conversation. It was an entirely spontaneous act, and one which appealed to the Australians present perhaps more than anything else.

Another gracious act happened on the same afternoon. A great crowd was watching the high-jumping trials and a small black boy on a big horse. Suddenly, the horse tripped, and the little boy lay on the ground, apparently in great pain. Immediately two messengers were seen approaching, one from the Duke's and one from the Duchess's Pavilion; they were the Duke's own medical attendant and another member of the suite. They found that the little boy was not seriously hurt, and returned to tell their Royal Highnesses so. But the quick solicitude of the Royal visitors for an insignificant little negro boy was not lost upon the crowds; and they cheered and cheered again.

In Queensland their Royal Highnesses enjoyed a delightful picnic in the bush. It was entirely informal, for the Duchess sat on a kerosene tin, and the Duke sat upon a log. During the visit to Sydney, where the Royal couple received a tremendous welcome, one touching little incident stands out in one's memory—it was that of the Duke presenting to Lieut. Dufreyer the "Queen's Scarf" in khaki-colour, for Distinguished Service in South Africa. The scarf was one of four knitted by Queen Victoria, when her eyesight was getting dim. She had wanted one to go to the English and the remaining three to be divided among the Scottish, Irish, and Colonial troops. There was a solemn silence, and the atmosphere was filled with sympathy, when the little khaki scarf was held aloft for all to see.

At last it was time for the Duke and Duchess to leave Australia and go on to New Zealand. Here they visited on the 13th of June, the famous Rotorua, the land of geysers, where 6,000 Maoris assembled to greet them with flowery native speeches, to which the Duke replied in almost as florid a style, each of his sentences being interpreted. They were welcomed by Major Fox, a very old Maori chief, his name having been given to him as a reward for his service in wars. He headed 200 warriors and women, and in his right hand he held aloft a claymore received from Queen Victoria for his services. The Duke insisted that the old man should remain seated, and the Duchess, with her usual kindness of heart, bent down and talked to him. I am afraid she must have strained her voice in doing so, for the old man was very deaf and quite blind. The pleasure

it gave him cannot be estimated. The Royal party then made an expedition to the geysers, boiling pools, and volcanoes, returning to the *Ophir* and travelling on to Wellington.

Wellington and Christchurch were *en fête.* At the latter town a gift was presented to the Duke and Duchess to commemorate the birthday of their eldest son, Prince Edward, who had attained the age of seven on the 23rd of June. The present was a letter-weight of greenstone, the handle being carved with a dog's head with a golden collar studded with diamonds. The Duke, thanking the people for the gift, said: "I know my little son will be delighted with it, for dogs are his favourite animals."

The visit, crowded with festivities, was soon over and the Royal party went on to Dunedin. On the way there, the Duke stopped the train opposite the house of Mr. Mackenzie, ex-Minister of Lands, who had been too ill to come to Wellington to receive the K.C.M.G., and conferred the honour on the dying statesman in his own home.

Nothing will show better how keenly the people of New Zealand wanted to see their future King and Queen than the following incident: Two boys, aged nine and eleven, tramped one hundred and thirty miles to see their Royal Highnesses at Dunedin. They had left home without any preparation, saying they were going to school, and had lived on turnips, arriving at their destination so footsore and hungry that they were obliged to give themselves up to the police. In some mysterious way, the Duke and Duchess got to hear

of this, and were so touched that they arranged that the little boys were to be given excellent seats to see the procession at Dunedin.

Their Royal Highnesses also attended a demonstration by the school children, and the Duke was presented with a stone chair. While he was testing it, an old lady came up to the Duchess and kissed her hand. She went away, the proud possessor of a flower from Her Royal Highness's bouquet. And so, tired but happy, the Duke and Duchess left New Zealand, after farewell speeches had been made. Although there was still much to be seen and done, New Zealand was really the end of the outward voyage. From this point began, by a circuitous route, the journey home.

CHAPTER XI

HOMEWARD BOUND

The Duke composing his speeches—"Welcome to Appleland!"—Adelaide students' poetical greeting—A transport's enthusiasm—Arrival in South Africa—Native chiefs' speeches—Meeting Lord Kitchener—Two Basuto ponies presented—On a train for a month—Dinner in a lumberman's hut—Indian Chief's "pow-wow"—The Duke's story of Lambeth—"I'm not a bit used to girl-graduates"—Turning homeward—Created Prince of Wales—A splendid tour ends.

IN this narrative of a long voyage, it is unnecessary to report the various speeches made by the Duke at every place which he visited. I can only say that they were excellent speeches—concise and to the point, and withal graced by humour. The Duke wrote a great many of his speeches on board, and, even when time did not permit him to do this, he always read carefully his speech beforehand, usually adding points in his own handwriting. Only those who have been on a tour with a member of the Royal Family can realize what continuous work has to be done by him. The Duchess often helped the Duke with his speeches, and he always listened to her remarks with attention, for no one knew better a sure way of touching the hearts of the people.

I refer to all this work, because when they left New Zealand, the Duke and Duchess were extremely glad to rest during the four days which elapsed before they reached Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. They had had four months of almost constant publicity. Every place which they visited had to receive the same attention from them; there had been countless reviews of troops, endless entertainments, and many speeches. They both had enjoyed it all tremendously, but during those four days on the *Ophir,* on the beginning of the homeward journey, they were besought to take an entire rest. Although they maintained that they did not need it, they thanked the members of their suite afterwards for insisting on it. During this time on board there was a tremendous gale, and life-lines had to be rigged on deck, some of the crew being knocked about badly.

Tasmania gave the Duke and Duchess a novel welcome. A triumphal arch entirely composed of apples had been erected with the inscription: "Welcome to Appleland." As the Royal couple passed under this, a thousand pigeons were liberated simultaneously as a compliment to the Duke's interest in the Carrier Pigeon Service. Next day, the bushmen gave an exhibition of tree-felling and wood-chopping, and the Axemen's Association presented the Duchess with a most original bouquet composed of Tasmanian berries.

One morning, while they were in Tasmania, they drove up to the slopes of the snow-capped Mount Wellington, and saw the wonderful view of the surrounding country and part of the harbour. "How

beautifully fresh the wind smells!" the Duchess said. "It must be the most wonderfully pure air." When she was assured that it was, she turned to her husband, and added, smilingly: "It makes me think of Sandringham, George, I don't know why."

Tasmania was left behind and the *Ophir* steamed to Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, arriving on the 8th of July. The Duke, most unfortunately, on the voyage had a severe attack of toothache, and had some teeth extracted. But this did not prevent him from landing at Adelaide as fresh and trim and interested in everything as ever. During his speech the next morning, the Duke paid a spontaneous compliment to the Duchess, referring to her as "the first Princess of our House that has landed on the shores of your Continent." As he said this, he took the Duchess's hand and raised it to his lips. The Duchess, rather pink and looking very beautiful in a white costume, acknowledged the compliment with a smile, that left no doubt as to the happiness of husband and wife.

At Adelaide the degree of LL.D. was bestowed upon the Duke, and a statue of Lord Tennyson, son of the poet and a former Governor, was unveiled. The University undergraduates gave the Duke and Duchess an uproarious welcome. They sang several songs of their own composition, one of which is perhaps amusing enough to be quoted here:

"The good young Duke of York
Has brought the Duchess fair;
And all who see will say: 'How well
The Duke and Duchess pair.'

> This very new degree—gree—gree
> Is not his first, say I,
> For when he left old England's shore
> He took his 'M-A-Y!' "

A visit was also paid to Glenelg, a little town built on the spot where the first emigrants landed from H.M.S. *Buffalo* in 1836, and the old gum tree was noticed under which Australia was proclaimed officially a British colony.

The Duke mentioned in his speech an interesting coincidence that, although the first Colonists landed at Glenelg from the *Buffalo,* the first emigrant ship to reach the new colony was *The Duke of York,* which cast anchor off Kangaroo Island, on the 27th of July, 1836.

The *Ophir* was due to go on to Fremantle, but the sea was so rough that the Commodore decided to put back into Albany. Incidentally, this alteration enabled the Duke and Duchess to greet a transport bringing back Australian troops from the Boer War. The men on the transport *Britannic,* overjoyed to see their country again, were even more delighted to see the *Ophir.* The Duke and Duchess stood on the poop of the *Ophir* —the Duke with his hand at the salute and the Duchess waving a handkerchief. At the Duke's command, the *Ophir's* band struck up the tunes "Soldiers of the Queen," "Rule Britannia" and "Home, Sweet Home." How the soldiers cheered, massed at the transport's sides in their war-worn khaki uniforms!

The time was approaching when the Royal party was to leave Australia for the last time, and, as the

Ophir cast off from its hospitable shores, the Duke called for and led "Three cheers for Australia!" He and the Duchess stood on deck, watching the fading coast, until a sea mist hid it entirely from their sight. It had been a most happy visit, and one fraught with the utmost significance, I believe that King George—when Duke of York, and his son, the present Prince of Wales, have done more to promote Imperial Unity than anyone alive. The secret of their success is in their charm of manner, which is wholly delightful, and a sincere understanding and sympathy which never fails to win hearts wherever they go.

After leaving Australia, the *Ophir* settled down to 3,000 miles' journey to Mauritius. It was a time of rest, but the Duke and Duchess never seemed weary of going over their experiences. "Everyone has been so kind to us," the Duke would often say, and he did not seem to realize, with his modesty, how very popular and beloved he and his wife had been.

The visit to Mauritius occupied five days, but the festivities were confined to one, so as to give the Royal couple a little needed rest. The Duke landed in his uniform of a Rear-Admiral, and the Duchess wore a steel-grey dress and hat. I was glad that the Duke was able to get some deer-stalking near Port Louis, for it was a sport he loved dearly, and he had few opportunities for it during his tour.

Sad news reached them while they were on the Island, for a cablegram announced that the Duke's aunt, the Empress Frederick of Germany was dead. A message was received almost at the same time from

King Edward, saying that no change was to be made in the tour because of this event. So the Royal tour continued, as arranged, to South Africa.

For the last few weeks there had been a hope—although it grew vaguer and vaguer as time went on—that, on their arrival in South Africa, their Royal Highnesses would be able to set their seal, as it were, on Peace. This hope was not to be realized, however; the Boer War still dragged on. Many misgivings had been felt by the people responsible for the Tour as to whether this visit to South Africa by the Duke and Duchess was discreet. The Royal couple never for one moment thought of omitting South Africa from the Tour in spite of the war. "Why," said the Duke once, "I expect they have got up some sort of a welcome for us. I wouldn't disappoint them for worlds, and anyhow I don't want to lose the welcome!"

The *Ophir* anchored in Durban Harbour on the 13th of August. A monsoon was raging, but even that failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the people. Their Royal Highnesses went ashore in a small steamer, preceded by the *Thrush,* a gunboat once commanded by the Duke. He was delighted to see her again, and that evening a privileged few listened to the Duke "yarning." The sight of the *Thrush* had sent his memory back over the years and, in that amusing way of his, he told anecdotes and stories until it was time to go to bed and prepare for the next day's festivities. After lunch the next day, the Royal Party left for Pietermaritzburg, where the Duke was met by Lord Kitchener, who had arrived by a special train from

Pretoria. I noticed what a firm handshake passed between the two, and how closely they talked. Lord Kitchener was not always an easy man to get on with, but he had a genuine regard for King George, even as far back as these days, and the admiration and regard they had for each other stood the test of time. When Lord Kitchener went down in the *Hampshire* during the Great War, King George was most terribly grieved.

During this meeting at Pietermaritzburg, Lord Kitchener told the Duke about the progress of the war, and then left again hurriedly by special train, with a "Godspeed" from the Duke and Duchess. On returning to Durban, their Royal Highnesses inspected Princess Christian's Hospital Train, which had just brought in sick and wounded from Pretoria. It was a sad sight, and I saw the Duke and Duchess were moved profoundly by it. They did everything they could to cheer up the men, however, and the Duchess's eyes filled with tears when the men who were not too badly wounded managed to raise a little cheer as they left. After reviewing troops, presenting medals (including at least one Victoria Cross) and making innumerable speeches, their Royal Highnesses and their party went on to Cape Town. On the way there, the *Ophir* dropped anchor in Simon's Bay, and a thousand blue-jackets formed a guard of honour, lining the route to the station. Sailors drew the Royal carriage from the harbour to the station.

At Cape Town the Duke spoke with great feeling, especially with regard to the war. He had been using notes for his speech, but, when he mentioned the war,

he put them down on the table before him, and spoke spontaneously from his heart. "I greatly deplore," he said, "the continuance of the lamentable struggle which has so long prevailed in South Africa, and for the speedy termination of which the whole Empire fervently prays. During this time you have had to make grievous sacrifices. Numbers have patiently suffered trials and privations, while many of the flower of your manhood have fallen in the service of their King and country. To all who have been bereft of dear ones by the war, we offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. May time, the great healer, bring them consolation and soften the bitterness of their losses."

A very impressive scene took place during the visit to Cape Town. In the grounds of Government House, a hundred native chiefs who had come from all parts of South Africa came to express their loyalty. Touching indeed were some of the speeches made by these simple men, especially that made by King Khama of Bechaunaland. There was so much poetry and dignity in them. "I come," said one, "with salutations from my whole people. We rejoice to meet you face to face on this great day, which we shall never forget. We mourn the loss of our Great White Mother, but we have great hopes in our future under the rule of your father, and later under your rule."

A homelike touch characterized an event next day. At Cape Town the children took a great part in welcoming their future King and Queen. About 6,000 children assembled in the gardens of Government House and a unique presentation was made. A pair of

little Basuto ponies, purchased by subscription by the children of Cape Colony as a gift to the children of the Duke and Duchess, delighted their Royal Highnesses. The Duke remarked privately that he could already see "David" careering about on one of them.

During the course of their visit, the Duke and Duchess received a telegram from Lord Kitchener, saying how much he regretted that he could not be with them throughout the visit, and wishing them, in the name of the Army, a pleasant voyage and all prosperity. The Duke was installed as Chancellor of the University of Cape Town. From the De Beers Company the Duchess received 600 diamonds.

On the 23rd of August, the Royal Party rejoined the *Ophir* in Simon's Bay. The route was crowded with people to see them depart, and a remarkable incident at Simon's Town was that a number of well-behaved Boer prisoners, who were allowed to watch the scene, waved and cheered enthusiastically with the rest. These prisoners were again present at Admiralty House on the day when the Duke and Duchess left South Africa. Many of them desired to present an address to the Duke, and brought with them some little presents—napkin rings, a shield-shaped brooch for the Duchess, and carved toys for the Duchess's children, made by themselves. The Duke accepted these little presents with genial words of thanks.

The call at Cape Town had achieved a good result at a moment when many British hearts were thinking anxiously of South Africa. During the Duke's voyage in the *Bacchante* when he was a young midshipman, it

may be remembered he had mentioned the word "ill-starred" in his Diary as he saw the coast-line of the great continent of Africa sink into mist behind him. The first Boer War was then in progress. During this second visit, a greater struggle was waging, and the Duke and Duchess could not help comparing the misery and disunion of Africa with the happy prosperity of Australia. "If only it could end," I heard the Duke say, and it was a wish that was endorsed heartily by everyone on board.

The voyage to Canada took eleven days. In the original itinerary Canada had not been included but Sir Wilfred Laurier wrote to Queen Victoria saying that he hoped Canada would be favoured with a visit, and the Queen's consent had been given readily "as a mark of her warm interest and goodwill towards her people in Canada." The staff were occupied during most of the voyage in putting away and packing the clothes that had been worn in the heat of Australia and Africa, and unpacking suitable wear for the cold weather which they were to encounter soon. The presents that their Royal Highnesses had received had also to be numbered and sorted out, so eleven days was not too long for those who had these arrangements to make.

Quebec was *en fête* to welcome the Duke and Duchess. Of course the Heights of Abraham and the citadel stormed by Wolfe were visited. Here it may be mentioned that the tour of Canada was one of the most enjoyable events of the eight months' sightseeing. We lived on a train for a month. Some of the Royal Party

had dreaded this experience, but it was really very comfortable, and their Royal Highnesses said they were most sorry when it came to an end. The scenery was marvellous and the Duke obtained some wonderful photographs, developing and printing them himself in a special dark-room that had been arranged on the train.

This train was 730 feet in length, and the two end coaches, "Cornwall" and "York," in which the Duke and Duchess travelled were decorated beautifully. In the "Cornwall" was an observation platform, a reception-room, boudoir, dining-room and kitchen. The reception room contained a pianoforte. The dining-room was upholstered in green velvet, and had a large table in the centre. In the "York" were the Royal sleeping-apartments and bathrooms. The Duke's bedroom was upholstered in red silk, and the Duchess's in blue moiré. There was also a dispensary on the train under the supervision of Dr. (now Sir Alan) Manby, the Duke's physician.

At the train's first stop—Montreal—where the Duke and Duchess opened the new Medical Buildings, the Duchess was given the degree of LL.D. I shall never forget how charming she looked in her crimson robes —very shy, but very pleased. The Duke looked proud of her, as well he might, and the cheering was tremendous. Two Iroquois Chiefs and their squaws were among those who welcomed the Royal visitors in Montreal. The Duke delighted the sisters of the convent by replying to their speech both in English and French. The nuns' speech was the shortest, and perhaps the

most beautiful, I have ever heard. It consisted of ten words: "The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in."

Ottawa was visited on the 20th of September, and a statue of Queen Victoria was unveiled, and an investiture held by the Duke. Their Royal Highnesses enjoyed the novel experience of taking a mid-day meal in a lumberman's shanty. The menu provided pea soup with pork and beans, apple-sauce and tea. It was a most informal affair, and the Duke and Duchess were in high spirits, the Duke asking for a second helping of pea soup and the Duchess remarking that apple-sauce had always been a favourite relish ever since childhood's days. It was a day free from official ceremonies and, therefore, "a real holiday." Their Royal Highnesses went for a trip down the lumber slides, made an excursion on the river in a birch-bark Indian canoe manned by Indians, and saw woodmen plying their craft.

After being paddled to the Ottawa Canoe Club by lumbermen, who wore red shirts and sang Canadian boat-songs, the Duke and Duchess watched a race between seven canoes. Then they returned to the train to continue a long overland journey which, when they reached Schreiber, had covered a distance of 1,000 miles. Here a little girl of six entered the Royal saloon and presented a bouquet. I think the Duchess must have known beforehand of the gift, for, as she kissed the child, she put into her hands a large box of chocolates. The Duke wondered where she had conjured the sweets from!

The night before the Royal train reached Winnipeg on the 26th of September, a tremendous storm arose and nobody could sleep because of the noise. However, the sun came out very early, and when the train stopped to allow an hour for dressing, practically everyone got out and walked about. I could not help being amused at the Duke. We were all looking tired and haggard, but he looked as fresh as a daisy, and confessed that he had slept all night and heard nothing of the storm.

At Winnipeg snow was seen for the first time, and at Calgary the Royal Party obtained their first view of the Rockies. Here a great Indian pow-wow had been arranged, and speeches were made by Chiefs with such names as "White Pup," "Running Rabbit," "Iron Shield of the Black-feet Tribe," "Crop-ear Wolf of the Bloods," and "Jacob Bear's Paw of the Stonies." Then the train started, this time across the Rockies. The day was beautifully fine, and the Duke and Duchess spent the whole of it on the observation platform, watching the wonderful scenery. The pure white of the mountains, interspersed with strips of pine forest, was very lovely, and the deep chasms and splendid glaciers were magnificent. Only a six-hours' stay was made at Vancouver, the next stopping-place, but those hours were fully filled with sightseeing, presentations and speeches.

On the 1st of October, the end of the western progress was accomplished, and the *Empress of India* took the Royal Party from Vancouver to Victoria, British Columbia. When the boat steamed into the sunlit harbour, the Duchess exclaimed: "Oh, what a very beauti-

ful place this is!" A great many people heard the remark, and cheering began before the Duke and Duchess came ashore. Their Royal Highnesses much enjoyed their visit to Victoria, where, by the way, they met Americans. One American told an amusing story.

"I know a better one than that," said the Duke. Amid much laughter he told the story which follows: Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, looks rather like a fortress to the unaccustomed eye. Once a man of the household was standing at one of the old barred windows, when an American tourist called out sympathetically from the river: "Say, how long are you in for?"

Returning in the *Empress of India* to Vancouver, the homeward journey was resumed. Everyone used to try and sit on the "cow-catcher," which was in the very front of the train, and to which seats had been attached. The Duke was often to be seen there with his camera, for he had become an enthusiastic photographer, and he secured some specially interesting photographs from this vantage-point. It had been arranged that the Duchess should spend a little time at Banff, while the Duke went duck shooting with Lord Minto. The Duke had good sport, and the Duchess and the other ladies, with the remainder of the suite, had two days' walking and riding amid unrivalled scenery of Banff.

Ontario and Toronto gave the Royal Party a tremendous welcome, in which children played an important part. At Toronto the Duke received the degree of Doctor of Laws. The girl graduates of the University

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

King George, Queen Mary, and their children. Prince John, the youngest, died in childhood

turned up in great force, and lined the stairways and corridors, and cheered themselves hoarse. I was amused when the Duke said afterwards that the afternoon had been the most embarrassing he had ever spent. "I am not a bit used to girl graduates," he remarked, smiling, "and they rather overawed me."

A Sunday spent at Niagara made an unforgettable impression on all. The effect of sunshine on the great falls was exquisite.

Brief visits to Kingston, St. John's, and Halifax, were made before their Royal Highnesses said good-bye to Canada. There was real regret in the Duke's voice, as he uttered the words: "Our pleasure in coming amongst you is tinged with regret that we are on the eve of departure from the great country where, during the five weeks of our stay, we have received so generous and so hearty a hospitality and have found so many kind friends." Canada was left amid the cheers of thousands of people and the thunder of guns.

After touching at Newfoundland, the *Ophir* started homeward on the 25th of October. The Duke and Duchess were tired, but how magnificently worth while all their exertions had been! The weather was cloudy and grey, but nobody minded that very much. We were going home again, and home meant a great deal to everyone on board, especially to the Duke and Duchess. The Duchess had kept secretly a little calendar, which was afterwards found in her cabin on which every day of the homeward journey had been crossed out carefully as it arrived.

They had both done splendid work for the Empire,

but now they wanted to shed the position of "Duke and Duchess of York" and become "Father and Mother" again. Eagerly they wondered whether their children would recognize them; whether they had grown very much, and whether they had altered. They could hardly restrain their impatience, now that the journey was nearly accomplished. They had been so far, seen so much, and had, in the name of the King, bound together so much of the Empire with the bands of friendship, that they felt eager to reach again the shore of old England.

The *Ophir* encountered a gale and an iceberg in the Atlantic. When the ship met the Channel Squadron, a message was sent by wireless to King Edward saying: "All well." The *Ophir* steamed right through the line of battleships of the Channel Squadron, which gave a salute of guns to the homeward voyagers, and steamed with them up the Channel. When the Lizard was sighted the Royal pair knew at last that they were really home.

Soon afterwards, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with the Duke's children, came alongside in the new Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert,* and met the Squadron. Such a high sea was running that they could not board the *Ophir.* It must have been most tantalizing for the Duke and Duchess to see their children so near, and yet not be able to take them in their arms. The children waved frantically, and King Edward had to hold Prince David to prevent his trying to climb over the rails. The next day the *Ophir* landed at Portsmouth, and the King and Queen, with Princess Vic-

toria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the children were at last really able to greet the travellers. The children had the run of the *Ophir,* and a most charming photograph was taken by the Duke, showing Prince David and Princess Mary peeping out of a port-hole.

The Duchess's joy over her children was a very real and beautiful thing. She could not bear to take her eyes off them for a minute. As she said to King Edward: "I have enjoyed every bit of it, but I am very, very happy to be home again." In one of the Duchess's letters to her eldest son she had mentioned that she was bringing him a big Newfoundland dog, which had been given to their Royal Highnesses as a present. "David's" first question, after hugging his mother, was: "Where's my dog?" He was extremely disappointed when he heard that it had to be kept in quarantine.

Directly the travellers reached London, the titles of Prince and Princess of Wales were conferred on the Duke and Duchess by King Edward. At a banquet in the Guildhall, the Prince of Wales put into his speech what really were his whole reflections concerning his Tour "The old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors." This forward policy was greeted with cheers, and "Wake up, England!" became a slogan in commerce.

Lord Rosebery made one of his finest speeches at the luncheon, prophesying that we should one day have the Empire federated, united, held together in a bond, "not more material but more cementing than that which

now exists." Other speakers were the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, was inspired to write a poem of welcome, concluding:

"Round you to-day a People stand arrayed,
That fain with Peace two wedded worlds would dower,
Therefore rejoicing mightier hath been made Imperial Power."

So ended the Tour. It had been a wonderful success in every way, and had been carried out by all concerned without hitch or accident. The Empire had seen its future King, and the future King had viewed his Empire, and much mutual sympathy and understanding had been the result.

How many thousands of men, who as children had seen the Duke and Duchess at the outposts of Empire, must have had their memories stirred when they hastened to rally round the King and Queen in 1914!

CHAPTER XII

BUSY YEARS AT HOME

"Twenty times more bashful than a Parliamentary candidate"—The birth of Prince George—A Christmas present—A tutor for the Princes—A Daimler car at Sandringham—"It must be wonderful to be a Prince"—Royal visitors to England—Shooting with the King of Portugal—A good memory—Patronizing steamboats and trams—King Edward's motor expert—Another Empire Tour in prospect.

A PEN picture of London's greeting to the Prince and Princess of Wales may be interesting to give in the words of an able journalist: "On Holborn Viaduct we elect to see the Prince and Princess pass on their way to the Guildhall. It is a spacious street, and the side paths are considerably higher than the roadway. In spite of other spectators, policemen and Guardsmen in between, we ought to have a good view of those in the Royal carriage. It is an honest, grey, London day. The fog of yesterday has gone, and the air strikes damp on the face. Pavement and windows are crowded. The brown sand in the carriage-way shows up warmly, framed by the long line of grey Guards, behind them the not-so-grey police, behind them the parti-coloured public. Decorum reigns supreme. There is no rowdyism, no crushing, no shouting or whistling;

the people of London who have come here at least are quiet and patient, apparently comfortable and well nourished. Yet they are unmistakably for the most part warehouse workers, weekly-wage earners.

"The girls, one and all, want to see the Princess May. They know her history, how old she is, and how many children she has, but they do not know what she will be wearing. The Guards are a splendidly set-up line of —youths. Not one in six possesses a visible moustache, but they have the firm free air of health about them, and there can be no better Guards in the world. After two years of war in South Africa, this, in spite of club and newspaper growling, is what the country does still produce in the way of Guards. The vigour and manhood are there; the moustaches will come in good time. Somehow the police seem too fat. Yet they are business-like and polite, apologizing almost for keeping corners clear; but each man takes up the room of two average persons—which is not fair in a crowd—and they ram the public with their protuberant belt buckles. The paper garlands twined across the street ought to be gay, and would be so did the sun but shine; to-day they are manifestly paper. As for the flags, they look cold and dampish. Only a Scottish Lion manages to ramp furiously in a breeze from Farringdon Street. A far-off band of music is playing 'God bless the Prince of Wales'—practising, no doubt.

"Suddenly somebody yells, and the Guards shoulder their rifles. Somebody in the turret has seen something coming, for nothing is visible from the street level. Another awful yell and the Guards are at the 'Present'!

A horseman passes, then a Royal groom, then some Life Guards, and there is a sound of cheering. They come. 'Lor', says somebody who sees farther than we do, 'how old he looks!' 'There she is,' say the girls in one voice. 'Sealskin!'

"The Prince does not really look old or bored, but diffident. He touches his gold-laced cocked hat as if doubtful whether the cheering is really meant for him. He is twenty times more bashful than a Parliamentary candidate. The Princess sits higher than he. We observed the same thing in the Mall when the King and Queen rode by to open Parliament; the Queen had the high seat. Somehow, just at this moment when the Princess is passing, we wish that memory had not come back to us. The Princess is graceful, composed, and bows prettily, and she is unmistakably the lady of the portraits. Every feature stands out clear to us here on the pavement; but that was such a beautiful picture in the Mall! They are past. The far-off band has struck up in earnest. A wave of cheering goes floating citywards. The crowd spreads over the roadway, and the girls are chaffing the Guards."

The Prince and Princess, while they found many public functions desiring their presence as soon as they reached England, spent the next few months in comparative restfulness. They were as much as possible at Sandringham with their family, coming to London for Court and social engagements.

A new joy came to gladden their home life when Prince George was born on the 20th of December, 1902. He was a most happy, smiling baby, and Prince

David thought that Santa Claus had sent him as a Christmas present, but had mistaken the date! York Cottage was as usual decorated for Christmas, and the Princess of Wales had supervised the preparations.

The news of a baby brother was very exciting and all the children came in to visit their mother on Christmas morning, bringing their gifts and inspecting the new baby, who was thought to be very like "Bertie." After Christmas, the Prince of Wales told his two elder sons that they were to have a tutor, and that they must do their best at lessons with him. Mr. H. P. Hansell, who has been such a great friend of the Royal Family ever since, was chosen out of a host of applicants. Besides being tutor to the present Prince of Wales and Duke of York, Mr. Hansell has also been tutor to Prince Olaf of Norway and Prince Nicholas of Roumania. He had a real gift in handling boys, and Prince David and Prince Bertie were very fond of him.

The friendship which began thus early between the present Prince of Wales and his tutor still continues to-day. Mr. Hansell has watched him grow from boyhood to manhood, and, by the look on his face when he speaks to him, it is certain that he is proud of his pupil, although he is never given to any form of over-praise. It was decided that the boys should study French under M. Hua, who had taught their father. A small study was set apart for the boys' use at York Cottage, where they worked very seriously both morning and afternoon.

There was great excitement, early in 1903, when the Prince of Wales ordered a twenty-two horse-power

Daimler car, similar to the car used by King Edward. Cars were then something of a novelty, and when the automobile arrived at York Cottage, driven by Mr. Stamper, who had taken King Edward for his first ride, the children were eager to have a look at it. The boys were full of questions as to the engine, while little Princess Mary, I noticed, softly stroked the leather upholstery, saying: "How nice and comfy!"

Public work was now taking up so much of their Royal Highnesses' time that they decided reluctantly to move from York Cottage to Marlborough House. There was great sorrow at leaving their "dear little home," as they called it, and the children were sorry to say good-bye to their favourite trees and the places in the woods where they most loved to picnic.

I believe that very few people have any idea of the activities which engage Royalty during most months of the year. "It must be wonderful to be a Prince," sighs the man in the street. I may add that it is also very tiring to be a Prince. To give an idea what I mean, I mention at random a few outstanding functions attended by the Prince and Princess in 1903

In April they opened the Passmore Edwards' Sailors' Palace, Limehouse. A month later the degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed on the Prince by the University of London, the ceremony taking place in the Royal Albert Hall. In July there was a flying visit to Truro, for the dedication of the Cathedral Nave. In July also the Prince visited a United States squadron which was at Portsmouth and was entertained on the battleship *Kearsarge.* On the 17th of November the Prince went

to Portsmouth to meet the King and Queen of Italy, escorting them to London and conducting them back to Portsmouth on their return to Italy at the end of the month.

I ventured to say to the Prince of Wales that I thought a certain visit should be cancelled, owing to the very heavy cold that H.R.H. had contracted. "The arm-chair certainly calls," responded the Prince, smilingly, "but the people call more." In the spring their Royal Highnesses went to Austria, to visit the old Emperor Francis Joseph. The Emperor met them at the station in Vienna, and, according to Austrian etiquette, there were no ladies present. They were waiting at the Royal Palace, and when the Prince and Princess arrived there they were given a most delightful greeting. They occupied the suite of rooms which King Edward had used on his visit to Austria. From Vienna, they went to Stuttgart, as the guests of the King and Queen of Wurtemburg.

The visit to Austria reminds me of Queen Mary's wonderful memory. Some little time ago, I was walking with her round an Exhibition, held in London, where the "Emperor" carpet was on view. Queen Mary remembered it at once and described minutely how she had seen it on her Austrian visit many years ago, even mentioning in which room it had been laid. Considering how many things Queen Mary had seen since, her memory was little short of miraculous.

The season of 1904 was an exceptionally brilliant one, although the Derby was run in a thunderstorm and Cowes Week was rather wet. The Prince and

Princess were to be seen everywhere during the season. On the 15th of November, the King of Portugal came over for a visit, and he and the Prince of Wales went to Windsor together. The King was a crack shot, and, as the shooting at Windsor is excellent and the Prince of Wales was also very keen, they had some good days, marred only by the fact that King Edward was unable to join them, except for luncheon, on account of his lameness from a mild attack of gout. The Prince of Wales and the King of Portugal were very good friends; after a day's shooting they would return to Windsor, and sit over a roaring fire, capping each other's stories. Both of them told stories very humorously, and some who were present would retire afterwards, with sides simply aching with laughter. The Prince, when he had one of these light-hearted moods on him, was the most entertaining person in the world, and his laugh was so infectious that it was quite impossible not to join in. A banquet was given for the King of Portugal at the Guildhall when he returned to London and their Royal Highnesses attended it, the Prince making a witty speech.

King Edward's reign was certainly marked by his hospitality, and during it more Royal visitors came from abroad to England than at any other period. In March, 1905, King Alfonso visited the country. He was always a most popular visitor, and could make King Edward laugh, until the tears poured down his cheeks. King Alfonso always came to England, intending to stay only a few days, but he was generally persuaded into staying longer; and letters would pass between

him and his mother as if he were a naughty schoolboy playing truant. It was very lucky he came to England when he did, for it made a good excuse for the Prince of Wales not to attend the wedding of the German Crown Prince. There had been a war scare in the Press between Great Britain and Germany, and King Edward "thought it better for the Royal families not to intermingle just at present."

The one thing that stands in my memory regarding the functions of 1905 is the deplorably bad weather in which most of them were carried out. In June, on a pouring wet day, the Prince of Wales, with his two eldest sons, inaugurated the new Thames Steamboat Service, buying the first circular tickets which had been printed. They entitled the holders to travel by river and tram. The coins with which the Prince paid his own and his sons' fares were preserved afterwards by the London County Council as a memento. I was amused to see the faces of Prince David and Prince Bertie, when they saw the sedate Royal carriage, which had been sent to Greenwich to meet the Royal Party. A good deal of whispering went on, and at last the Prince of Wales decided not to use the carriage, but to make the return journey on the top of a tram. The two boys waved their caps in their delight when the tram started off, and then settled down to take in its full delights.

On the 12th of July, Prince John was born, and christened John Charles Francis, at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales had planned their Indian tour, but, before they left their family, they managed to have a few weeks at Sandringham and in Scotland.

King Edward was at Balmoral, and with him was Mr. C. W. Stamper, who was the King's motor expert. Mr. Stamper was, I remember, absolutely scandalized at the way the gillies addressed the Royal Family. I cannot do better than quote his own words, for the comment throws a true light on the life and character of the Royal Family at this time. "One day," he said, "we were motoring to a deer drive. The Prince of Wales was with the King in the car, and we were the last of the party to arrive. As we drew up to the side of the road, where the other guns and the gillies were standing, the head gilly came to the car and opened the door. 'Do you want me to get out here?' said the King, for it was left to the gilly to determine which position the King should occupy. 'No, you stop where you are,' he replied; then, turning to the Prince, he said 'But you come out of it.' The Prince meekly left the car. . . . The Prince of Wales has always been one of the finest shots in England, and I have often stood behind him at a shoot, and watched him at work. Frequently I have seen four birds come over altogether, and watched him bring them down, one at a time, two with one gun and two with another.

"In all that I did for him, the Prince of Wales treated me with great consideration. One of the fairest men I ever encountered, he used everyone well," said Mr. Stamper. "On an offender he could come heavily down, but his nature was most forgiving. He corrected a fault when he saw it—but that was when it was there, but, with its correction, the matter ended. Always rather reserved, he did not talk very much, but the moment

he began to discuss a question it was clear that he knew his subject thoroughly. He was most observant. He was patently very well-read, and thought much. All the same, he enjoyed a joke thoroughly, and at the Christmas revels at Sandringham he was always in great form. The admiration he felt for his father was plainly intense. To him he looked up, and by his judgment he set great store. His keen affection for the King was obvious, and he always treated him with the utmost veneration."

The Prince and Princess soon had to bid a long farewell to Balmoral and to their children. India, at this time, loomed largely on the horizon of the Royal Family, and soon the conversation centered almost entirely on the Empire tour that the Prince and Princess were to make. Its itinerary would take them away from England for eight months. Into King Edward's and Queen Alexandra's willing hands, they committed the care of their children. It was indeed fortunate for them, and for the Royal children, that those hands were so loving and so capable.

CHAPTER XIII

THE POSTPONED CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII

King Edward as "Grandpa"—Helping with the lessons—"We wouldn't do any lessons at all"—Excited preparations for the Coronation—A dangerous moment at a Horse Show—Launching two battleships—London en fête—The sudden illness of the King—"Will my people ever forgive me?"—A garden-party at Marlborough House—"We feel sad about our dear King"—The Coronation—A father's embrace of the Prince—Prince Henry under the seat of the carriage—Resting at Sandringham.

WHILE their mother and father were abroad, the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales grew up under the care and affection of their grandparents.

"Grandpa," as all the children called King Edward, was at his very best with small children, and he lavished a wealth of affection and care upon the three little grandsons and granddaughter. It was only "grandpa" who could make the first lessons really interesting, and King Edward, with "his babies" hanging round him, could often be seen in the schoolroom, helping them secretly with their lessons. The King and Queen took the place of their parents so far as was possible, and

did their best to make up for their temporary absence.

Queen Alexandra spoilt them, as grandmothers always will. Prince David early learned this, and if there was anything he wanted particularly to do, he would say in confident tones: "I shall ask grannie." After the return of their parents the children went back home, and the next few weeks were spent quietly at Sandringham, during which time the Prince and Princess got to know their children again.

The Tour had been noticeably beneficial to the Duchess. It had given her a deeper sympathy and a wider understanding than before. As Princess of Wales, she had a busy life, but she gave strict attention to her children's education and saw that it was conducted on the right lines. A motto in the schoolroom was: "Work while you work, and play while you play." "Mummie is so jolly when it's holidays, and so strict when it isn't," Prince David once remarked in a grumbling mood. "She has to be strict," said a younger brother wisely, "because if she wasn't, we wouldn't do any lessons at all."

The Princess was not always strict. She was the most delightful company and had the power of amusing people with her reminiscences of travel and her stories. She was delightfully informal. I remember once an important visitor came to York Cottage after their Royal Highnesses' return. "I did so want to show you my children," said the Princess, "but David and Bertie have measles, and the two other, poor dears, are in the next room waiting to have it, so I can't very well." The visitor reminded her deferentially that she had once

promised him a photograph of the children. "So I did," said the Princess and, drawing out a pocket-handkerchief, she tied a knot in it. "Now I shall not forget; I will send it to you tomorrow." He duly received the photograph.

The year 1902 was memorable, the main feature of it being the coronation of King Edward VII. Other events were the death of Cecil Rhodes, the end of the Boer War, and the birth of a fourth son to the Prince of Wales.

The Coronation was a tremendous event, for few people living could recall the last. A proclamation was issued, stating that the 26th of June would be Coronation Day. Excitement and enthusiasm rose to a great height all over the country, but before this event there were many public functions to be attended by the Heir Apparent. In January, he went to Berlin to represent King Edward at the Kaiser's birthday celebration. It was an entirely unofficial visit, and the Princess of Wales did not accompany her husband. As it was one of the first acts of friendship shown towards the Kaiser since Edward VII had been King, tremendous importance was given to the visit in the German Press.

In February, the Prince of Wales had a narrow escape from a serious accident. While attending a Shire horse show at the Agricultural Hall, a horse became restive and ran at the Royal box. For a moment, it looked as if the Prince had been struck by the horse, and it was only the groom's tremendous strength that prevented the plunging hoofs of the animal from trampling both the Royal pair. As it was, the hoofs

came within a few inches of them. I noticed that, although the Prince and Princess made light of the affair, the Princess held her husband's arm for the rest of the performance, and looked very pale. With the courage that has always characterized them both, they refused to leave, thinking that "the people would be disappointed." It was found afterwards that the Duke's wrist had been badly bruised by the animal, and the injury must have pained him considerably while he sat smiling and talking in the Royal box. Of all qualities which I admire in King George, his courage is perhaps the greatest of them all.

In 1902 also, the Prince cut the first sod of Bristol's new docks, and the new battleships, *Prince of Wales* and *Devonshire,* were launched by his Royal Highness at Chatham. I think that very few people knew how much the Princess dreaded the launching of these ships. Her last experience at the launching of the *Albion* was vivid in her memory, and for several days she did not know whether she could face the ordeal. I could have wished that she had not needed to face it, as the nervous strain was so great. But she felt it was her duty to be there, and accordingly accompanied the Prince. I wonder how many of the cheering crowds, who assembled to greet their Royal Highnesses, realized that the charming, smiling Princess was biting her lips and clenching her hands with emotion. It afforded another instance of the disregard of self that has been learnt by Royalty in a hard school.

As June approached, the excitement of the nation began to grow by leaps and bounds. The weather was

wonderful. Visitors from all over the Empire, people from the Provinces, and sightseers from America, wandered about the streets of London, watching the preparations for one of the most magnificent coronations that history has ever known. The London parks were being turned rapidly into camps for the soldiers of the British Empire who had been chosen to take part in the military pageant at the Coronation; and one park was set aside solely for the use of the Indian troops.

At the beginning of June the King's guests began to arrive—Potentates and Princes from the four Continents of the world. Elderly people revived their recollections of Queen Victoria's Coronation, and official records had to be consulted as to the traditional routine of the day's great ceremony. Many interesting articles appeared in the newspapers and magazines from the pens of veterans who had been present when the youthful Queen had been crowned in the Abbey.

The Duke of Norfolk, who, as Earl Marshal, was arranging the great ceremony, was almost overpowered by streams of people demanding seats in the Abbey, and by the intricate points as to the precedence of Royal guests and officials.

Queen Alexandra intimated early that she hoped all ladies would patronize British manufacturers for materials for their Coronation robes. The clanking of hand-looms began, weaving the Cloth-of-Gold for the King's mantle, and the purple velvet for the Royal robes. Queen Alexandra's Coronation dress was by her own happy choice woven and embroidered in India, under the supervision of Lady Curzon, wife of the

Viceroy. It may now be seen in the London Museum.

By the end of the first week in June, the decorations were complete. In Whitehall stood the Canadian Arch, and bunting and flags were everywhere. I remember so well the first haze of uneasiness which spread over London when, ten days before the date fixed for the Coronation, the King was not well enough to go to the races at Ascot. Not much attention was paid to his absence, and on Midsummer Day the King came to London and drove to the Palace. He was greatly upset by the journey. His doctors grew alarmed, and at 12.45 P.M., on the 24th of June, when the streets were thronged with sightseers, a bulletin was posted up at the Mansion House. It was signed by Lord Lister, Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Francis Laking, Sir Thomas Barlow, and Sir Frederick Treves, and stated:

"The King is suffering from Perityphyitis. His condition on Saturday was so satisfactory that it was hoped that with care His Majesty would be able to go through the ceremony. On Monday evening a recrudescence became manifest, rendering a surgical operation necessary to-day."

The sad news of the King's illness ran through the crowd like wildfire. In a few minutes it had been cabled all over the world. The King's subjects were wonderful. No word of complaint was heard, although the material loss suffered by a great many, on account of the postponed Coronation, was severe. The King, although in great pain, could only say one thing over and over again: "Will my people ever forgive me?"

Although the King's condition was critical for a few

days, he was soon pronounced out of danger, and Society began to beguile itself with parties and receptions, and entertain the visitors who had remained in London. The sympathy of the Royal representatives, many of whom had to return to their countries, was sincere and impressive. The Sultan of Perak, for example, heard the news when coaching. He demanded to return to London at once to pray for the King's recovery.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, deeply grieved as they were at the postponement, did everything in their power to help King Edward. The reception which they gave to the Indian Princes at the Foreign Office was a splendid affair. By the King's special desire, the treats that had been planned for school children and poor people were not postponed, and the special Coronation mugs were duly distributed in hundreds of thousands.

The Prince and Princess entertained the children from the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum at a garden party in the grounds of Marlborough House, and the Royal children assisted their parents in helping to amuse the little guests. I was charmed to see how courteous and well-behaved the young Princes were, and how they seemed to bear the stamp of the character of their mother and father, as they moved among the visitors with dignity yet with informality. The little visitors afterwards sent a letter of thanks to the Prince and Princess, saying: "We feel sad about our dear King suffering such agony, and we will all pray that God will spare him to long reign over us. We were greatly delighted to see the little children, Prince

Edward, Prince Albert, and Princess Mary, and we are thankful to their Royal Highnesses for their beautiful presents to us."

It was decided that all the poor people of London should have a Coronation Dinner, and this was carried out as arranged, with the active approval of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The dinners were given in various halls all over London, and the Prince and Princess managed to attend nearly all. At one gathering good spirits ran high, and the Royal visitors were much amused. "Good old Teddy, how's he getting on?" "Wish 'e'd got a taste of this 'ere pudding," "To his very good health," and "Give 'im my love," were some of the kindly remarks passed. The Prince of Wales duly delivered the messages to King Edward, and the King laughed heartily over them.

The King recovered fairly quickly, and on the 28th of June a bulletin, signed by the five physicians, announced that.

> We are happy to be able to state that we consider His Majesty out of immediate danger.

On the 13th of July, the King was well enough to travel by private train to his yacht off Portsmouth. He went for a cruise until the 6th of August, when he returned to London with Queen Alexandra in time for the postponed Coronation, which had been fixed for the 9th of August.

I cannot describe adequately all that the Prince of Wales did during the anxious days of his father's illness. He seemed to be everywhere, always with a cheery

word and smile. In those few weeks, London grew to know him better than they had ever done before. The strain on him was almost unbearable at times, for he was consulted on endless matters, but he won through and gained the golden opinion of the whole nation.

Owing to the King's strength not being fully restored, it was arranged that the Coronation service should be abridged slightly. Dr. Temple, the octogenarian Archbishop of Canterbury, crowned the King, and Dr. Maclagan, the Archbishop of York, crowned the Queen. The Abbey was a blaze of colour. In the Royal box, on the south side of the High Altar, Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales, attired in white sailor suits, awaited the arrival of their mother. They were both keenly interested in everything, and began to talk in rather loud voices, until awed by their surroundings.

The first procession was made up of the three daughters of the King; the second procession was made up of the Royal guests; and the third procession, which issued from the Nave, was that of the Prince and Princess of Wales. A wave of feeling ran through the Abbey. The Prince, who had not long returned from his Imperial Tour, was an extraordinarily popular figure, both with the Dominion visitors and with his own people. He looked very youthful in his Royal robes, still keeping that alert and trim figure, which was his heritage from the Navy. The Princess of Wales looked very beautiful as she took her seat between her two young sons.

The crowning of the King took two hours, and an

unfortunate incident occurred during the homage. The aged Archbishop of Canterbury had knelt to kiss the King's hand when he was overcome with faintness, and could not rise. The Bishops of Winchester and Bath and Wells came to help him, but the Archbishop waved them aside. The King saved the situation by giving Dr. Temple his hand, and assisting him up.

A very beautiful part of the Coronation was when the Prince of Wales, taking off his Coronet, knelt down before His Majesty, and pronounced the beautiful words of homage:

"I, George Prince of Wales, do become your Liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth. I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God." Then he touched the King's crown with his right hand and kissed him on the left cheek. This was the formal custom, but after it was over, the King and his "Liege man" became father and son. With infinite tenderness, the father drew his only remaining son into his arms, and, in the sight of all his people, kissed him. The incident only lasted for a moment, but was perhaps the most touching episode in the whole Coronation service.

After the Coronation, the King passed out of sight. A moment before retiring, however, His Majesty looked back over the vast Abbey. The old Archbishop sat, resting his feeble limbs, near the screen, and the King did a very kindly thing when, laying down his sceptre, he went to him, and said a few kindly words before leaving.

After the King and Queen had returned to Bucking-

ham Palace, they came out on the balcony. The little Princes were rather tired after the Abbey service, and, during the ride home in the carriage afterwards, deciding that there was not enough room for them to be comfortable, they bundled their small brother Harry under the seat. The child began to howl loudly, and, at Prince David's suggestion, a cushion was pushed after him to "stifle the noise." On arriving at Marlborough House, the tiny Prince was allowed to come out. His white sailor suit was very crumpled and dirty, but otherwise he had quite recovered, and had apparently gone to sleep under there. Prince David's remark was characteristic: "The carriages look so beautiful outside that nobody would think they were dirty under the seat."

The Prince of Wales, during Coronation week, had entertained a number of Sikhs. When I asked one for his opinion of the Prince, the man smiled: "I think he is wonderful," he said simply, "and also"—here the smile grew broader—"he wears a beautiful beard." A Sikh never cuts his own beard, and therefore they were delighted to see their King-Emperor and his Heir Apparent wearing beards.

During the following week the King and the Prince of Wales reviewed the Indian troops in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and, a little later, reviewed the Dominion troops. This ended the Coronation celebrations, and on the 14th of August King Edward and Queen Alexandra left London for Cowes. There they went on board their yacht, the *Victoria and Albert* and the Prince and Princess of Wales settled

down to the quiet, domestic life with their children that they loved so much. The interval of rest was a brief one, for the life of the Heir Apparent was always busy, but even brief rests meant a great deal to their Royal Highnesses. They were never so happy as when, with their children, they had the leisure to live just quietly "at home."

CHAPTER XIV

THE TOUR THROUGH INDIA

"How I wish I could help them"—A very heavy programme—"I do so hate leaving the kiddies"—"I want to try and understand the Indian races"—Bombay's welcome—Cold weather at Peshawar—Prince David's letter to his parents—Duck-shooting in Burma—"It runs in the family"—Busy days in Hyderabad—The College at Aligarh—"Have we done any good?"—Home again—The children's stories of Balmoral.

"INDIA, India, with all its teeming millions, how I wish I could help them!"

I can hear the Princess now, sitting in her boudoir, saying these words when the tour to the Far East was being planned. The cry came from her heart, for she has ever desired to be able to help those who are poor and suffering.

Everything regarding the tour was discussed in that little blue-and-white boudoir, with its shaded lights and its books—the Prince sitting on the sofa, with his arm linked in that of his wife. "We must go there, May," he would say with conviction about some place not on the programme, and "We can't possibly miss that, George," from the Princess would interrupt the recital by well-known officials as to what the tour should, or should not, include.

Suddenly, round the door, would come the little face of Prince David, and conversation would stop a minute to allow the little boy to tell his news. It was generally that he had found some half-starved or wounded little animal, which was now warming in front of the nursery fire. "Would papa or mamma come and see?"

Sometimes after their Royal Highnesses' advisers had gone, we would see them standing together, looking out through the open windows of York Cottage, and obviously in their thoughts were not the gardens and smooth lawns of Sandringham, but India, the land of mystery, that wonderful Empire, over which they would rule some day.

Once the Princess had turned to me, and said simply: "I am just a little bit frightened of all the greatness of it!" In this humble mood their Royal Highnesses started on their tour of the East.

The Prince and Princess knew that the tour would be a very different one from their voyage to Australia, Canada, and South Africa. To India the Prince must go as a Prince, almost as a god. I, who knew him, realized that he wanted, as always, to meet his fellowmen face to face, to shake them by the hand, and call them brother. Grovelling multitudes did not appeal to him, or to the Princess, but a clear vision of duty was always before them both, and they followed it unswervingly.

One evening late in 1905, some days before they started, the Prince came into my room, as he sometimes came, for a chat. He spoke of many things, but

one thing above all worried him. "I do so hate leaving the kiddies," he said. "David is just at the age when he needs a little guiding."

"I don't think you need worry about him," I remember saying. "Somehow I think he, too, is going to do a great deal for the Empire one of these days." In later years, those words came back to my mind as a prophecy fulfilled.

I believe that if anyone who arranged the tour could have foreseen the tremendous strain on their Royal Highnesses which it was to involve, they would have been less exacting. It is so easy to map out a tour, to plan a visit, so that the principal members of the party shall see as much of the varied peoples and country of India as could possibly be squeezed into the time. It is easy enough to say that such-and-such a ceremony must be omitted, and that such-and-such a place will prove of interest. But it is difficult, when one is in England, to remember how enormous India is, and to take into account the heat, the glare, and the tremendous distances by rail that would have to be covered. The programme was, in reality, too ambitious, but the Prince and Princess carried out every bit of it. I cannot help adding that it needed a good deal of courage on their part sometimes—but King George and Queen Mary have never failed in courage.

At last everything was arranged so far as possible, and on the 21st of October, 1905, their Royal Highnesses travelled overland and joined the *Renown* at Genoa. The *Renown* has certainly taken its part in Empire-building. Prince David little knew that some

day he would board the same ship as his mother and father, and would set out to do the same work. The great white-hulled ship had had her guns removed, and her cabins had been transformed to provide accommodations for their Royal Highnesses by the time they reached Genoa.

The children had been left again with their grandparents. This time they were older, and the parting was felt acutely, especially by Prince David. "India can't want you nearly as much as we do," he said rather pathetically to his father, a little time before the separation. It was on this occasion that the Prince took his son into his study, and told him something of the duties and responsibilities that fall upon Royalty. It was a quiet, thoughtful little boy who came out. The only remark, however, that he made to his little confidante, Princess Mary, was: "I think father's fine. I hope I shall grow like him. Only I *know* I shan't be anywhere near as good."

Very short indeed the voyage to Aden seemed, and, when we saw this first outpost of the Indian Empire, we all felt we were at the beginning of our adventures. The Prince and Princess gave a dance on board that night. The ship was illuminated, and the band excelled itself. The Royal couple danced charmingly together, but once I heard the Princess saying something about "little Albert," and I knew they were talking about their children.

It seemed as if the whole of India had crowded to Bombay to welcome the Royal visitors. That is what it seemed like to some of us who knew little of the

immensity of India's population. The Prince had spoken to us on the voyage as to procedure. He had said: "I want to behave as simply in India, as anywhere else. I want to spend no more time than is necessary in dressing-up and doing the things that don't matter. I want to try and understand the Indian races as much as I can, and I know you are all going to help me to do it."

Accordingly, the Heir Apparent of the King-Emperor, in the ordinary white uniform, drove with his lovely, smiling wife through the streets of Bombay. I beheld the might that lies in simplicity. I wonder if Indians understood, as I know some were disappointed because there were no jewels and no splendour. In a very short time, they began to grasp something of the dignity of the tall sailor Prince who would some day rule over them. Particularly I wanted their Royal Highnesses to see the native quarter of Bombay, and omit, if necessary, ordinary sight-seeing. It was interesting to see the Prince and Princess sitting forward in their carriage, taking in everything. "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But, even as I murmured the words, I wondered. Surely, this young Heir Apparent and his countless Indian subjects met on common ground when they said: "We would serve India."

Before the Tour started, the Princess had insisted that she should be given every opportunity of seeing Indian women. "I may not be able to understand their way of living," she said to me, when we had discussed the subject once in England, "but I am a wife and a

mother, as many millions of them are." At that moment, Prince David's laugh was heard, and the Princess added wistfully: "I wish I could take him. *He* would know how to win all hearts."

At Bombay a committee of Indian ladies gave a purdah reception for the Princess of Wales. It was held in the Town Hall, the walls and pillars of which were hung with the richest fabrics, and the floor covered with priceless carpets. Flowers were scattered before the Princess, when she entered, and there were three distinct ceremonies—Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsee. The Princess spoke from her heart, when she said: "One of my chief objects of the Tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters." Queen Mary's interest in Indian women has never flagged, and she likes to talk to anyone who has experience in work among them.

Most of the time in India was spent between visits in railway-carriages or in camp. The Prince and Princess enjoyed "camping-out" immensely, and the Prince managed to get a little shooting and a fair amount of sport, considering how very crowded with functions the Indian programme was.

Those railway journeys might have been deadly in their monotony, but they were not. A special train was set apart for the Royal party. The rear carriages, "York" and "Cornwall," were reserved for their Royal Highnesses. Nearly every evening we were invited into the reception-room in "York," and very pleasant it was to see the home-like comfort and find the true British

atmosphere, after a day spent in making arrangements or in interviewing Indians in glaring heat.

There were many photographs recalling home scattered about, and the Princess, whom the Prince insisted should rest in the evenings after her tiring days, was generally engrossed with some fascinating embroidery. She would show us how some of the stitches were done, and the Prince would stand by and thread her "needleful" of thread. Thank goodness, I never had to try to make these stitches. Left to themselves, the Prince generally read aloud to his wife. He reads beautifully, and in this way they got through a number of books on the Tour.

The names of some of the cities they visited thrilled their Royal Highnesses: Udiapur, "City of Sunrise, and Jaipur, "City of the Crimson Glow." In Central India their Royal Highnesses took a keen delight. The heat in Central India is tremendous, and the Prince and Princess felt it greatly, especially at first. Soon, however, it was time to visit Peshawar and the Khyber Pass. Many and long were some of the letters that well-meaning people in England had written, urging that the risk of this visit was too great, from the fear of arousing native passions. Everyone, including myself, knew that there was a risk all through the Tour —and the Prince and Princess also realized this clearly—but in India they did a characteristic thing which they had always done, and perhaps always will do: they trusted the people, and the people did not fail them.

Only those who know Peshawar know how forbidding it can look. The crowd that greeted the Prince was composed of wild men of the hills, with fierce, keen eyes, and with the free step of men who for generations had been fighters. It was cold at Peshawar, too, with a keen wind blowing from the hills. A few days before the Prince arrived at Peshawar, an attack had been made upon a frontier picket, and some Sepoys had been killed. Only a little while after the Royal visitors had left, an armed band came down from the hills, and made an attack upon a village just outside. These two things may explain something of the fear which had been felt by the British authorities.

The Prince and Princess were well guarded all the time they were on the frontier. At the garden-parties at Government House the attendants and servants were armed. Their Royal Highnesses went through the Khyber Pass to Landi Kotal, on the edge of Afghanistan, the last outpost of Great Britain. I remember that it was a Monday in December when the Royal party went through the Khyber. There must be no unnecessary risks, the Chief Commissioner had stated, and the whole of the Pass was lined with sentries, above whom, on the higher rocks, was another row of men: above that row, high in the hills, the men of the Khyber Rifles. Some of the men who thus guarded their Prince belonged to wild Afridi tribes, and offered him sheep and money with their homage. The poetry of the hills was in them. They said: "We are a poor people and we live in a poor land, but the land will

blossom like a rose now that it has been touched by the footsteps of the King." Perhaps the King has never had a more beautiful compliment paid him than that paid by an old blind Chief who, when the Prince gave him his hand, said: "Now indeed I see, for I have touched my King."

From the North the Prince passed down into the Punjab. Letters now began to arrive from home. King Edward wrote that "the children are very happy, so neither of you are to worry. I know it isn't any use my saying this, because you will, but still there isn't any need."

Prince David's letter was characteristic, and the Princess showed it to me laughing, and, I fancy, nearly crying at the same time :

> Darling Both [it ran], do come home soon. All the animals are missing you, especially Gyp [Gyp was a little terrier of the Prince of Wales]. I am trying hard with my lessons, but like sailing the boat you gave me in the pond better.—Your loving little David.

Much had been said against their Royal Highnesses going to Calcutta. There had been a good deal of restlessness and agitation there before their arrival and many people thought it would be unwise for them to include it in their itinerary. I knew that they would not think of omitting Calcutta. They did not wish to cause disappointment to the people; and they were right, as usual. Calcutta was perhaps the most enthusiastic of any of the Indian cities visited. Its people would indeed have been disappointed had their Royal Highnesses not come. At the wonderful levee given

in their honour at Government House, a beautiful necklace of pearls was presented to the Princess by Indian ladies. I noticed that she immediately put it on, and wore it all through the evening. This graceful act of gratitude delighted the donors.

At Calcutta they attended the racecourse on Cup Day and won a great many hearts by giving £6,000 (half the sum which had been presented to them by the Maharaja of Dharbarga) to the Calcutta Medical College. A little time was spent across the water in Burma, where the Prince got some duck-shooting, and then he went back again to Madras. The duck-shooting in Burma was a most exciting affair, for the Prince was such an ardent sportsman that he would get us up in the early dawn, and would carry on quite happily all day without getting tired. He always insisted that any of the party could go back and rest during the day, if they wished, but, needless to say, very few did.

The chance of watching the Prince shoot was a pleasure we did not wish to miss. He really was absolutely marvellous, and brought bird after bird down with such coolness and skill that I could not help saying to him, what he must have heard often before, what a good shot he was. "It runs in the family," he laughed. "Not because I'm good at sport. You should see me trying to play lawn-tennis!" The Princess, who did not accompany us on these expeditions, was always waiting at the hotel which had been put at the Royal party's disposal when we arrived back tired and hungry.

Whatever the Prince may have been doing at the

moment, directly he saw his wife he would go across to her and kiss her. She would often say, in that sweet way of hers, to the staff: "You must all be very tired and very hungry. *Do* hurry up, and get some food and some rest, or I shall have a whole batch of invalids on my hands to-morrow!"

At Mysore, one of the best-governed of Indian States, there were many interesting things to do and see. Good shooting is always to be found there, and the Prince of Wales was taken to the great Keddahs, where he watched the wild elephants being caught with the assistance of tame ones. The road to Mysore presented a wonderful spectacle of colour. It was lined with villagers who had been ordered to keep the track moist for the Royal party. They stood about, the men in white robes and the women balancing great pots on their heads. Brown laughing children were everywhere, and occasionally a shepherd went past followed by his flock. As the Royal carriage passed, every native fell down and buried his face in the earth, for to them the Prince was as God. I could not help thinking how fit he looked to become the ruler of this great nation, as he and the Princess bowed and smiled their way through the kneeling people.

It was very early in the morning when the special train containing the Royal party drew up at Hyderabad Station. The Nizam had brought his troops to his capital to do homage to the King-Emperor's son, and this Mohammedan State was crowded with Pathans, Rohillas, Afridis, and Afghans. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Nizam himself, and the

little man, except for his keen hawk-like eyes, hardly looked what he was—the ruler of a territory as large as Great Britain, and containing more people than Australia and Canada put together.

At Hyderabad, the Prince of Wales reviewed nine thousand troops, including four British regiments and some Royal Artillery. Besides these, however, there are no Britons in the Nizam's employment, for he manages his own affairs.

The British get on very well with Mohammedans in India. They are sportsmanlike and well educated, and fall into European ways very quickly. Soon after their Royal Highnesses arrived at Hyderabad, the Nizam's daughter died. The Prince and Princess said that they thought it better to leave at once, but, with Eastern courtesy, the Nizam begged them to stay, and ordered that the festivities should go on unchecked. A very touching ceremony was the laying of the foundation-stone of the great New Hospital for Women by the Princess of Wales. She looked so very fair and lovely standing among so many swarthy Indians, that cheering broke out suddenly. "Whatever are they cheering for?" asked the Princess in bewilderment. "My dear lady, they are cheering you," said a courtly Indian official. "Never before have we had a Princess from fairyland in our midst."

The Prince was very eager to do some shooting at Hyderabad, and in consequence a big game shoot in the jungle was organized. On the first day the Prince bagged two tigers and a panther—a marvellous feat. King George always was a wonderful shot, but I do

not think he ever shot so well as during that shooting expedition at Hyderabad. The second day was, if anything, more exciting. A tigress was shot at and wounded, and crept away into the jungle. She was driven out by the beaters, and charged furiously past the Prince, who brought her down with a shoulder shot. There was most excellent sport all the time, and the Prince afterwards said he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, and shook hands with all the beaters, and presented them with small gifts.

It is quite impossible to mention a quarter of all that their Royal Highnesses did on their tour. Those who knew and loved them begged them to rest more, but they would not hear of it. As a matter of fact the Prince was very anxious about the Princess's health, and often suggested that she should remain behind when any very tiring functions took place. The Princess insisted on being always by his side. I do not think any of us will forget how very fair and delicate she looked in the midst of all those dark faces. She wore white, or a soft pearly grey, and her obvious love for her husband was a real and beautiful sight. One cannot emphasize this happiness too much. Immediately you enter their presence, you feel the glow of it. They are the quietest and most modest of people, and care little for praise. But I cannot help saying how much good their unconscious radiance of happiness has done to those who have been privileged to know them.

One of the most fascinating visits of the whole trip was, I think, to the Mohammedan College at Aligarh.

The Principal was Mr. W. A. Archibald, and he was assisted by British University men with Indian University men to assist them. There were dormitories like an English College; there were lecture-rooms; a dining-hall, cricket-ground, football fields and tennis-courts. There was also a Mosque, which looked very like an ordinary College Chapel. Sports were very much cultivated, and the cricket team at Aligarh was considered one of the best in India. The Prince was quite fascinated with the place, and got into conversation with several boys, who, after the first shyness had worn off, were eager to show him everything. Some of the boys were married, and most of them had to have great care taken with regard to the food they ate. There was an English house, and in this the Princess was most interested, for there were knives and forks, and roast beef and potatoes, and it was very difficult to believe that one was not in one of our public schools at home.

The Princess went down into the kitchen, calling out excitedly when she got there: "Oh, George, do come and look. These kitchens would be the very joy of my heart. They are much more up to date than those at York Cottage."

After Aligarh, the trip was drawing to an end. The Prince and Princess had been kept well, I think, throughout the Tour largely owing to the care and forethought of Sir Pertab Singh, who was at the head of the Prince's Indian staff. He would often during the evening go up to the Prince, and say: "I am thinking, Prince Sahib, time for sleeping."

Karachi was the last place visited on Indian soil, and then their Royal Highnesses boarded the *Renown* for the journey home. It was dawn when the *Renown* cast anchor and put out to sea. Everyone stood on deck and watched India, the mysterious, fade into the distance. I, who was watching the Prince and Princess, could almost read their thoughts: "Have we done any good there? Did we miss anything out? Could we have done better?" I wanted to shout out the answer: "You have done everything. You have given yourselves without stint, and you have paved the way for a better and surer understanding of the Indian mind and the Indian soul."

The Princess turned from her last sight of India with tears in her eyes, which quickly vanished in a happy smile. "George," she said, "can you really believe we are going home?"

After the Prince and Princess left India, they made a short stay in Egypt and again visited the Pyramids. Then they took a real holiday in Corfu, meeting, later, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the King and Queen of Greece in Athens. The Queen of Greece was very shy, and the Prince of Wales used to tease her, almost frightening her out of her life at public functions by murmuring that he was sure she would soon be called on to make a speech!

The *Renown* reached Portsmouth on the 7th of May, 1906. Royalty is not supposed to show excitement, but I knew so well what the Royal couple were thinking and feeling. Family ties meant everything in the world to them, and, although they had enjoyed India and

shown that keen interest which has never deserted them, "Home" was a precious word which could not be mentioned while Empire called. When the hills of old England came into sight, the band of the *Renown* burst into the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and on the deck two people stood, straining to catch the first glimpse of those they had had to leave.

The children were to have met their parents in mid-Channel, but there was a sea fog, and therefore the meeting took place on shore. A more sensitive pen than mine is needed to tell of the long, tender kisses, and the little bursts of joy and the delicious cooing of the youngest baby, George, who although he did not understand, opened his baby arms to his mother and father with a radiant smile.

The Prince and Princess wanted to hear everything, and the children, of course, all wanted to speak at once. The journey home was made amusing by Prince David, who had many stories to relate of his doings, these being interspersed with hugs and exclamations of "Oh, it's ripping to have you back!" Then the little boy of ten would grow red and embarrassed, feeling that he had said too much.

I can only mention one or two of the stories he related. The Princes had been for a long walk, it seems, and somehow missed their tutor. They therefore hired a trap to drive them home. The driver, also a young lad, was not acquainted with the Royal Family. "Wha' may you chaps be?" he asked. "I am Prince Edward," said the present Prince of Wales,

and "I am Prince Albert," chirped in his younger brother, "and the Prince of Wales is our father."

"And maybe King Edward is your grandfather?" retorted the boy.

"Yes, he is," said the Princes. The boy gave a prolonged stare, and then said: "P'r'aps you'd like to know who I am?"

"Yes, we should," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the boy, determined not to be outdone, "I'm the Shah of Persia!"

The children had much to tell their mother about the little shop near Balmoral Castle, kept by old Mrs. Symmonds, where apparently they had spent most of their pocket-money, and where they could buy balls and fishing-tackle, gingerbread and sweets. All these things the delighted parents heard on their way to London, with little Princess Mary perched on her father's knee, and Prince David cuddling close to his mother.

After this homecoming, the Prince and Princess felt justified in taking a short rest before beginning again the endless round of duties and responsibilities from which Royalty can never be free for long.

The Prince and Princess had passed through a very busy experience in India, and they were welcomed with enthusiasm on their return home. Only those who were with them, and grew to know them more intimately during their Empire pilgrimage, realized how devoted to duty and disregardful of their own pleasure and comfort they had been on this Tour.

CHAPTER XV

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW. KING GEORGE COMES TO THE THRONE

Prince David in naval uniform—"Stamp-day"—A trip through Devon and Cornwall—"You be a fine mother, my dear"—Round the ruins of Glastonbury—King Edward dies suddenly—The visit to the Opera—King George's Accession—A memorable lying-in-state—The Prince of Wales's thoughtfulness—King Edward's funeral—"We must think of mother"—Changing the gloom of Buckingham Palace—The Prince studying for the University.

THE New Year of 1909 opened with a family party at Sandringham, as was usually the case. All the Royal Family was there, from King Edward to his tiniest grandson, John. Everything was as merry and jolly as it ever had been, but I remember feeling that it seemed almost too good to last. I had an uneasy premonition that the next few years were going to be no easy ones. The Prince of Wales said to me that he was looking forward to the year, for he hoped that he would not have to go abroad, so that he might get to know England better.

Prince David managed to join the party at Sandringham, and there was great excitement on the day he

was due to arrive. Princess Mary, with that charming thoughtfulness which has always characterized her, had put flowers in his bedroom, but had removed them when "Bertie" had referred to "pampered pets." He did not mean to be unkind, I know—none of the Royal children was ever that—but Princess Mary was a sensitive child, and was easily affected by criticism.

The young Prince duly arrived in the full splendour of his naval uniform, and began to wake things up, as he always did. At fifteen years of age, his charm of manner was very noticeable, and all the servants adored him and would do anything for him.

"The young scamp's getting spoilt," I heard King Edward say to his son. "Better get it over young," said his father, laughing. "I'm afraid he is the type that will get made a fuss of, but don't, for goodness' sake, let him know it." King Edward, however, always a tease, would refer constantly to the young Prince in his hearing as "the young charmer."

The first part of this year was unusually free from public engagements, and the Prince of Wales, to his great delight, had the chance of doing some serious reading. Naval history had always fascinated him, and in the course of years he has collected many valuable books on the subject. He took up again his long neglected hobby of stamp-collecting, and began at this time a habit from which he has rarely swerved, of reserving one afternoon a week for philately. Woe betide the children if they disturbed their father on that afternoon; although, at any other time, he was the confidant and playmate of them all. "Where's father?"

I once heard Prince Bertie ask Princess Mary. "Stamp-day," was the enigmatical reply.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the Derby with the King and Queen in 1909. They had missed a great many Derbies in their voyages abroad, and therefore it was an added joy to go. The Princess took her little daughter, and the remarks made about the charm and loveliness of them both were very audible. "Fancy their liking my frock," said Princess Mary innocently. "Why, Bertie said the other day that it was an ugly colour, and I don't think it's very pretty myself!"

It was an exciting moment when King Edward led in his third Derby winner, Minoru. As the race finished, and Minoru was seen to be the winner, King Edward did one of those informal little things which always appealed to his subjects. Very excited, and with his blue eyes twinkling, he picked up Princess Mary, and hugged her in front of the whole Derby crowd. It was with the utmost difficulty that the police made a path for the King as he led Minoru to the paddock.

In July, the Prince of Wales called some of us into his study and told us that he and the Princess had decided to motor through the Duchy of Cornwall to see their tenants. They decided to go among them simply as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, dropping all other titles. "It will be a sort of tour to hear all the complaints and grumbles that landlords have to receive from time to time. What do you think of it?" the Prince asked us. I, for one, thought it an excellent idea.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

King George's Coronation Procession nearing Westminster Abbey, 1911

Their Royal Highnesses visited in five days about ten towns and fifty villages, covering a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. The Prince showed how well he understood practical modern things. He knew how keen journalists were to get "copy," so, to make their task easier for them, he allowed correspondents to follow in a car within reasonable distance of his own, and showed them many a courtesy, such as ordering refreshments for them when long distances made stoppage for meals difficult.

I shall never forget how delightful were those five days. The weather was wonderful all the time, and our cars flew across Dartmoor, and down into the rugged beauty of Cornwall. The Princess took two ladies-in-waiting with her, and there were the most delightful alfresco meals imaginable *en route,* the Prince and Princess entering thoroughly into all the fun in the most informal way. While we were on Dartmoor, the Prince and Princess called at the cottage of an old woman of ninety, who had never left the moor. With a beautiful simplicity, she took the Princess's hand, and, patting it, said: "You be a fine mother, my dear, I be proud to know you." The Princess blushed with pleasure, and sat chatting with the old woman for some time; she and her husband accepted a glass of cider before they left.

The Prince made innumerable little speeches to his tenants during his brief visit. In one of them he revealed his kind, upright nature by saying: "I consider it to be one of my first duties to secure your happiness and comfort, and I should like you to regard me

as your friend first, and afterwards as your landlord." He showed his great interest in mining and his great hope for its progress, when he spoke to the miners at Liskeard. "Our miners are not surpassed by any in the world," he said. "Let us look forward to the day, perhaps no distant one, when, with the advantages of the most modern machinery and the most economical methods of working, the land shall again become the busy hive of industry which it was in the past." Alas, this was not to be! But King George has never forgotten the miners and their troubles, and only lately, during the great distress in Wales and the North, he recalled to me his speech at Liskeard, and wished that it could have come true.

On the way home, their Royal Highnesses visited the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, which had been recently restored. The Princess, who was escorted by an official, showed a most intimate knowledge of what had been accomplished and what was being done. In fact, she knew so much about it that it seemed as if she had made a special study of Glastonbury. That is how you are impressed by Queen Mary. She has a marvellous knowledge of all sorts of subjects. I cannot imagine how she has found time, with all her other manifold duties, to acquire so much information on historic, artistic, and social subjects. Her memory is Royal in its alertness. The Prince remarked at Glastonbury: "I can't think how May does it. Anyhow, she is certainly the best person to do the talking here."

An incident on the homeward journey amused and pleased His Royal Highness. It was when a journalist

hoisted the Blue Peter on the bonnet of his car. The Prince drew his wife's attention to it, and they both laughed.

Cowes Week was a brilliant social function in 1909, for the King and Queen were the host and hostess of their nephew, the Tsar, who came with the Tsaritsa and the Imperial children. Nobody then foresaw the dark shadow that hung over the Russian Royal family, or guessed that in eight years' time this friendly, jovial man would be dead with his wife and all his children. It seems impossible, even now, to believe it. They were always most pleasant to me, and the children were really sweet. I can see them now—the Prince of Wales and the Tsar, amazingly alike in features and height, arm-in-arm, talking about sails and tacking and other yacht lore. The Tsaritsa and the Princess were talking as only mothers can talk about their children and their homes. There was always a sadness about the Tsaritsa, a melancholy which never entirely disappeared, but she was always happy in England.

The Tsar's days were spent in sailing, and romping with the children, winding up with dances at night. It was the last time the Prince of Wales saw his cousin. He could only follow future events by newspapers and letters. I shall never forget King George's eyes when he heard the last terrible news. "They can't have murdered the children—not the children!" he said. During the Tsar's visit to the Isle of Wight, he was taken over the engineering workshops of the Royal Naval College by the present Prince of Wales. The Tsar was always very fond of David, and walked about with his

hand lightly resting on the boy's shoulder. A rather curious note was struck when the man and boy said good-bye. "You have a splendid future before you," said the Tsar, "make use of it."

"Thank you," said the boy shyly. "I will, and I hope you will have a very happy life, too," he added spontaneously.

"That is as God wills," said the Tsar, and then his seriousness vanished and he "tipped" David handsomely.

The year 1910 opened with the General Election, when the Liberals came into power. Early in the year, it was reported from Paris that King Edward, who was travelling in France at the time, had a cold. When he arrived at Biarritz, his favourite seaside resort, the news leaked out that it was bronchitis. I heard afterwards from some friends who were with the King that they never expected him to get back to England alive. The attack passed, however, and the King returned home apparently in fairly good health. The Prince of Wales had been very worried about his father, and had daily messages sent him regarding his progress. He went to Victoria Station to meet him, and I was touched to see how His Royal Highness tucked the rug carefully round his father, even after the servants had already arranged it. King Edward, as usual, made light of his illness, laughing and joking about it, and saying that he wasn't nearly dead yet. But he looked ill and tired, and I knew the Prince was anxious about him. It was pathetic to see how close father and son kept together during these last few

weeks, almost as if they knew that a shadow must soon fall.

On the night of the King's arrival home, he and the Prince attended the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, and saw *Rigoletto.* The King enjoyed it, and said that he would like to take David one night. Accordingly, he and his grandson went to hear Madame Tetrazzini, then at the height of her fame. The King and the young Prince were cheered loudly on their arrival, for everyone knew that it was the young Prince's first appearance at the Opera.

Very few people failed to fall under the charm of King Edward; his grandson frankly worshipped him. I, and many others that night, noticed how King Edward put himself out to entertain and amuse his young guest, often glancing at him rather wistfully. It was the first and last time that they were ever seen alone in public together.

The end came very suddenly, soon after this. There was only one day in bed, following a chill, and on the 6th of May the King was dead. His Majesty had insisted on working to the end, and, with feverish haste, he had sent for several of his friends to say farewell on the last day. The news stunned everyone, and his son was overcome with grief.

King Edward and King George were in every sense of the word an ideal father and son, and his father's death was an immeasurable loss to King George. Another person who grieved in silence was the Prince of Wales, as Prince David now became. He didn't say anything at all when he heard, but went very white,

and then a little later, with apparent carelessness, said: "I think I'd better go and take Cæsar out for a walk. He'll be missing him."

On the 7th of May, King George communicated officially King Edward's death to his first Privy Council. After paying tribute to the King's memory, he said: "To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the constitutional Government of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life. I am deeply sensible of the very heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely upon Parliament and upon the people of these islands and of my dominions beyond the seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers, that God will grant me strength and guidance. I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavor for our people's good."

There was much speculation as to the new King. He was universally beloved, it is true, but he had not had that long apprenticeship for kingship which King Edward had had. His many voyages on behalf of the Empire had made him necessarily a little remote from the general public. Those of us who had been near him for many years knew that if ever a man was fitted to be a King, King George was the man.

Whitsuntide fell soon after King Edward's death, and one of the first messages King George sent to his people was that they should not forego their holiday. Realizing the effect of the King's death on trade, he did all in his power to minimize the loss by expressing

the wish that Court mourning should not be prolonged unduly, and that where functions had been prepared at great expense, they should take place in the ordinary way.

King George was the ideal man to come to the Throne when he did. We British people take so much for granted. I wonder if we realize what an achievement King George's reign has been. Thrones were tottering all over Europe when he became King, and yet the British Throne grew more secure every day. How did he do it? Charm and integrity of character alone could not have accomplished it. King George has political gifts of a high order, although his modesty may sometimes obscure these from view. I admire King George as a King for one thing above all others —his supreme gift of being able to subject his personal likes and dislikes to his sense of duty. He was in every sense of the word a Constitutional Monarch. That was proved in a special way when the first Labour Government came into power. Nothing could have exceeded the King's courtesy and tact, as all the Labour Ministers acknowledged.

King George arranged that his father's coffin should be placed in Westminster, so that as many of his subjects might wish to do so, could pay homage to their late ruler. It was a thoughtful act and twenty-five thousand people passed through the hall. Four Gentlemen-at-Arms stood at the head of the coffin, with two Grenadier Guards officers on either side; at each corner stood a Yeoman of the Guard, with bent head and arms reversed. At the foot stood a Gurkha soldier.

The Prince of Wales said he would like to see the lying-in-state, and he and his tutor went quite informally, and mingled with the crowds. On his return, King George asked him whether he wished he had not gone. "I am glad I went, sir," said the boy, "because I would like to draw your attention to something." "Tell me," said the King. The boy obviously did not like to continue, but, in that shy way of his, he said: "Father, it's an awful strain for those men. They don't move an eyelid, and I found out that their hours of duty are awfully long." "They shall be shortened, David," said King George quietly.

Shortly after this, King George and the Kaiser drove to Westminster, and stood for some time gazing at the coffin. The Kaiser had brought a wreath which he placed on the catafalque, kneeling by it for a few seconds in prayer. When he rose to his feet, he glanced at King George and then grasped him by the hand in full sight of the public.

The funeral procession passed amid mourning crowds to Paddington, and the coffin was then taken to Windsor by train. It was a cloudless day, and the crowds were extraordinarily reverent. In the procession, King Edward's charger, Kildare, was led by a groom, and his dog, Cæsar, also followed behind the gun-carriage. I had done my best, before the procession started, to comfort the little dog; but he would have nothing to do with any of us except the Prince of Wales, for whom he did occasionally wag his tail. It was the sight of the little dog that melted the hearts

of the most callous onlookers. On his collar were the words: "I belong to the King."

King George, with the Kaiser on his right and the Duke of Connaught on his left, came next in the procession, and they were followed by many other Sovereigns and Princes. After the ceremony at Windsor, a herald proclaimed King George, to be King: "The most High, most Mighty and most Excellent Monarch our Sovereign Lord George, now by the Grace of God of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India. God save the King!"

King George issued proclamations to the Army and Navy, the Dominions and the Indian Empire. To each he sent some personal message, and to the Navy he sent a very special message. He spoke of it as "the profession which I love so dearly," and went on to say that his retirement from active service would in no sense diminish his feelings of affection for it.

Naturally at such a time there was not much chance of home life for the King. Queen Mary was very busy supervising alterations when the Royal Family took up their residence at Buckingham Palace. The Queen had slipped into her place as First Lady of the Land very quietly, and the transition did not alter her in any way. She had always been so much a Queen that it seemed just a natural thing for her to be Queen Mary, and not the Princess of Wales.

Queen Alexandra stands out at this time—a beauti-

ful pathetic figure, sustained in her deep sorrow by the love of her son and daughter-in-law. I shall never forget the King saying to his wife, soon after King Edward's death: "We must think of mother before anyone else." King Edward had assigned Marlborough House and Sandringham Hall to King George in his will, with the request that they should be at the disposal of Queen Alexandra during her lifetime. King George transferred at once to Marlborough House everything that was in King Edward's study at Buckingham Palace.

When he told his mother that he was doing this, she broke down, and even the King could not comfort her for some time. In despair, he asked Queen Mary what he could do. "Let the children go in to her," said Queen Mary, with tears of understanding in her eyes. "They will help her more than we can." Their boys and girls were still called "the children," although the Prince of Wales was sixteen and Princess Mary a beautiful young girl of fourteen. Sometimes the Prince of Wales grew somewhat indignant at this, and spoke to his mother about it. "Yes, but, darling," said the Queen, "you see I've known you all since you were such tiny babies, and I don't think you will ever be anything but children to me."

Queen Alexandra settled into Marlborough House, the early home of her married life, and King George had a special flag designed for her use. It was kept a great secret, until the flag was ready. Part of the design was the idea of Princess Mary, and "grandma"

was even more delighted because the thought and labour of one of her grandchildren was in it.

Buckingham Palace was rather strange to us all at first after York Cottage—it was so immense. King George chose for his study a room that King Edward had used, and it was made to resemble his study at York Cottage as much as possible. "I hate change," he told me when he was speaking about the arrangements. "I like to have all my photographs and books in exactly the same places. It's very old-fashioned, I suppose." It is just these human little traits of King George that endear him to his friends.

Soon after the King and Queen moved into Buckingham Palace, they made a tour together of most of the rooms, deciding what should be left, and what should be altered. Queen Mary, with her exquisite taste and knowledge of interior decorations, decided at once that the tartan curtains, so beloved by Queen Victoria and left during King Edward's reign, must be removed at once. A more modern spirit seemed to creep into the old Palace. The small drawing-room became charming as well as home-like, and much was done to the gardens. They have always been purely ornamental, and often looked very lovely under the care of Mr. Osborn, the head gardener.

Mr. Osborn was a character, and, as Queen Alexandra told her daughter-in-law, "one had to mind one's P's and Q's with him." Queen Mary got on extremely well with the old man, who knew that her love for flowers was very sincere. Rose-growing is dif-

ficult in London, as everyone knows, but Mr. Osborn had some fine roses, and once grew an absolutely perfect specimen of blush rose, of which he was very proud. Woe betide anyone who went near this particular rose-tree, for it was the pride of the old man's heart! One day he went to the Palace, and asked if Her Majesty could come and look at the rose-tree for a moment. The Queen went willingly, and the rose-tree was much admired. Suddenly, the old man whipped up a pair of scissors and cut the choicest blossom, offering it to Her Majesty. "I wouldn't have done that for anyone else," he muttered. The Queen told me afterwards that she hardly dared touch the rose—she was so afraid something would happen to it—and then she would be in Mr. Osborn's bad books for the rest of her life!

Neither the King nor Queen made the slightest difference in their mode of living on their accession to the throne. Plain food as ever was the order of the day, and wine and spirits were used very sparingly—often were not used at all. I remember a very eminent man lunching at Buckingham Palace, who could not help betraying his amazement afterwards that no wine had been served with the meal.

I could see that Queen Mary quite enjoyed decorating her new home. Certainly after the disappearance of the "Balmoral" curtains and carpets, it was a much easier task. The soft blue that the Queen favours so much was the chief note in her boudoir, and Princess Mary's bedroom was most charmingly decorated in

Buckingham Palace, London

rose-du-Barri. Her room in Windsor Castle overlooked the flower gardens.

How the King and Queen managed to infuse homeliness and cheerfulness into some of the great dull reception rooms of Buckingham Palace, I do not know. Somehow they managed to enliven the whole building until to-day there is not a single depressing room in the Palace.

On the 23rd of June, his sixteenth birthday, Prince David was created formally Prince of Wales, and was afterwards appointed midshipman to H.M.S. *Hindustan* joining the ship in August, and being treated exactly like all the other cadets. King George was most insistent that his son should mix with people and find his own level, exactly as he himself had done. Now that he was Prince of Wales, he knew the boy would not have very much longer in the Navy. The young Prince was beginning to love his profession, and the King felt it deeply when, having finished his training on the 26th of October, he went to Sandringham for the winter to undergo a course of study with Mr. H. P. Hansell, his tutor, preparatory to a University career.

Those who say that Royalty do not have to suffer cannot know what it means to give up a chosen career at the call of duty. It is what King George and his son did willingly, but that does not mean to say that they did it without suffering. Those of us who know the Navy realize how strong its hold can be, and there was sympathy and understanding in the King's eyes when he had to tell his son that his life would not

be spent "going down to the sea in ships," as he had anticipated.

The first part of 1910, with its sunshine and its shadows, passed away, and left a new order of things. The country settled down, and accepted King George as its King with confident assurance. No one knew then that a greater task would fall upon him than had ever fallen upon his predecessors. No one knew then that a World War was to turn King George from a good King into the very Father of his people. How hidden is the future, and how well it is that it should be hidden!

CHAPTER XVI

EARLY YEARS OF THE REIGN

Mr. Stead's view of King George—Visit to Osborne—"Do you think I cannot use a spade?"—Life at Balmoral—Talks with Statesmen—Airman arrives at Windsor—Coronation splendours—The King's message—At the Durbar—Irish troubles—The sudden shadow of war.

"WHEN I came away from my first long talk with the Prince who has just been formally proclaimed King George V," wrote the famous journalist, W. T. Stead, "I had the impression that I had been face to face with a reincarnation of George III. It was not bluff old Farmer George of Windsor this time, but it was a young, brusque Sailor George, in whom reappeared many of the characteristics of his namesake. . . . He is the most widely travelled Sovereign in the world. And whenever he has come back from his journeyings among our kinsfolk overseas, he has brought home deep and ever deeper impressions of their loyalty to the Crown, and of attachment to the old country. . . . He is a model *père de famille.* He dislikes fuss and feathers and ceremonial and all the flim-flam of Courts. He has got a good wife and he knows it. He is simply devoted to his children. His one delight is to get home and spend a quiet evening

with his wife and weans. . . . The Queen, better known as Princess May, is the first English Queen we have had for centuries who is an Englishwoman. It is perhaps the fact which of all others is of happiest augury for the new reign."

This characterization of King George, written when he had only just succeeded to the Throne, is of special interest to-day when the King has proved his powers under many eventful years of Kingship.

The months that followed his accession proved a most fatiguing time for the King and Queen. There was function after function to be attended, but never did King George lose that good humour, and that charm of manner which have made him so beloved of his people. As for his kindliness, proofs of it were many. For instance, when the King and Queen went to Aldershot in July to inspect the camp, he heard that there was a sergeant dying in hospital, as the result of an accident. The King said immediately that he would go and see him. He sat with the dying man for some time, and after the sergeant's death, sent a message of sympathy to his mother.

Much time and thought had been given to the question of the date of the Coronation, and it was fixed at last for the 22nd of June, 1911. On the day when the date was proclaimed, the King and Queen went down to Portsmouth for a week's cruise on the Royal yacht, inspecting Portsmouth and the Royal Naval College, Osborne. They were very interested in the latter place, which was familiar to them from youth as the former home of Queen Victoria, and spent much

time there talking to the cadets. The King noticed that some of his old toys had been preserved at Osborne. The Queen was presented with roses from a tree which she had planted twelve years before.

"It makes me feel very old," the Queen said as she accepted them. "But of course, I keep forgetting that I have a grown-up son now." The King was asked if he, too, would plant a tree, and he said there was nothing he would like to do better. When he was offered the ceremonial trowel, he refused it with a laugh. "Give me a spade," he said; "do you think I cannot use a spade?" He dug the hole "double-spit" in the most workmanlike manner, and called Prince George and Princess Mary to help fill in the earth. Their Majesties went through the rooms of the College, recalling many memories of the past. The Isle of Wight held for both of them very pleasant recollections, and Osborne is always visited by them during Cowes Week. At Carisbrooke Castle, the King's aunt, Princess Beatrice, resides.

The East End of London had a visit from the King and Queen in July. The cheering was tremendous as the King's car drew up at the entrance of the London Hospital, of which his mother, Queen Alexandra, was President and a good friend to all its work.

At last, with all their functions accomplished, the King and Queen were able to go to Balmoral on the 8th of August. Balmoral, so much beloved by Queen Victoria had been much altered in King Edward's reign, and was again modernised before King George took up his residence there. In Queen Victoria's time

the Castle was so badly arranged that when the Prime Minister visited her, there was no room for his secretary. Everything had been changed for the better, and King George has always loved going to Balmoral which is, after Sandringham, his favourite residence.

When the Sovereign is at Balmoral, it is a rule that a Cabinet Minister should always be in attendance, and during this visit Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George successively attended the King. The King and his suite enjoyed some excellent salmon-fishing, and the long quiet days were very refreshing to the King after his arduous year in London.

I was with the King one day when an amusing incident occurred. We met two boys with satchels, and the King stopped them and asked them if they could read. The boys said they could, and answered the test so satisfactorily that the King praised them warmly, saying he doubted whether his own boys could read as well at that age. He then told them who he was, and signed his autograph on two very crumpled pieces of paper which they produced. Otherwise, it is doubtful if the lads' schoolfellows would have believed their story of a chat with the King.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary always loved Balmoral, although perhaps they loved even more Abergeldie Castle, where they had often stayed as children. I remember the time when the Suspension Bridge was erected over the Dee. It swayed beautifully and was always a great source of amusement to the Prince of Wales. He used to get little Princess Mary to the middle of the bridge, and then make it rock.

I can see Princess Mary now, a sturdy little figure, so used to her brother's pranks, that she did not fear anyone or anything.

Balmoral Castle has still the distinctive character of a Highland Castle. The corridors are lined with stags' heads which have fallen to Royal sportsmen and bear their names. Queen Mary chose for her sitting-room a lovely sunny room with big windows looking out over the Dee. In this room the music of the river can be heard perpetually. The King has had in the Highlands some wonderful deer-stalking, especially during the early part of his reign. I was talking once to an old man on the estate about his Majesty, and he told me that he thought there wasn't a yard of the hills and forests round Balmoral that the King had not tramped over. He never seemed to weary, crawling along the stones and the gorse, fording the streams, and climbing the mountain gorges with absolutely tireless energy. The forest of Ballachbuie was always a favourite place for picnics, and during the King's first sojourn at Balmoral after his accession, Queen Mary and the children picnicked nearby every day. The King and Queen remained at Balmoral to attend the annual Royal Gathering at Braemar which draws thousands to witness the Highland games. They returned to London, after spending a few days at Sandringham.

The beginning of 1911 was made memorable to the Royal children, because, in January, the King invited Mr. Thomas Sopwith to fly from Brooklands to Windsor Castle. Mr. Sopwith encircled the Round Tower and alighted on the golf links. Prince Henry, Prince

George, and Prince John rushed to greet the biplane as it landed, and asked innumerable questions as to every part of it. Soon afterwards, the King came up and shook hands with the pilot, expressing pleasure that the machine was British-built. The King as usual was the most practical man there; it was he who noticed that the radiator was leaking, and he helped to patch it up.

Perhaps you will ask yourself at this point: "How did King George like being a King?" It is difficult when one is writing to give any sense of the changed atmosphere that marked the King's accession to the Throne. To be King George, after being Prince of Wales, was a much more significant and vital thing than is generally supposed. "Yes," people say, "but is not the King to-day politically little more than one among the other public men?" He may be, but he is nevertheless the symbol of the British Throne, and on him, to a great extent, depends the future of the land he rules over. There are not many people in this country to-day who talk about a Republic. King George has, in every sense of the word, made the monarchy a real safeguard for Democracy; and, because of these things, his kingship is a very serious and sacred trust.

He can never get away from the limelight. Everything he says or does is reported, and occasionally distorted. King George is the most home-loving of the monarchs, but how seldom does he get a chance of the simple homelife that he loves. "The King can do no wrong," is an old adage, as untrue as it is old. Nobody

knows his faults better than King George, but he has done something which, I think, few Kings in the past have ever achieved. He has made a "full time job" of his kingship, and everyone loves and admires a real worker. This brings me to a phase of his character on which, very naturally, I cannot dwell—the King's true and heartfelt belief in God. In his speeches he never refers to Providence, but always to God, and this belief—I can find no other word—of His Majesty has shown itself all through his life. There has never been, to my knowledge, a false note in it; I have never heard him say anything that was not strictly true. Long ago he promised Queen Alexandra that he would read a chapter of the Bible every day, and he has kept his promise.

As to what the King means to his friends and to the general public, it is difficult to write without seeming to exaggerate. To his friends, he is an ideal British gentleman; to his subjects, he is a great and beloved King. I am afraid I have broken into my narrative in writing thus, but the tale of events cannot be dissociated from the nature of the man with whom the events are concerned.

On the 22nd of June, 1911, the King was crowned with all the splendour of his forefathers' coronations. Following his father's affectionate action, he embraced the Prince of Wales tenderly after the act of homage. As the Coronation procession passed down Whitehall on the return journey, two people began to sneer. When a Britisher's fury is aroused, he is the most terrible person in the world, and those two men would

have been lynched and thrown into the river, but for the intervention of the police.

The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and Princess Mary now began to take up new duties. While their Majesties passed in procession through London, their sons and daughter acted as hosts to the Foreign Representatives, receiving them on a special stand which had been erected in the Green Park. The Prince of Wales was very shy, and, as he told his sister, was already beginning to dread his Investiture at Carnarvon, which was fixed to take place on the 13th of July, when he would be created formally Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

The King, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, addressed the following letter to the People of the Nation and the Empire:

Buckingham Palace,
29th June, 1911.

To My People,

Now that the Coronation and its attendant ceremonies are over, I desire to assure the people of the British Empire of my grateful sense that their hearts have been with me through it all. I felt this in the beautiful and impressive service in the Abbey—the most solemn of my life—and scarcely less in the stirring scenes of the succeeding days, when my people have signified their recognition and their heartfelt welcome of me as their Sovereign. For this has been apparent, not only in the loyal enthusiasm shown in our passage to and from Westminster and in the Progresses which we have made in different districts of London, but also in the thousands of messages of goodwill which have come to me across the seas from every part of the Empire. Such affectionate demonstrations have profoundly touched me and have filled me afresh with faith and confidence.

Believing that this generous and outspoken sympathy with the Queen and myself is, under God, our surest source of strength, I am encouraged to go forward with renewed hope. Whatever perplexities or difficulties may lie before me and my people, we shall all unite in facing them resolutely, calmly, and with public spirit, confident that, under Divine guidance, the ultimate outcome will be to the common good.

GEORGE R.I.

The Prince of Wales was coached for the ancient ceremony of Investiture at Carnarvon by Mr. Lloyd George, and the proceedings were very interesting. It was the first time an English Prince had been formally invested in the Principality itself. Queen Mary went with her son, and the Prince always said that his mother gave him his feeling of self-confidence. "Mother was so absolutely dignified and quiet," he said to me: "one just had to pull oneself together, and be dignified and quiet, too."

The year of 1911 also saw the greatest Durbar that had ever taken place in India, and the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress went to India to be present at it. The day their Majesties left London, I remember it poured rain, and the King turned to me with the remark that at any rate London was giving them a characteristic send-off. The crowds, however, stood in the rain for several hours to wish the King and Queen God-speed, and it was with their cheers ringing in his ears that the King left London.

It had been arranged that their Majesties should sail on H.M.S. *Medina,* one of the two largest liners capable of navigating the Suez Canal, while the sister ship, the *Maloja* carried out to India the special Dur-

bar guests. The *Medina,* which had been taken over by the Royal Navy for the voyage, was the handsomest yacht afloat, and was painted white with a ribbon of Royal blue. After a short stay at Bombay, the Royal visitors went on to Delhi for the Durbar.

The preparations had been made on an immense scale. All the roads round Delhi had been specially prepared, so that no dust should fly, and huge canvas cities had sprung up all over the place for housing the thousands of visitors. Each of the immense camps had its own entrance courtyards, with grassy lawns with beds of flowers, and wide red drives. A great deal of the work had to be done twice over owing to a spell of bad weather just before their Majesties' arrival: eleven inches of rain fell during one cyclone. Another disaster was the explosion of a mass of fireworks near to the Royal Pavilion, that had been erected for the use of their Majesties. This was burnt down entirely, and had to be built again with almost miraculous speed.

Nothing, however, marred the splendour of the arrival of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress, and the magnificent procession which followed. The plains of Delhi were one mass of soldiers in different uniforms and formations. Behind these, stretching as far as the eye could see, were the multitudes of people who had come to pay homage to the Great White King. Hundreds of elephants, covered with jewels and Cloth-of-Gold and led by men who looked as if they had come out of the "Arabian Nights," took the guests to the immense Pavilion. The King and Queen arrived

in great state, and ascended the twin thrones with all the pomp and pageantry so dear to the East. Both wore robes of purple velvet trimmed with ermine, the heavy trains being carried by pages.

After the King's speech, their Majesties received the homage of the Princes and Chieftains, who, one by one, came into the open space in front of the thrones and bowed to the ground. After heralds had read the proclamation of the Coronation in English and Urdu, the King-Emperor again rose and made an announcement which caused a wave of excitement to run through that vast assembly of people. This announcement was that the seat of government was to be removed from Calcutta to Delhi. After this, there was a religious procession of Hindus, Mahommedans, and Sikhs; and then the King reviewed 50,000 men of the Indian Army. An investiture followed in the Royal Pavilion. One terrible moment occurred during this: there were 3,000 people under a canvas roof when cries of "Fire" were suddenly heard. For one moment, the whole vast audience swayed, but, seeing the Emperor and Empress sitting absolutely still, the wave of panic passed, and the cries of "Fire" were found to be false. I believe that if the King and Queen had made the slightest movement to rise, a tragedy might have occurred. By their courageous presence of mind, they saved a situation that might have had awful consequences. The arrangements for the Durbar had all fallen upon Sir John Hewett, G.C.I.E., and when their Majesties left Delhi, the King asked specially to see him, and shook him warmly by the hand.

Then occurred a difficult time for their Majesties, for all the Indian Princes had vied with each other to offer hospitality to their King-Emperor. The officials in charge of the arrangements had as much as they could do in deciding which should be accepted, and which must be refused. The King decided to visit Nepal, as his visit in 1906 had been cancelled on account of cholera. Here he hoped to get some of the big-game shooting that he loved. Unfortunately, the Maharaja died on the 11th of December, just before the King's arrival, but it was his dying wish that a great shoot should be held, so the King returned from Nepal with a wonderful bag: 21 tigers, 10 rhinoceroses, and 2 bears.

While the King was shooting, the Queen again visited the Taj Mahal and the tomb of Akbar, both of which places she said she could never tire of visiting. The King and Queen met again at Bankipore, and took the train to Calcutta, where they were entertained magnificently.

They arrived home in England in a blinding snowstorm, on the 5th of February. The crowds cheered to see their King again, and I shall never forget the King turning to me and saying "The English climate may be changeable, but her people certainly are not."

The Prince of Wales came down to meet his parents. It had been decided that he should matriculate at Magdalen College, Oxford, after spending six months in Paris to perfect his French. "I want the visit to be quite a private one," the King said when the subject was discussed. "I had a wonderful time in Heidelberg

because my visit was private, and I want David to get away from the pomp and splendour of Court life for as long as he can."

A Tour by their Majesties which I always regard as one of the most important they ever made began after their return from the Durbar. This was a tour of the industrial centres of England, and it occupied, on and off, a period of two years, ending in fact only just before the War. Out-of-the-way towns were visited as well as great cities, and the King and Queen talked with "all sorts and conditions of men." He showed a knowledge and understanding of all sorts of industries which surprised many people. I am always glad he made this tour when he did, for during the War his appeals to different industries to "carry on" had much more force than they would have had if he had not seen the conditions and talked with the people themselves.

The year 1914, which was destined to be a landmark in history, dawned in exactly the same way as any other year. Britain had settled down into what seemed certain to be a peaceful and prosperous reign. The King and Queen and their children were loved universally, and everything pointed to the year being a happy and successful one. The King was esteemed by his Ministers of State, and the Queen, by her tact and her sympathy, had bound herself to the women of England with bonds of undying affection. The political situation was not so good, and the Home Rule Bill cast a shadow which was not dispersed easily.

Although it had been rumoured in Paris that their Majesties would not visit France on account of the

troubles in Ireland, they decided—quite rightly, I think —that they would keep their promise to the President. A most wonderful reception was given to them in Paris, and the King's pleasure at the enthusiasm was described in the words used by M. Poincaré, *"Le roi est radieux."* Those of us who knew the King were aware that, in spite of his cheerfulness and his charm, he was much worried about Ireland. He spoke long with M. Poincaré about the situation. "I cannot," declared the King, emphatically, "let a civil war begin. On the other hand, I have not the powers that certain Conservatives reproach me for not exercising."

The Russian Minister, M. Isvolsky, was in Paris just before the King's arrival, and he had an audience with M. Poincaré, by the orders of his Government, during which he begged M. Poincaré to urge King George to mage an alliance with Russia. If Great Britain would not agree to an alliance, he requested at least an understanding similar to that which Great Britain had with France. M. Poincaré replied that he was sure King George would not entertain any proposal without consulting his Government, and his supposition was correct. When the subject was broached, King George replied briefly: "Yes, it would be a good thing if we also had a Naval Agreement with Russia." M. Poincaré said afterwards to one of our leading statesmen that he thought his visit to London in 1913, and their Majesties' visit to France in April, 1914, had done more to strengthen the Entente Cordiale than any other events. It was certainly an advantage that the King had been

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Investiture of Edward, Prince of Wales (1911), who is shown between King George at right and Queen Mary

able to show himself to the French people so recently, and win their esteem before the Great War.

The Industrial Tour of their Majesties' ended at Hull, where the King opened the New Dock and laid the foundation-stone of the new Municipal Sanatorium and Hospital. Almost while the King was speaking of the prosperity and revival of trade that he hoped would soon arrive, the bombshell at Serajevo burst upon the world—the murdering of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian Emperor, and his consort, the Duchess of Hohenburg, by two Bosnian Serbs.

The news of the Serajevo tragedy was greeted by statesmen throughout Europe, with the greatest concern but His Majesty, in spite of the tension in the air, visited Dundee with Princess Mary, and after this spent two days inspecting the Grand Fleet, accompanied by Commander Sir Charles Cust and Lt.-Col. Clive Wigram. His message to Admiral Jellicoe, on leaving, was the ordinary message which the King of a peaceful nation would send to his Fleet:

> "After two most interesting days spent here, I leave with feelings of pride and admiration for the splendid force which you command with the full confidence of myself and your fellow-countrymen."

The King, and in fact the whole of the nation, went calmly on with work during those July days. The Austrian menace to Serbia was quite obscured by the anxiety created by the Home Rule for Ireland Bill that was coming before Parliament. The mantle of the "Peacemaker" had descended from King Edward to

his son. He was keenly desirous of bringing about a settlement by all parties meeting for friendly discussion. As a matter of fact, so far back as his visit to Balmoral, when Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George had discussed with the King the question of Ireland, he had made himself acquainted with the views of Liberals, Unionists and Nationalists.

It was a most delicate business, for the King was, of course, entirely independent of all parties, and occupied an impartial position. What he always sought with his Ministers was to bring parties together on common ground, and seek a settlement in that way. On the 21st of July, when the Home Rule question was becoming acute (and, as it proved, only a fortnight before the outbreak of the Great War), the King delayed his visit to the Fleet at Spithead to call a conference of the leaders of the four political groups at Buckingham Palace—the Government, the Unionists, the Nationalists, and the Ulstermen. Among those present were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond.

The King made an entirely new departure in modern history at this conference by acting directly and personally in the matter of controversy. In his speech, he pleaded earnestly for peace through compromise. The King's words and actions provoked a good deal of criticism, as most departures from tradition do. But, as Mr. Asquith affirmed, His Majesty never swerved by a hair's breadth from the attitude of a Constitutional Monarch, and it was generally agreed that the time was ripe when the King might depart from ancient usage.

Surely this call came from his very heart when he uttered the words: "The cry of 'civil war' is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people."

A greater terror than trouble in Ireland now became daily a more absorbing fear. How should Germany know that a country that was on the verge of civil war, torn to pieces by internal troubles and entirely unprepared, would in a few days band itself together into a strong, unconquerable nation? But this is what happened. Germany had calculated on the trouble in Ireland affecting us seriously, but, at the outbreak of War, a truce was agreed upon until the termination of hostilities, and 100,000 men raised by Ulster joined the British Army.

The King, who had worked hard and anxiously over the Irish Question, was now plunged into a conflict which was to eclipse every controversy during the next four years. It was during these years of horror that King George came into his own as a courageous leader of his people.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GREAT WAR

King George and Prince Henry of Prussia—The King writes to the Tsar—The Prince of Wales eager for active service—"You might be taken prisoner"—"One man who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in the country"—Incessant toil at the Palace and outside it—Lord Northcliffe's tribute—"The King tramping about in the mud as though he were partridge-shooting"—Visits to the Front—The King's Christmas cards—"The King is a listener"—Accident in France—Shocked by Lord Kitchener's death—His unswerving faith in ultimate victory.

IT would not be fitting in this book to describe at length the record of the most terrible war which the world has ever seen. I can only speak of it in so far as it concerns the character of the man whose story I am writing. Because he was the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, every aspect of the War was naturally of great concern to King George. Generals and leaders had their own particular spheres of action, and in action they found relief. Ministers of State were so busy conducting the War that they had little time to think. But the King, standing aside from politics and military leadership, had to watch day by day and hour by hour the agony of his

people, and that was a more difficult rôle to play than being engrossed in active service.

The King hated the War with all the hatred of a peace-maker. Will any of us who were in close touch with affairs of State ever forget those last days of July, 1914? On the 23rd of July the Austrian Note to Serbia was presented, allowing Serbia 48 hours' grace. Within the next few days Austrian troops were marching into Belgrade, and at the very end of July came the momentous interview between King George and Prince Henry of Prussia. During this interview Prince Henry, who had been on a brief visit to London, declared that the Kaiser was desirous of peace, although he was being forced into war by the military activities of France and Russia. The Prince begged King George to use his utmost influence on these latter countries, and allow Austria to carry out its punitive expedition against the Balkan States. This interview caused much controversy afterwards, for the Kaiser, writing a few days later to the President of the U.S.A., claimed that King George had promised British neutrality. This was, of course, absolutely false, and was denied authoritatively.

By this time, Great Britain and her Dominions had awakened to the fact that war was imminent. Each day brought the awful catastrophe nearer and nearer. On the 31st of July, Germany declared war against Russia, and sent a 12 hours' ultimatum to France. No man ever worked harder for peace than King George during those last days of July. He was at his desk all day, and took no rest except to walk round the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

On the 1st of August, King George sent his famous message to the Tsar of Russia. No sincerer words than this plea to avert war have ever been uttered. "I cannot help thinking," he wrote, "that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any possibility of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I therefore make a personal appeal to you to remove the misapprehension, which I feel must have occurred, and to leave still open grounds for negotiation and possible peace. If you think I can in any way contribute to that all-important purpose, I will do everything in my power to assist in re-opening the interrupted conversations between the Powers concerned. I feel confident that you are as anxious as I am to secure the peace of the world."

But the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had already begun to gallop, and the news came that Germany had declared war on Russia. The solemn words of the Tsar's reply came to those waiting at Buckingham Palace, but each word made clearer the certainty of war:

"In this solemn hour, I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. I trust your country will not fail to support France and Russia. God bless and protect you!"

After this, it was merely a matter of hours. On the 2nd of August, the German troops invaded Luxembourg; on the 3rd of August the Belgian Government refused the demand of German occupation and "assisted passage" to German troops. On the same day

German soldiers crossed the Belgian frontier and on the 4th of August, fighting began, and Great Britain declared war on Germany. The War had started and the whole British nation turned to their King. It was very like King George that, now that the need for talking was over, he should set his lips, square his shoulders, and, with his people behind him to a man, decide to "see it through."

On the 9th of August, the British Expeditionary Force landed at Boulogne. The King had gone to inspect the men before they left for France. The meeting between the King and Sir Douglas Haig was brief but cordial. His Majesty shook hands with him and his commanding officers, wished them luck, and started back for London and his almost overwhelming duties again. How his thoughts travelled with the Expeditionary Force crossing the Channel, I can only guess, but I saw tears on his Majesty's cheeks when he bade these pioneers of his Army farewell.

The young Prince of Wales was filled with the most eager desire to take his place on active service immediately. Having been gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, he bombarded everyone, from his father downwards, with questions as to how soon he could get "out there." He joined his battalion at Warley Barracks, and about five weeks later the battalion was ordered to France. Lord Kitchener thought it best that the Prince should not go. I shall never forget the disappointment on the young man's face, when he came to appeal to his father. As a matter of fact, I think he expected to wheedle his father into giving his consent,

but the King was adamant. He said that he must be governed by Lord Kitchener's decision.

The Prince, with that determined expression which reminded me exactly of his father, went straight from the Palace to the War Office, and saw Lord Kitchener once more. "What would it matter if I were killed?" he demanded. "I have four brothers, and any of them is just as fit to fill my place." To which Lord Kitchener replied: "If that were the only consideration, I might not think that I had the right to oppose you. But you might be taken prisoner, and we've got enough to fight about without that." However, by continually sticking to his purpose, the Prince got out to France within two months.

Britain stood like a rock during those first days of war. There was no financial crisis, thanks to swift tactics; everyone sought to do his, or her duty with calmness and faith. It was good for the Empire to have a King on the Throne who was absolutely and resolutely British—a King who had been a sailor and a soldier, and a King who made himself beloved throughout the whole Empire. It is impossible to enumerate all the things that he did during those anxious days. He was one of the first to send an ambulance and a pair of his own horses. He contributed personally £200 to the Belgian Relief Fund, and £5,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund. To give some idea of the tasks, mostly monotonous, that the King accomplished between the outbreak and the finish of the War, it may be mentioned that he presented, personally, 50,649 War decorations. Mr. Lloyd George's

tribute was absolutely true, when he said: "There is one man who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in the country, and he is the Sovereign of the realm."

Buckingham Palace during war-time set an example to every household. After breakfasting with the Queen and any of his children who were at the Palace, the King settled down to work—work which did not end until far into the night. China tea, toast, marmalade, and fish or eggs constituted the war-time breakfast of their Majesties. The morning was taken up with various duties at the Palace, every quarter-of-an-hour being mapped out in order to attain the maximum amount of work. First of all, the King received members of his household; then, about eleven o'clock, all the London newspapers were brought to the King in his study. In peace-time he saw as many as thirty newspapers every day, but during the War this number had to be limited. Various articles were marked for the King to read, but most of the newspapers reached him untouched, and nothing was ever hidden from his Majesty.

His heavy morning mail was gone through with his secretaries before lunch. Before the War it had been very large, for people wrote to his Majesty from all parts of the world, on all kinds of subjects, making impossible requests.

Luncheon was at half-past one, and the Royal Family was rationed by the King's wish like ordinary people. It was the simplest of meals, and the King often took it alone with the Queen. It was also always a short

affair, for the King and Queen had to start off immediately afterwards to visit munition factories, flying-grounds, hospitals, etc. These visits were carried out regularly, day after day, and there is no doubt that the constant appearance of the King and Queen amongst their subjects did a great deal for the morale of both civilians and soldiers.

It is difficult to believe how their Majesties managed to go on without a breakdown of health, for the strain was sometimes overwhelming. And, let it be remembered, that all the time the King was aware of anxieties in the minds of politicians, Admirals, and Generals, that were not known to the general public. Tea was served at five o'clock if their Majesties were at home, but they very often dispensed with this meal, and the King, returning home from an inspection or a visit, would go straight to his study and remain hard at work there until dinner.

At the evening meal there was a little relaxation. It was then that the King heard what his children were doing, and home matters and public engagements were also discussed. I remember those war-time dinners very well, for, even during the meal the King always had important papers brought to him. Often, after reading them, he would quietly leave the dinner-table with an apology and return to his study, working there with his secretaries until every bit of the day's work had been accomplished.

"I make it a rule," the King once told me, "never to leave anything over until the next day, for, if I did, I should never get through the work at all." It

is difficult for the outside public to realize the magnitude of the work which the King did during the War; even the clerical work was colossal. For instance, every list of promotions that was passed through was signed by the King's own hand. With all this work thrust upon him, his Majesty retained his versatility and his wide knowledge. Lord Northcliffe, who had met all the great men of the day, once said of his Majesty: "King George can talk on any subject for three minutes better than any man in the world. If he ever had four minutes at his disposal, no one knows what he might do!"

On the 29th of November, 1914, the King made his first visit to the Front. It was an historic, soul-stirring time. For one hundred and seventy-one years no British King had been among his soldiers in the field. King George did not lead his men to battle, as in olden days he would have led them, but his presence meant much more than that. It was a great, yet poignantly sad, moment for the King when he was greeted in France by men from all over the Empire. The King, during his few days' visit, did not waste a moment. He went to the headquarters of all the Army Corps and divisional commanders, inspected the different departments of General Headquarters, and visited Base, Receiving, and Field hospitals.

At General Headquarters he was visited by the French President and General Joffre. He also received Marshal Foch, and paid a flying visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians, who were with the Belgian Army, conferring the Order of the Garter on King

Albert. The last part of his visit was spent with the Indian Expeditionary Force. An officer in the I.E.F. wrote thus vividly of the visit: "A red-letter day indeed —for the King turned up here at 10.45 this morning, and stayed quite a long time, inspecting detachments of the Indian Army Corps . . . quite the most informal show I have ever seen. He strolled up and down the ranks chatting with all and sundry . . . The Leicesters were in front of us; they had only come up out of the trenches and were in a lovely state of mud and unshavedness. The King simply revelled in them. He stopped and chatted to quite every one man in three, and wanted to know all about trench fighting. . . . One man was wearing a pair of German boots which interested the King very much. He spent quite twenty minutes with the Leicesters; after that, he gave two V.C.'s to gunners . . . and then, when he ought to have been moving on, he began strolling up and down the line again asking all sorts of questions and noticing everything. At last they got him into his car. . . . It was altogether a wonderful visit, so quiet and informal and businesslike. No apparent precautions or rehearsal, the King tramping about in the mud as though he were partridge-shooting." This was a very sincere appreciation by a quite unknown officer.

Before his departure for British G.H.Q., the King sent a special Order of the Day, only an extract of which can be quoted here. "I wish I could have spoken to you all to express my admiration of the splendid manner in which you have fought and are still fighting against the powerful and relentless enemy. By your

discipline, pluck and endurance, inspired by the indomitable regimental spirit, you have not only upheld the tradition of the British Army, but added fresh lustre to its history. . . . I cannot share in your trials, dangers and successes, but I can assure you of the proud confidence and fortitude of myself and of your fellow countrymen.—George, R. I."

The King had been met by the Prince of Wales in France, and the Prince had accompanied his father in the tours of inspection. I noticed that the King often looked at his son while he was in France, wondering, I expect, what strange fate had sent this young Heir Apparent to the Throne into the muck and squalor of War. But the Prince was happy—there was no doubt about that; and nobody in those days, from King to beggar, dared let his thoughts go to the future. That the King hated the enemy that was hurting his country so grievously, was not to be denied; but he set all of us, I think, an example, by his lack of personal animosity. For instance, when going round the hospitals in France with the Prince of Wales, the King one day spoke in German to a wounded German officer, and afterwards expressed the desire that the German wounded should be well supplied with literature. "Their lot is doubly hard," he said, "for they cannot talk to the other wounded men."

Christmas was spent very quietly at Sandringham. There were no festivities, although every tenant and workman on the Norfolk estate received a good Christmas dinner, special provision being made for a family where the man was at the Front. Who will forget that

first Christmas of the War? Few of us, I fancy, and certainly not the King and Queen. There was no holiday for them, and their own personal fears for the safety of their two sons who were both serving at this time could not find expression, as it did in so many homes, in a flood of tears. The King worked as hard in his study at Sandringham as he did in Buckingham Palace, and was kept in close and continual touch every day with the developments of the War and the international situation. The fighting men were never forgotten for one moment. Every soldier and sailor will remember the kind thought of their Majesties and Princess Mary at Christmas, 1914.

Their Majesties' remembrance took the form of Christmas cards, which were distributed to every officer and man. There were three cards, one for the Navy, one for the Army, and one for the wounded. On the naval card there was a photo of his Majesty in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. A special photograph was taken of the King in khaki uniform for the Army; while the card for the wounded contained a photograph of her Majesty. The message for the Army and Navy was simple, and was a facsimile of a card written in the King's own handwriting: "With our best wishes for Xmas, 1914. May God protect you and bring you home safe." The King and Queen's autograph was underneath. The message to the wounded was similar, but contained the additional words: "May you soon be restored to health."

At the beginning of 1915, when the situation in France was very grave, the King decided to cut down

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The King crossing a river on an elephant during his big game hunt in India

his expenditure even more. Queen Mary, who, with her daughter, was doing invaluable work in the Needlework Guild and many other activities, endorsed fully her husband's idea. Consequently, several more rooms in Buckingham Palace were closed, and the lighting was restricted even more. It was no uncommon thing for people in the Palace to see the Queen making her rounds and turning off unnecessary lights. There were cards placed in every room with the injunction: "Please put out the light."

In April, the King made an announcement that he had decided that no alcohol should be consumed by him or by any member of the Royal Household until the end of the war, and this voluntary pledge was very fully kept. It made a deep impression on the country, and the Royal example was widely followed.

The tragedy of the *Lusitania* in May upset the King most terribly. Soon afterwards, the enemy Kings and Princes were struck off the Roll of the Knights of the Garter. During all this time the King and Queen never had a day unfilled by some duty or other. His Majesty was certainly "one of us" as a soldier once said, in a very true sense. Both their Majesties preferred that their ceaseless visits to the sick and wounded should be made entirely without ceremony. "There can be no ceremony between me and the dear boys who are fighting for us," said the King to me once, and there never was any. The hospitals gradually got to know the King's wish for informality. One hospital, however, not having been inspected by their Majesties before, and hearing that they intended to pay a visit,

telephoned and asked whether it would be possible for them to come an hour later, as fresh cases were just expected from Victoria.

"That is just how the King wants to see you—when you are extra busy," said a member of the staff at the other end.

The King and Queen arrived unobtrusively, and watched quietly the expert handling of the new cases.

"No decorations of mine will ever repay you for what you are doing," said the King afterwards, as he shook hands with one of the doctors.

The King was always deeply interested in his Indian troops, and in August, 1915, visited the Indian wounded at Brighton. One wounded Indian soldier was asleep when the King visited his ward and his Majesty asked that he should not be disturbed. "He would never forgive me if I let him sleep on," said the officer in charge. When the interpreter told the dazed man that it was the King standing by his bedside, the man's only words were: "Thank God I can tell them in my village that he stood by my bed!"

Very Oriental was the time-honoured custom of making petitions to the King-Emperor, and these petitions were made by Indian Sepoys who approached his Majesty with reverence. The King, with his wide experience of India, knew how important it was to listen to these, however trivial. Whatever may be the decision the Sepoy is content, for the King has listened and that is enough. "He is a listener," said one of the Sepoys, when the King had gone by. "All we want in India is a listener." Two Sepoys, greatly daring, took

this opportunity of approaching the Presence. Said the first: "My brother and I were both wounded, and came to England. They told him I was dead and he went mad. But I was not dead, and the Sahib took me to see him. He became sane and we both wept. But next day he went mad again, and said that it was a dream and an illusion. And he has gone back to India, while I—well, I gave six shillings to an Indian writing-man to buy me something in the bazaar, and the writing-man—they are all accursed, these writing-men—he took my six shillings, and will not give them back." "This," said the King, "is a serious matter, and shall be looked into."

The second petitioner had lost two brothers at the Front, and it behooved him to return to his village to settle the affairs of his family. "This, too, shall receive consideration."

The year 1915 dragged slowly on. The King and Queen continued untiringly to review armies, and visit the camps and hospitals. Among other events, His Majesty went to the great industrial centres and inspected numerous munition factories, heartening the workers by his cheery speeches, his friendliness, and his absolute assurance that if we all worked together we should win in the end. He spoke to the men and women toiling in those cold northern towns as a friend, making them realize individually the importance of their task. One man said later: "He shook hands right heartily; my oily fist left a lovely mark across his glove, but he didn't care."

It was in October, 1915, on his second visit to France,

that an unfortunate accident happened. His Majesty was reviewing some troops, and was mounted on a strange horse which, frightened by the cheering that greeted the King, reared up and fell over, its hind legs slipping from under it on the greasy road. The King was pinned underneath, and he was found to be suffering from severe injury and shock, although no bones were broken. I was present on this occasion, and I shall never forget the horror of that moment when, I suppose, all of us thought that the King must be killed. The trouble was made worse by the fact that a long motor-ride had to be taken in the pouring rain before the patient could be made comfortable.

The news, when it reached England, caused great anxiety for a few hours, but the bulletins that were issued at once allayed a great deal of this anxiety by saying that although the King was confined to bed he was only bruised severely. Among the doctors who signed the bulletins was Sir Bertrand Dawson, now Lord Dawson of Penn, whose name has become so familiar on the bulletins of the King's recent illness.

The King made light of all the pain he had to endure, but it was noticeable how weak he was. He determined—and nothing would shake him from this determination—that he would present the Victoria Cross to Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks, of the Coldstream Guards. The man was taken to the hospital-train where the King lay, and, kneeling by the bedside, had the coveted Victoria Cross pinned upon his breast. His Majesty's hands trembled as he tried to fix the

pin, and he finally had to own that his fingers were too weak to place it without assistance.

The King crossed the Channel in the hospital ship *Anglia,* which was torpedoed a few months later, and the ambulance which conveyed him from Victoria to Buckingham Palace was a new one which had been presented by the ladies of Burma. The King was bruised so terribly that the ambulance started off at 8 miles an hour, and then dropped down to a speed of about 3 miles an hour. It was some time before the King was able to mingle again with the public whom he loved so much. He spent his convalescence in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, but was terribly impatient to get about again, and take his share of the national burden.

It was not until the 1st of December that he was able to drive out again, and on this occasion he and Queen Mary dined at Marlborough House, for the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday.

There was not much to comfort the nation in the New Year. The rebellion in Ireland in May upset the King more than he would own. I shall never forget seeing him when the first news arrived. He turned very pale, but, as was always the way when most worried, he said nothing whatever to his family or friends. He talked cheerfully about the good news that had just been received from the Front, and tried to dismiss the new anxiety from his mind. Just about this time the Battle of Jutland was fought. The Royal Family had personal interest in it, for Prince Albert

was serving with the Fleet, and for some time they could not get news as to whether all was well with him. Disasters did not come singly in 1916, for on the 5th of June, Buckingham Palace received the tragic tidings that Lord Kitchener had been drowned with his staff in the *Hampshire,* off the Orkneys, on his voyage to Russia. This was a terrible blow to King George, who had admired Lord Kitchener greatly. He could hardly believe he had gone, and, although he strove against the news making any difference to his work, I could not help noticing how ill and haggard he looked.

On the 18th of June, the King inspected privately the whole of the Grand Fleet. He visited the wounded in the Royal Naval Hospital, and in his address expressed sympathy with the Navy for having had to wait two years before engaging the enemy fleet, afterwards thanking them for their work. Only a very few people knew of his Majesty's visit to the Fleet, and the general public was not told until a day or two after his return.

The load which his Majesty had to bear was beginning to tell on him more obviously from this time onwards. He became quieter, sometimes even sombre. The War aged him, and even to-day he still feels the effects of it. But in spite of all the strain, he maintained a cheerfulness of outlook that helped to keep some of us sane during those distracting days. Never for one instant did the King believe that Right would not win in the end, and his unwavering faith was an anchor in the wildest storms. "The King can still smile," said a man one day to me, "and if he can, I can!"

In August, the King went again to the Front, although the fact was not announced in England until after his return. He filled up every minute of his time, cheering and encouraging his soldiers, and trying to visit as many places as possible in order that his troops might see him. He travelled from end to end of the British Front by motor-car, saying quietly: "I don't want any preparations made. I want you to forget I am a King. God knows, I can do little enough, but I can do more if my time is not wasted by ceremonial."

Queen Mary and Princess Mary were meanwhile tireless in work for the troops at home. While the King was in France, and often while he was at home, countless tea-parties were given to wounded soldiers and sailors in Buckingham Palace Mews. The Queen and her daughter helped personally to pass food round, and afterwards shook hands with all the staff, down to the charwoman who had helped "to add to the comfort of their guests," as they put it.

In December the political situation became alarming. Mr. Lloyd George, Minister for War, wanted changes of a drastic nature made in the War administration, and sought also the reduction of members of the War Cabinet. Mr. Asquith resigned the Premiership, and the King sent for Mr. Bonar Law who, however, declined to form a Cabinet. On the 7th of December, Mr. Lloyd George undertook to form a Cabinet, with Lord Derby as War Minister, and a new era in the War began.

CHAPTER XVIII

STRENUOUS WORK IN WAR YEARS

Prince George's first public function—The Silvertown disaster—"These things go to my very heart"—Strict rationing in the Royal Palace—"You can't shave with lukewarm water"—The welcome roses—The United States "comes into the War"—A joke told to Ambassador Page—Air-raid on London—Comforting the injured—Message to bereaved parents—Visit to the Grand Fleet—"He sticks it, God bless him!"—The Prince's "leave"—The Silver Thimble Fund—A pig that was discussed in the House of Lords—A soldier's account of an Investiture—"I might have been shaking hands with a pal"—Peace at last—King George's speech at Buckingham Palace.

IN the first month of 1916, Prince George, who had lately attained his thirteenth birthday, took part in his first public function. He received at Buckingham Palace a deputation from readers of a children's magazine who presented an ambulance for the Belgian Field Hospital. He said a sentence or two of thanks in accepting the gift, which was duly passed on to Belgium. It may be added that Prince George's contribution to War work was knitting many articles for sale at War charity bazaars. He was an expert knitter from an early age. Princess Mary was tireless in her work

for bazaars on behalf of War charities, and very ingenious in devising new ideas.

The King and his subjects all over the world faced 1917 quietly, and yet with a deepened sense of anxiety that was only natural. Nearly every family had at least one man fighting, and the losses which were reported day after day only stimulated a grim determination that the War *must* be won.

"Give us more guns and more shells," was the perpetual cry from the Front, and with superb heroism the women of Britain threw themselves into the breach, and guns and shells were produced in ever-increasing quantities. Life was being lived so bravely during those days that even the terrible Silvertown Munition Factory explosion, which occurred at the beginning of 1917, did not discourage the workers in other parts of London. It was I who told the King about this disaster, soon after it occurred. He read the communication quietly, and then handed it back to me without a word. There was a very long pause, and then he said: "These things go to my very heart." He gave orders that £250 should be sent from him for the relief of the stricken area, and sent personally to the London Hospital to inquire after the sufferers.

The King always felt that he could not do enough for his gallant forces from overseas, and at the opening of Parliament in February he commanded that the Royal Gallery, through which the Royal Procession passes, should be reserved for wounded officers and men from the Dominions. Just before the arrival of the procession, the Lord Chamberlain read out a message

from the King to his soldiers "Tell my brave men," the message ran, "who have fought so gallantly for me and my country, how I appreciate their service, and what a pleasure it is to me to place at your disposal for them the Royal Gallery." The message also wished them a speedy recovery and a safe return to the countries they loved so well.

In March came the compulsory rationing of meat and butter. For the most part this new restriction was received by the public with the same acquiescence that they had shown through all the trials and troubles of the War. A few, however, grumbled. I happened to be passing a meat queue, I remember, one day, and I heard a woman remark that this must be the time when it must be a lovely thing to be King of England. "Wonder 'ow 'e'd like to be told that 'e couldn't 'av a secon' 'elpin'," I could not help going up to her, and telling her that the King and Queen were rationed in exactly the same way as their subjects, and that the very strictest economy was practised in the Palace. "The King's ration cards will be valuable in days to come," I heard an old man say; and as a symbol they are of priceless value. The King could not share his soldiers' privations at the Front, but he could, and did, share them at home.

In connection with this strict economy, a story is told of how the King was shown apparatus for heating both the building and the water when he was visiting a hospital. "How lucky you are," the King remarked to one officer, "we live in one corner of the room to keep warm, and only have one hot bath—once a week. The

hot water business is a problem: you can't shave with lukewarm water, can you?"

In March the King decided to turn part of the riding-school in the Royal Mews into a dormitory for men home on leave. Queen Mary was always interested in the men who used the dormitory, and the room itself never lacked flowers, even though the Palace had to go without flowers sometimes. I shall never forget once seeing the Queen unwrapping a bunch of glorious roses that had been sent to her. The Queen's love of flowers is well known, and there were tears in her eyes as she arranged the blooms tenderly. "One sees nothing but vegetables growing," she remarked, "and to see and smell these is a great treat." Vegetables were grown in the gardens of Buckingham Palace all through the War, and I can assure my readers that flowers were a luxury. Those particular roses were kept alive for weeks, Princess Mary cutting the stems carefully every day.

This month of March stands out in my memory as one of the most terrible months of the whole War for the Royal Family, for it contained the Russian Revolution, the abdication of the Tsar, and very gloomy news from the Front. The King followed Russian affairs as closely as possible, and often spoke of the Tsar's children, especially of the little Tsarevich. "What will happen to them all?" he said once: "God knows, for Russia has gone mad!"

But the debacle on the Eastern Front was, fortunately, counteracted by the intervention of the United States at the beginning of April. A great breath of

relief surged all over the land when the news that "America had come in" was made public. The King at once sent a message to President Wilson congratulating him, on behalf of the Empire, on the United States entering the War, and thanking him for the "great ideals so nobly set forth in your speech in Congress. The moral not less than the material, results of this national declaration are incalculable, and civilization itself will owe much to the decision at which, in the greatest crisis of the world's history, the people of the great Republic have arrived."

About this time Mr. Page (U. S. Ambassador) saw a good deal of King George; and the King and he would "chat like two human beings." On one occasion the King told Mr. Page a story.

"I've a good story on you," said he. "You Americans have a queer use of the word 'some,' to express mere bigness or emphasis. . . . Well, an American and an Englishman were riding in the same railway compartment. The American read his paper diligently—all the details of a big battle. When he got done he put the paper down and said, 'some fight!' 'And some don't!' said the Englishman."

And the King roared. "A good one on you."

" 'The trouble with that joke, sir,' I ventured to reply," said Mr. Page, " 'is that it's out of date.' "

We were all so elated at the intervention of the United States that I am afraid our point of view was not altogether sane. "Now that America has come in, we *shall* win the War," was the cry on many people's

Sandringham House, the country home of the King and Queen

lips. The King did not say this. At lunch, the day after America had declared war, he said: "The moral help that America will give by coming into the War is incalculable, but we shall have to remember that she will not be ready to put armies into the field for some time yet. We must not expect the impossible, and we must hold on now in exactly the same way as we have been doing."

On the 13th of June, a never-to-be-forgotten day for Londoners, a daylight raid on London occurred. An Investiture was being held at Buckingham Palace, and, after this was over, the King and some of his staff went to the devastated regions by car. The East End folks with the sturdy courage that no Huns' shells could destroy, greeted His Majesty with cheers, and the King, after seeing what had been done, went to St. Bartholomew's and the London Hospitals to see those who had been hurt.

"The King was absolutely splendid," was the opinion of all the sisters and doctors. At the London Hospital, His Majesty, when going through a ward, came to a bed with a screen round it, and looking round saw that an operation was being performed on the leg of a man. The surgeon apologized to the King, saying that he dared not stop his work. The King asked if he could come and watch, and stood by the bed for several minutes watching the operation. His Majesty spoke to practically everyone who had been injured, although there were many too ill to recognize him. He did everything he could to cheer the victims up. "Cheer up, I

am sure you are all out of danger," he said in one ward; and to another man he said: "You have had very bad luck, but it might have been worse."

His Majesty shook hands with many of the nurses, and made a point of asking them exactly how and where the patients had received injuries, probably having in mind the problem as to whether greater danger lay in small or large buildings, under cover or in the open street. His parting words at the London Hospital, were as follows: "I have just come from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and seen very sad sights, especially among young victims. Those dear children! One had a right eye terribly damaged. They will do anything—anything."

The King did not satisfy himself that he had shown enough sympathy for these poor children, for, on the 19th of June, he sent a message to the Bishop of London, in which he said: "The King asks that you will assure the parents of those children who were killed during the air-raid, while at school, how His Majesty and the Queen are thinking of them in their saddened homes, especially to-day when their little ones were laid to rest."

After this barbaric raid, the King decided that German names and titles borne by the Princes and Princesses who were his subjects should be relinquished, and he himself did a thing unparalleled in history when he proclaimed on the 25th of July that: "We . . . having taken into consideration the name and title of our Royal House and Family have determined that hence-

forth our House and Family shall be styled and known as the House and Family of Windsor."

His Majesty never forgot the Navy, and again in June he went to visit the Grand Fleet, bestowing decorations at sea to all those who had distinguished themselves in the Battle of Jutland. King George revelled in being at sea again, and his pride in the fleet is shown. by his message to Sir David Beatty (now Admiral Lord Beatty) on his return to London: "I wish to congratulate you and the Grand Fleet," he wrote, "on the high standard of preparedness I found on coming among you. I thank you for your patient endurance that keeps the British Navy ever ready to enhance the glories of its historic traditions."

In July the King made his fourth visit to the Front, and this time Queen Mary went with him. They stayed in France a fortnight, and the enthusiasm of the troops was unbounded. As usual, the time was taken up with visits to hospitals, inspecting troops, and conferring decorations. Lieut. H. Malens, who did a great deal of the filming that took place during the War, tells in his book of the King's kindness to him when they were making a tour of the trenches. "Often," he said, "the King hung back, and debated various things in the trenches, so that the camera-man might keep up with him."

A characteristic little incident occurred when the King was leaving one of the casualty clearing stations. Suddenly he stooped down and tenderly picked up a small puppy that had run between his legs. He fondled

it for a moment, and then handed it to the Colonel. An officer remarked when the King had gone: "That dog only came in here yesterday, and he has done so much damage playing about that the Commanding Officer was determined to get rid of him, but we won't now part with him. I shall put a red, white and blue ribbon round his neck, and call him 'George.' He shall be the hospital's mascot." And he was!

The King's sympathy with his troops, I think, cannot be better illustrated than by the following incident: The remnant of an Army Corps, on the verge of utter collapse after terrible slaughter, were resting in a large courtyard when the King entered. He said nothing, but looked swiftly round, and then clasped each man by the hand, and went out again, too much moved to speak a word.

In August the King was busy inspecting troops, and receiving General Pershing and his officers who had arrived from America.

In September, the King and Queen went up to Scotland to make a round of munition factories, and also paid a visit to the shipyards at Sunderland. Here the King's almost uncanny memory for faces showed itself. He saw a one-armed man during the inspection, and immediately went over to him. "Hallo, Sharp," he exclaimed, "where did you lose your arm?" Sharp was a former shipmate of the King in H.M.S. *Formidable* and H.M.S. *Inflexible,* whom he had not seen for twenty years; he had lost his arm through a gun backfiring.

This reminds me of another similar occurrence, when

I was with the King early in 1918. The King saw a colleague of mine who was wearing a naval uniform. I had forgotten the fact, but, some time before, this officer had been in the Army, and had been presented to the King on one of his visits to the Front. "What does this mean?" asked the King, and was much interested in the officer's story of his transfer. The King remembered exactly where he had met him before and on what occasion he had been presented to him. It was another instance of His Majesty's remarkable memory for faces.

The King's reception in Scotland on the Clyde was one of the most enthusiastic he ever had. His Majesty ate and slept in his own railway-carriage, and travelled all night to reach Glasgow. At Glasgow, Mr. Lloyd George made one of his most telling speeches, and his sincere tribute to His Majesty was received with such cheering that the speech was stopped, and the great audience rose and sang: "God save the King." A daily paper, in a leading article the next day, used very true words when it said: "Germany would be a more potent enemy than she is if the head of her State were not now himself a factor of controversy. In that respect, at least, our chief enemy is handicapped as against Great Britain."

The King, as always, got on famously with the men and women in the workshops. The young women in khaki overalls interested him greatly, and he afterwards remarked to one of his staff: "I never thought I should be so proud of the women of Britain as I am to-day."

The King put such new heart into the workers "up north" that some of the heads of the factories could scarcely believe that they were the same people, who, a few days before, had been so disheartened. "He was like one of ourselves," was the remark that could be heard on all sides. "He hasn't an easy time, but he sticks it, God bless him." was another saying; and the Scotch girls were never tired of repeating: "He's so natural with one."

The rest of the year was filled with official duties. Among other things, His Majesty visited and approved the new London air-raid shelters that had been erected. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert came home occasionally on flying visits, and these were the only times that the King allowed himself any relaxation. During the Princes' "leaves," the King and Queen made a point of spending as much time as possible with their gallant young sons. King George and the Prince of Wales were then, and still are, extraordinary good friends, and His Majesty's eyes would often light up when he looked at his young khaki-clad son. I always thought he looked years younger when the Prince of Wales was at home, and the Prince was almost the only person who could make him laugh during those months of war.

Despite all the prolonged strain, the Empire maintained its courage, and believed that in 1918 a decisive blow would be struck. The backbone of the nation was still as firm as a rock. If at the Front we were fighting with "our backs to the wall," at home we were living "with our backs to the wall," from the King down to

the lowest subject. Even in July, the most terrible month of the War, the King's balanced optimism triumphed. It was not an optimism based upon the clouds, like that of so many of the so-called optimists of that time; it was an optimism founded on unswerving faith in God and it was this faith of the King and so many of his subjects that, I firmly believe, gained for us the victory. His philosophy is summed up in one of the speeches he made during this dark month. I quote a part of it because it reveals the character of the speaker: "We may cherish, I believe, well-founded hopes that in the furnace of war new links of understanding and sympathy are being forged between man and man, between class and class, and that we are all coming to recognize as never before that we are all members of one community, and that the welfare of each is dependent upon and inseparable from the welfare of all."

The Silver Wedding of the King and Queen was celebrated in July, but their Majesties would not allow any fuss to be made. It was a very quiet occasion, although the King and Queen of the Belgians flew over to England for it and thus achieved the record of being the first monarchs to fly to England. There was a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral in the morning, and a procession of three thousand women warworkers marched to the Palace, and presented an address, to which the King replied: "As the struggle in which we are engaged becomes more intense, the need of the assistance of all the women of the country grows greater. I am confident that women and men alike are prepared to make every sacrifice to that end.

In the sure hope that your labours may soon have their reward, I wish you God-speed."

It seemed indeed as if in the darkest hour of England's misery the King wanted to show himself even more to his people. There was not a single day in that black July that some public visit was not undertaken by their Majesties. One day they paid a surprise visit to the allotments at Wimbledon. The Queen was presented with a little pig which had the signal honour of being mentioned in the House of Lords. A baby pig has never been under discussion before or after this event, but a heated argument took place when a Bill legalising lotteries for War Charities was under discussion. It was mentioned that the Queen had handed the pig over to the Red Cross Society, and if it were allowed to be raffled, it was maintained that a considerable sum might be raised. From Wimbledon, by the way, had emanated a unique and very successful idea for raising money. The Misses Hope-Clarke started the Silver Thimble Fund, and received so many thimbles and other silver articles that over £60,000 was obtained. Ambulances were purchased and were inspected by the King at Buckingham Palace, and other excellent uses in wartime were made of the Silver Thimble Fund.

On the 24th of July the King again visited his Grand Fleet, including the United States Battleship division. Admiral Hugh Rodman, the American commander, received a good many semi-private visits from King George, whom he greatly admired. Admiral Rodman is himself a great humorist, and often diverted the King

by his jokes. On one occasion they went down to inspect the engine-rooms and fire-rooms together. As they came to the latter, the King said: "Admiral, your fire-room is as clean as a dining-room." To which the Admiral replied: "Thank you very much, sir; your opinion is very much appreciated." During one visit the Admiral asked His Majesty if he would consent to throw a few shovelfuls of coal into the furnaces, as he had done in a British battle-cruiser. A new shovel was handed to the King who wielded it with vigour amid the cheers of the stokers.

In July His Majesty announced to the Overseas Delegates who were in England for the Imperial War conference that he hoped the Prince of Wales would visit the Dominions after the War. It had always been a dream of His Majesty that his son should follow in his footsteps, and work for the Empire by going to see all parts of it. He felt that it was only right that he should let the Dominions know that their magnificent services were not being passed without recognition, and that in the future a fitting ambassador would be sent out to tell them just what their loyalty meant to the old country.

The King, in his speech, showed how deeply touched he had been by the splendid response of the Empire to Britain's call for help. "The magnificent contributions of men, money and munitions made by all the Overseas Dominions and India, the efforts you have put forth, ever-increasing as the danger grows greater, are a source of pride and comfort to me as they are of won-

der to the whole world," he said. "The Empire is founded on a rock of unity which no storms can shake or overthrow."

Many Investitures were held in the open air at Buckingham Palace during the early autumn in the presence of proud relatives. Usually the men in the queue began by being shy and nervous, but the King always put them at their ease. A gunner, who was decorated with the M. C., gave a description of what he felt like afterwards, and what he felt for the King, I cannot do better than quote what he said:

"What a jelly-fish I felt!" he wrote. "Then the King spoke, and whether it was the influence of those kindly eyes or the reassuring smile I know not, but all my nervousness was gone. 'How long have you held a commission? How long were you in the ranks?' the King asked me, for nothing escapes his keen eyes, and he had spotted the ribbon given to me when in the ranks. 'Have you been in France all the while?' and then, glancing at my cap-badge: 'Very useful weapon, I hear.' Then, of course, I could have talked to him for hours. After pinning on my M. C., he shook me so heartily by the hand that I might have been shaking hands with a pal. There's nothing unfriendly about the King—he just gets you every time."

At last the tide began to turn. The great German offensive had failed, and the Allies could push forward. Lille and Ostend were reoccupied, and the British Armies stood again before Mons. The Germans asked for an Armistice, and Marshal Foch agreed to this on severe conditions. On the 11th of November, the actual

fighting ceased along every front. The War was at an end.

It was a moment full of overflowing emotion when the King drove through the City of London, and spoke afterwards to his people from the balcony of Buckingham Palace. Everyone was keyed up to the highest pitch, and for a few moments the King stood on the balcony silent, feeling the great sigh of thanksgiving that came from the hearts of his suffering people. When at last he spoke, it was very simply. His heart was too full for words. "With you I rejoice and thank God for the victories which the Allied arms have won, and brought hostilities to an end, and peace within sight." Thereafter the whole population went almost crazy with delight. Work ceased in offices: crowds perambulated the streets, singing and dancing with joy.

The King's belief in the fellowship of man was strengthened by the Allied victory. In his famous victory speech, he said: "Cannot a spirit of reciprocal trust and co-ordination of effort be diffused among all classes?" In this alone His Majesty saw any hope for the future of the world, and although his belief has been shaken, he believes that surely, though slowly, this ideal will materialize. The whole of the Armistice afternoon was spent by His Majesty in dictating messages to all his Forces, and it was not until the late evening that he had a moment to realize that for the first time in four years his subjects were not being killed somewhere.

That night the King had a glass of champagne; it was the first wine that had passed his lips since his

voluntary pledge made on the 5th of March, 1915, with the exception of the occasion when, on his doctor's orders, he had some light wine after the accident in France.

The War was over, but for the King there was very little rest. He had now to begin to pull his weight in the mighty process of reconstruction that the end of a great war would entail, for a nation does not recover in a week, a month, or even a year.

Life was never more arduous for King George than during those first post-War years.

CHAPTER XIX

AFTER THE WAR

First Royal visit to an entertainment—"I am proud to shake you by the hand"—Christmas in London—Welcome to President Wilson—The passing of Prince John—Peace Day scenes outside the Palace—"We want King George!"—The Two Minutes' Silence—"You have to know so much more"—An old-style Christmas at Sandringham—Visit to Ideal Home exhibition—" 'Happy' likes eating small flowers"—First wedding in the family—"I do not want to hear negations"—Pilgrimage to War graves—A noble message to The Empire—"Live as you hope to die."

THE day after the Armistice Buckingham Palace was snowed under with letters. Now that the War was at an end, it seemed as though the whole Empire wished to congratulate the King, and telegrams and cablegrams followed each other in rapid succession.

A very eminent man went to see the King early on the 12th of November, and I had the honour of speaking to him afterwards. He is not at all the type of man who ever overpraises anyone, but that morning he said to me quietly: "The King is wonderful: anyone but he would relax a little to-day. I only went prepared to

congratulate him, but what you you think we talked about? Why, the best way to accomplish the immediate release of all our prisoners."

There was a great Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and I have never seen such reverent crowds as lined the route from Palace to Cathedral. The King and Queen drove to St. Paul's for the service, and as they came out afterwards, Queen Mary did a spontaneous little thing—she put her hand suddenly through her husband's arm, and they walked to the waiting car like that. The crowd noticed the act of affection, and I think I shall never hear such cheers as followed. Even more than before, London seemed to realize all that their King and Queen had meant to them through the long, dark years which, thank God, were ended at last.

On the 18th of November; their Majesties went to the Alhambra. It was a gracious act intended to show how deeply the King and Queen appreciated the tremendous work which had been done by artistes in raising vast sums of money for War funds and charities.

For the first time since the War had started, I saw the King throw back his head and laugh heartily in the way he often used to laugh. That night he and the Queen seemed to throw off their gravity, and both talked and laughed continually with their guests. The King said afterwards to a famous actor: "To have kept the British people laughing for the last four years, I consider to be one of the greatest achievements of the age. I am proud to shake you by the hand."

Scotland was not forgotten, and on the 19th of

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Her Majesty the Queen

November, His Majesty went up to Edinburgh. As the train sped northwards, he recalled his last visit, and remarked that he had found it well-nigh impossible to ask, continually, the people to make greater efforts, when they were already making superhuman efforts. During his few days in Scotland, the King watched the bulk of the German High Seas Fleet steam into the Forth after its surrender. As a naval man none knew better than he how those German seamen must be feeling. As the great ships steamed slowly in, he lowered his eyes for a minute. It was a triumphant moment, but I believe that at that moment the King was not thinking so much of the triumph, but of the sacrifice which brought it about.

The scenes that occurred day after day in this remarkable month seem to be printed on one's mind as if written with an indelible pencil. For instance, will any of us who were present ever forget the scenes of enthusiasm in Hyde Park, when on the 23rd His Majesty reviewed 15,000 silver badge men. For a scene of its kind it was unparalleled. The men broke ranks in their endeavour to shake the King's hand. His Majesty was equal to the occasion, shaking hands with as many as possible, and taking everything in excellent part. The men were at last persuaded to return to their ranks, and were reviewed by His Majesty as arranged. The King, in his message to them, said: "I am glad to have met you to-day, and to have looked into the faces of those who, for the defence of home and Empire, were ready to give up their all. . . . As your King I thank you. We all honour and admire you

for the ungrudging way in which you have done your duty."

Christmas in 1918 was anticipated with delight by the Royal Family, as it was looked forward to eagerly by the nation. For the first time, their Majesties were spending it at Buckingham Palace, and President Wilson, who had come to England, was their guest at the Palace. His tumultuous welcome in London was amazing. The Royal Family missed going down to Sandringham, but duties kept the King in London. Ten years were to pass before he was again to spend a Christmas at Buckingham Palace, and then the Christmas was a sad one.

There was a shadow over Buckingham Palace during the Christmas season of 1918, for little Prince John, the baby of the family, was ill all through December. Prince John was not generally known to the public, for he had always been delicate, and was subject to epileptic fits, which grew more frequent as the years went by. He was the sweetest little boy imaginable, but none of us saw him very often, as he had to be kept quiet. He lived most of his short life at Wood Farm, Sandringham, with Mrs. Bell, his nurse from infancy.

Nobody knew how the King and Queen suffered over their little boy. During these War years the child was often very ill, and their Majesties, during many of their smiling, cheery visits to hospitals and camps, sometimes did not know what news they would receive when they returned home. Their own parental anxieties were never allowed to interfere with public duties.

How the King and Queen sometimes longed to go down to Wood Farm to see their little boy, instead of remaining in London, can only be imagined, for it can never be known, although some of us guessed.

Once I happened to be with the Queen, when she was visiting a hospital for children. Suddenly she stopped at a cot, saying: "Oh, how like my little Johnnie he is!" and there were tears in her eyes. Tenderly she went up and kissed the little boy. That was the only sign I ever saw her give of an ever-present anxiety about the little Prince. He had a decided talent for drawing, and loved gardening. His little garden at Wood Farm was always beautifully kept, and often when he wrote to his parents he would enclose a pressed pansy. Once a really lovely rose came out on his rose-tree. "Mummie must have this alive," he said to his nurse, and accordingly it was cut, packed carefully in a box, and sent to Queen Mary, who wore it for three days, and then kept it in a little vase in her own room.

Prince John died on the 18th of January, 1919, and his funeral, at their Majesties' request, was very simple.The coffin was made from oak at Sandringham, and the grave was lined with ivy, studded with poinsettias and shields of Christmas roses. Canon Dalton conducted the service, and the King and Queen cast little bunches of spring flowers into the grave of their "darling little Johnnie."

In March, the Victory Procession of the Guards again roused public enthusiasm to fever-pitch, especially as the Prince of Wales marched past with the

soldiers. His Majesty took the salute, and referred to them afterwards as "a Division which knew no defeat." The King's message was distributed to every man, printed on Buckingham Palace notepaper over a facsimile of the King's signature.

The balcony at Buckingham Palace has been, on many occasions, a scene on which the eyes of multitudes have turned. Many times the King and Queen have stood there, in sad times and in gay, after the weddings of their children, or at reunions with their family. But the most memorable occasion when their Majesties appeared on that balcony was on the 28th of June, 1919, the day on which Peace was signed. A vast mass of people extended from the gates down the Mall, as far as the eye could see. Directly their Majesties appeared, there rose a great cry of "Speech," from thousands of voices. The King spoke clearly, and was heard by a considerable number of people.

It did not matter much what the King said that day, for he and his subjects were one in heart and feeling and no man thanked God more humbly or more sincerely for the Peace which had at last come to the world than the King. His words were great in their simplicity: "Peace has been signed—so ends the greatest War in history. I join you all in thanking God."

After saying this in his clear resonant voice, he reentered the Palace, but the people were not satisfied, and the great crowd waited all day, shouting in imitation of the Westminster Chimes: "We want King George." In the late afternoon the King again ap-

peared, and leant over the balcony. "The Queen and I thank you most sincerely," he said, "for this demonstration of loyalty to us. We are deeply touched by it, and we thank you for your kindness from our hearts." Still the crowd remained, and at about 11 P.M., His Majesty appeared again and, after saluting repeatedly, waved his hand informally and shouted "Good night!" Then, and then only, the loyal crowd dispersed.

The next few months were so crowded with engagements that, to give my readers some idea of them, I quote them as they were jotted down in my diary at the time:

"*July 5th.* His Majesty took salute at Victory March, standing for one hour and a half. He looked tired, but was interested as usual in everything. . . .

"*August 5th.* Prince of Wales leaves on promised visit to Canada. Could tell that their Majesties felt parting deeply. Both very fond of him, and I do not wonder. . . . Queen and her son say good-bye in her boudoir before starting for station, as Prince specially asked that no fuss be made in public.

"*October 17th.* Transport strike. His Majesty returned from Balmoral to London by road. . . . Amusing incident occurred outside Stamford. The Royal car passed two-seater. Owner in difficulties. The King stopped his car, and asked man (Lancashire artisan) what trouble was. Man replied that he lacked necessary screw-driver. His Majesty thereupon stopped a motor-lorry, borrowed screw-driver, and asked driver to render what help he could. King's identity not known.

"*November 7th.* His Majesty visited Motor Show.

. . . Interested on learning that total output of one firm is 600 cars a day. . . . 'It looks as if they are aiming at an ultimate supply of cars for everybody,' His Majesty remarked. . . . Expressed satisfaction at progress in construction since Armistice."

These jottings, taken at random from my notebook, show how full His Majesty's life was, and how, in spite of the sufferings of war, he had managed to keep that vital interest in people and things which alone, I believe, has kept him so young in body and spirit.

What form the first anniversary of the Armistice should take was a question very seriously discussed by the King and his Ministers of State. It was His Majesty, himself, who thought of the Two Minutes' Silence, for he understood so well that only in quietness could an act of remembrance be sealed solemnly. Accordingly he sent the following message to his people.". . . The thoughts of everyone being concentrated on reverent remembrance of the glorious dead. . . . I believe that we shall all interrupt our business and pleasure, whatever it may be, and unite in this simple service of silence and remembrance." Even greater than expectations was the people's response to the King's appeal. The Two Minutes' Silence has now become a permanent national act of homage, which very few would like to see abandoned. Each year the King has been present at this impressive service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

December saw the home-coming of the "Ambassador of the Empire," the name by which the Prince of Wales was beginning to be known. Their Majesties had specially asked that, if possible, he should return in

time for Christmas, for family ties were still very strong, and at this time of the year the Royal Family loved to be together. The King and Queen went to meet him at Victoria, and the Prince, as he kissed them, said, "It's great to see you both again, and it's ripping to be home."

A dinner-party was given by their Majesties at the Palace in honour of their son's return. The Prince made an excellent speech, and I could see that the King was both pleased and proud. "I think he has broadened out tremendously," he said to me afterwards. "I still maintain there is nothing like travelling to broaden one's mind, and the more David travels, the better I shall be pleased." Certainly the Prince of Wales has travelled enough even to please his father, and it is most interesting and amusing to hear father and son yarning about their world-wide travels. The King is extremely interested in all modern improvements and ideas that are creeping into the new and old countries. Once I remember His Majesty saying to his son: "Your work must be about twice as difficult as mine ever was. You have to know so much more."

Christmas was spent in the real old style at Sandringham, the happiest Christmas that the Royal Family had spent for many years—for the Christmas after the Armistice had been marred by the illness of little Prince John. Sometimes I could hardly believe that the young men and the beautiful young woman who rode and played "Squash" and teased each other, could possibly be the same as the little children, who had played and romped in these grounds not so very long ago. Yet

every day there were instances that they were the same. The Prince of Wales, although he had been through the War and had come back from a most successful trip to the United States of America and Canada, was still Prince David in his liveliness and humour. There were presents for us all, not now tied up with ribbon, but given with that half-shy, charming manner that has made the Prince so universally popular. Princess Mary, grown to beautiful womanhood, sang about the house as she used to sing, and was the confidante of everyone, especially her brothers.

The Peace Treaty was ratified in January, 1920, and the King replied to a message from the Lord Mayor of London in his characteristic straightforward way: "In this memorable hour, when we are once again at peace with Germany, I gratefully thank the citizens of London for their loyal message. With all my heart I reciprocate their hopes, and I fervently pray that, please God, this day may be the dawn of an era in which the people of the British Empire may ever live at peace with themselves and all men."

Their Majesties were not to see much of their eldest son, for in March, 1920, the Prince of Wales left London on a promised visit to Australia and New Zealand, not returning until October. King George had certainly transmitted to his son a love of travel, and, more than that, his adaptability. Neither father nor son has, I think, ever been at a loss what to say when the occasion demanded. The demands of Australia, for instance, are quite different from the demands of India; but both King and the Prince have a happy knack of

understanding the countries they visit, and this is what makes a successful traveller.

Home industries and sport, meanwhile, claimed their Majesties' attention. They attended the first Ideal Home Exhibition, and paid a surprise visit to a Cup-tie match—their first attendance at a Cup-tie other than a Final. The King owned that the object of his visit to the Ideal Home Exhibition was partly to obtain ideas for a new cottage which he was thinking of building on the Royal Estate. The Queen was particularly delighted with the new domestic utensils that were being shown, and also with the Handicraft Section, but her chief joy was reserved for the gardens. She called her husband to look at a group of starry-eyed gentians, which had been coaxed into growing at the side of a little pool. "Don't you think we might try some of these in the rock-garden, George?" she said, thinking of Sandringham. The King thought they were charming, but told his wife laughingly not to have them planted in the part of the grounds where "Happy" (the King's dog) was allowed to wander. "Happy likes eating small flowers," said His Majesty: "he thinks they won't be noticed."

On the second Armistice Day the Cenotaph was unveiled in the presence of His Majesty and large crowds. The King was also the chief mourner at the interment of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. That impressive incident has been commemorated in a picture which is now placed in the Houses of Parliament.

In 1921 the King went to Ireland, and the Prince

to India. It was unfortunate that the latter had to go to India just at that time, for he missed the first wedding of the family, that of Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, which took place on the 28th of February, 1922. It was a sad, yet joyous time for the King, for he and his daughter had been friends and companions ever since she was a tiny child. He was sad at the thought that, to a great extent, the companionship must end, that their rides together in the Row every morning would cease. But he was glad because he was entrusting her to a man of upright and sterling character who loved her dearly, and whom she loved with that unswerving, unfaltering love that a woman gives to the man of her choice. She looked very lovely, driving to the Abbey in her wedding-robes with her father sitting beside her; and father and daughter, strong in their love for one another, entered the Abbey hand-in-hand.

The first wedding! It was a happy, solemn occasion. The tenants of the Royal estates had seats in the Abbey to see "their Princess" married. His Majesty was not the Sovereign but the Father on that day. His pride and joy in his only daughter could be seen, when, on the return to Buckingham Palace, he led her and her husband onto the balcony, and then withdrew into the background, to let the young couple take the volume of cheers, which were repeated again and again by the crowds massed below. It was as a father, too, that the King dispelled any sadness, when the bridal pair left on their honeymoon, by pelting them vigorously with paper rose-leaves, made at his special request by wounded soldiers. It was only after they had gone, that

the King turned with a sigh and said: "How we shall miss her!"

The excitement of the wedding over, His Majesty settled down to studying the work of reconstruction which, modestly out of sight, he played an important part in pushing forward. As the King once said: "I do not want to hear negations. I have no use for what people wouldn't do. I want to hear what they *would* do." His Majesty was well informed about international affairs, and was interested to read or hear what other countries were doing.

For some time he had been wanting to visit the War graves in France, and in May, 1922, the opportune moment seemed to have arrived. After a State visit to the King of the Belgians, His Majesty started on his pilgrimage—for pilgrimage it was. He asked to be allowed to go simply, as a pilgrim, without ceremony, and with a small suite. In the khaki uniform of active service, he went from one cemetery to another—this quiet, grave, intent man who was the King of Great Britain and the Emperor of India. He was acclaimed warmly by the people of the countryside, and would often stop and speak to men in their own language, admiring their babies, and hearing about their misfortunes in the War.

During the whole tour, His Majesty lived on the train, and was accompanied throughout by the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig. I have always thought that these two men had much in common—both had that simple directness of character, both disliked fuss and flattery, and both knew the value of silence. Their

journeys between the various cemeteries were often very silent, but they were never uncomfortable, for each man was engrossed with his own thoughts. No better man in the world could have guided His Majesty through the battlefields of France than Earl Haig. Zeebrugge cemetery received the first visit, and His Majesty stood for some time on the Mole, near the place where the splendid old *Vindictive* had been pushed alongside. At the Menin Gate the King left a chaplet of palms and bay leaves in memory of the Belgian dead, and was shown the plans for the proposed memorial. The King approved these, but emphasised the need that the names inscribed should be clear for all to read. Even Earl Haig was surprised at the King's intimate knowledge of the battles which had taken place in France. At Vimy His Majesty spoke of the battle in which the Canadian Troops had won the key position, and telegraphed to Lord Byng, the Governor-General of Canada, the following message: "I have just spent the night at Vimy; my thoughts are with you."

At Notre-Dame de Lorette, His Majesty was met by the late Marshal Foch. There was a warm hand-shake, and the French Marshal's face was lit up by a smile which was reserved for men he liked, be they kings or beggars. "I have come," said His Majesty, "to lay a wreath in homage, on the tombs of French heroes who have fallen for their country." At Picquigny station, the Royal party was met by the Bishop of Amiens. There were no set speeches, but the Bishop reminded King George that the last visit of an English King to

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

President Wilson and King George

Amiens was in 1475, when Edward IV had agreed to a treaty of peace with the French King. His Majesty walked among the graves at Etaples cemetery with bowed head, occasionally stooping down and reading the name on one of the crosses.

Before he had left England, a West of England woman had sent a bunch of forget-me-nots to the Queen, begging her to lay them on the grave of her dead son at Etaples. The Queen gave the flowers and the message to the King, and he carefully took the little bunch across to France with him, and himself laid them on the grave. At the Cross of Sacrifice, Terlinchun cemetery, on the 14th of May, the King sent a message to his people all over the world, and these words of his—I cannot call them a speech, they are too real and too sacred—are the greatest he has ever spoken, in the opinion of many people. They show that he is a master of prose, and also a man with an inspired vision.

Standing with the rows of crosses stretching before him into the distance, he spoke to that mighty concourse of people who are his subjects. It is impossible to quote more than extracts: "Here," he said, "in their last quarters lie sons of every portion of the Empire. . . . I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth, through the years to come, than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war. . . . I rejoice I was fortunate to see them in the Spring, when the returning pulse of the year tells of unbroken life that goes forward in the face of apparent loss and

wreckage; and I fervently pray that both as nations and individuals, we may so order our lives that we may be able to meet their gallant souls, once more, humbly and unashamed. Standing beneath this Cross of Sacrifice, facing the great Stone of Remembrance, and compassed by these sternly simple head-stones, we remember and must charge our children to remember that, as our dead were equal in sacrifice, so are they equal in honour, for the greatest and the least of them has proved that sacrifice and honour are no vain things, but truths by which the world lives."

These magnificent words, sent throughout the British empire, thrilled and heartened countless thousands of people, and gave to a disillusioned and post-War world, a finer courage and a truer grasp of the essentials of living.

In the churchyard at Dersingham, which forms part of the Sandringham estate, is an ancient tombstone on which is inscribed: "Live as you hope to die." The Vicar of Dersingham, in the course of a harvest festival sermon, in the presence of the Sandringham Company of Territorials, said that the King had noticed the inscription. His Majesty paused, and then remarked to one who was with him. "That is a very good motto to have." In his noble speech after the pilgrimage to the War graves, he sounded far and wide the same great message as the old tombstone bore—"Live as you hope to die."

CHAPTER XX

"THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM!"

Duke of York's betrothal—The King's first grandchild—A charming wedding—"Betty looks a little tired"—The King meets Signor Mussolini—First Royal speech broadcast—"He is a grand shot"—A good judge of horses—An attack of bronchitis—Peaceful passing of Queen Alexandra—"Wherever she is, she will be happy"—Princess Elizabeth—The General Strike—"Fancy the Guards going into battle in that get-up!"—The chill that caused the King's grave illness—Thousands of letters of sympathy—The Queen tireless in her devotion—Slow days of recovery—A vision by the sea.

THE opening of the year 1923 will be remembered by the general public chiefly because of the engagement of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. It was entirely a love-match, and the King gave his consent with the utmost willingness.

The Royal assent, which is a formal necessity, was given to the young couple early in February, and on the 12th the King's formal declaration of the betrothal was made public. It was over 250 years ago since a Prince in direct succession to the British Throne had received the King's consent to marriage with a subject. When King George during the War changed the

family name to Windsor, he also abolished the rule that members of the Royal House must marry only members of Royal families. Henceforth, they would be allowed to choose their wives and husbands from the families of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls.

Never has a King upheld the dignity of the Throne more than King George, but never has a King been less afraid to depart from traditions when he has felt that it would be for the good of others. His Majesty's sons and daughter will always thank their father for his modern ideas regarding marriage. The King was absolutely delighted to welcome the fresh and charming Lady Elizabeth, whom his second son had chosen to be his wife. She paid a visit to Buckingham Palace soon after the engagement was announced. The King and Queen welcomed her with open arms, and she became in very truth a second daughter to them.

The year was full of those domestic happenings that the King loved so well, for, on the 7th of February, a son was born to Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles), at Goldsborough Hall. The birth of the first grandchild is always a great event in any family, and the King and Queen did not conceal their delight at the happiness of their beloved daughter. Their Majesties went to Goldsborough for the christening, which was performed by the Archbishop of York on the 28th of March. King George was amused at the baby's constant and loud crying during the ceremony. It drowned his godparents' responses; and I believe the King was recalling the christening of his first son, and the loud and naughty cry which the Prince of Wales

had uttered when Queen Victoria had taken him into her arms to give him to the Archbishop. Queen Mary stayed with her daughter at Goldsborough for a little time afterwards, but the King was compelled by engagements to return to London.

In view of the later visit of King Amanullah, of Afghanistan, to this country, and of the trouble there in 1928 and 1929, it is interesting to realize that on the 28th of March, telegraphic communication was inaugurated between Great Britain and Afghanistan. Ever since King George's visit to the Indian frontier, he has been interested in this little country upon which so much depends. In answer to King Amanullah's message, in which he hoped that the friendly relations which existed between Great Britain and the whole Moslem world might be established, the King replied: "I greatly regret that the event of the War should have given rise to a belief that Great Britain no longer desires such relations. It is the desire of myself and my Government, as far as possible, to live in peaceful and neighbourly co-operation with the Moslem world, and your Majesty may be assured that, wherever men are seeking justice and peace, Great Britain welcomes their friendship."

The approaching Royal Wedding was engrossing the attention of their Majesties. The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth were most delightful lovers, and during her engagement the bride-elect spent many charmingly informal week-ends at Sandringham as the guest of their Majesties. Lady Elizabeth seemed to fit perfectly into the simple life of the Royal family. I

can see them now, the Duke and his fiancée, coming in breathless from riding, or walking arm-in-arm down the flagged path to their own little seat, which was hidden away in the grounds and came to be known as "Elizabeth's seat." Much good-humoured chaff was poured upon the pair by the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, but Lady Elizabeth had brothers of her own, and knew exactly how to treat them.

The wedding took place on the 26th of April, 1923. Most newspaper readers will remember it. The Abbey service was attended by their Majesties, who kissed their son and daughter-in-law directly they entered the vestry to sign the register. The family party came out onto the balcony at Buckingham Palace on the return of the bridal pair. The young Duchess was very shy, and the Queen put her arm round her and almost drew her out of the french-windows. The Duke of York, smiling and handsome, seemed much more concerned about his wife's cloak than he was about the cheering crowds below. It was an ermine cloak, and the Duke did not think she was wrapped up enough in it. They made the most delightful couple. In the background stood the King, smiling that happy smile of his, and thoroughly enjoying the occasion. His ever-watchful eye never missed anything, and he went suddenly to the Queen and said: "Betty looks a little tired. Don't you think they had better come in now?" Again, as with his own daughter, His Majesty pelted the pair with rose-leaves on their departure, and helped to tie the traditional old shoe to the back of the car.

One of the most interesting visits abroad which, I think, the King and Queen ever paid was their visit to Italy in May, 1923. Modern Italy and its Dictator fascinates, I suppose, most of us, and I was very anxious to see the meeting between our constitutional King and Signor Mussolini, who has revolutionised Italy. The meeting was very simple. A strong hand-shake, a few words, and then a decoration was pinned on Signor Mussolini's breast by His Majesty. But it was nevertheless a dramatic rencontre—two modern leaders of nations sizing up each other. They were both rather grave, and then His Majesty smiled, and his smile is quite irresistible. Signor Mussolini was reported to have said afterwards: "The King of England is two men—one with, and one without, his smile."

There was a visit to the Pope, and, after the audience, His Majesty stopped on the staircase of the Vatican and, with his usual thoughtfulness, expressed a wish to speak to Brother Thynne, a member of the congregation of Christian Brothers, who was an Irishman and had charge of the journalists visiting the Vatican. "You have done splendidly," said the King, shaking the surprised and delighted man by the hand. His Majesty realises how far a little praise goes, and he is never stinting in that praise when it is deserved.

The King visited the graves of Italian and British soldiers at Montecchio Precalcino, and, after his speech, laid a chaplet of palms and roses at the foot of the Stone of Remembrance. I had noticed for some time a little group of boys and girls dressed in white, waiting

in a corner of the cemetery, with bunches of flowers. As the King raised his head from laying the wreath, he saw them, too, and invited them gently to come and lay their flowers at the foot of the Stone of Remembrance. The little bunches soon surrounded the King's wreath, and many of the children reverently kissed the Stone as they went by. It was a moving scene, and the King was very touched. One little girl, too young to be shy of His Majesty, said confidingly to him in Italian: "My daddy's name is on this Stone." The King, putting his hand under her chin, lifted up her little face, and kissed her on the cheek.

When the King and Queen opened Wembley Exhibition in April, 1924, they motored from Windsor to within a short distance of the Exhibition, and then changed into a State carriage. It was an occasion which will go down to history for the King's speech was broadcast for the first time. An incident, which I was privileged to witness, occurred while His Majesty was shaking hands with the four foremen who represented the 5,500 workmen employed in building the Exhibition. It brings vividly before us how close the Empire and the world has been brought to us by modern science. A telegraph boy approached His Majesty, with a large envelope containing the message:

I have this moment opened the British Exhibition.—G.R.I.

The King had despatched it one minute twenty seconds previously, and it had passed completely round the world in that time.

In writing of the King as a father and as a states-

man, I may have neglected his merits as a sportsman. Everyone knows the excellence of his shooting, for he is the best "shot" the Royal Family has had for a long time. Once when I was at Balmoral, I overheard a woman visitor to the Highlands in conversation with one of the King's gillies. She was one of those women who gush, and talked long and excitedly on the high rank of such a ruler of a mighty Empire. I could see the gillie was thoroughly bored, and at last his native politeness was worn out, and he interrupted. "But dae ye ken that he is a grand shot?" That was what mattered to him at Balmoral.

Duck-shooting is a favourite occupation of His Majesty at Sandringham, and he will bring the birds down one after another with never a miss. For some time before his illness, however, he had not been quite so energetic, and when in London restricted his exercise to a morning ride in the Row and an occasional game of lawn-tennis. His Majesty is wiser than most men of his generation. He realises that he cannot do the things he did earlier in life, and he is content to take things more gently, and is very seldom seen galloping in the Row, preferring a walk or a trot. Horses he understands and appreciates, although he has never won the Derby. On the eve of the Derby in 1924, his horse, Knight of Garter was entered by the King, but could not run.

His Majesty and his trainer, Mr. Marsh, completely understand each other, and the King is content to leave Mr. Marsh in control of his horses. He was very disappointed that Knight of Garter could not run that year, but it was of his trainer that he thought when

he sent the following message to him: "I sincerely thank you, Mrs. Marsh, and all Egerton House, for your good wishes on my birthday, which I most appreciate. I am sorry for your sake that Knight of Garter cannot run on Wednesday." The King's pleasure in racing consists chiefly of racing horses of his own breeding at Sandringham, and Mr. Marsh considers him a better judge of them than King Edward VII.

His consideration for his animals and his confidence in his trainer cannot be better illustrated, I think, than in a conversation the King had one day with Mr. Marsh. "I am afraid your Majesty will think I am a long time bringing out the two-year-olds."

"Never hurry a horse for me, Marsh," was the King's reply. "When you tell me it is ready to run, I shall be quite satisfied. I would much sooner have a nice three-year-old than a bad two-year-old."

His Majesty's interest in, and liking for, farming is not very well known generally, but at Sandringham it is no secret that his farms are very closely watched by him. He cultivates three farms there, totalling about 1,000 acres, and he also owns outlying farms, which are in the hands of tenant-farmers. He breeds Berkshire pigs and Southdown sheep, and keeps good kennels there, often showing dogs at the best shows. Sandringham produce is marketed in the ordinary way, and every farm-hand receives a pension at seventy years of age. His Majesty is improving continually the cottages on the estate, and they are the envy of all rural workers.

I am afraid I have drifted from my narrative in giv-

ing this glimpse of the King as a sportsman and a farmer, but there are many people, I believe, who when they think of the King, think of a man who always lives in Buckingham Palace and attends to duties of State. The King as a sportsman shows us another side of His Majesty, for sport has always played an important part in his life. The King has never been physically a very strong man. He has always been subject to a weakness of the chest, and, for this reason, some time ago, he restricted his smoking by his doctor's orders.

On the 17th of February, 1923, a bulletin was issued, signed by Sir Stanley Hewitt, Sir M. Wilson Rees, and Lord Dawson of Penn, which said: "His Majesty is suffering from bronchitis due to influenza." There was public consternation, for the King was never ill; but, as the Prince of Wales once sagely remarked to me: "Father hardly ever has a cold, but, when he has, it's a dashed bad one."

His Majesty insisted that the Queen should attend the concert at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Fund for the British Legion, and this public appearance of her Majesty (as usual, calm and smiling) did much to allay public anxiety. Progress continued to be fairly satisfactory, but the bronchitis extended to the bases of both lungs, and a spring cruise in the Mediterranean was advised by his doctors. His Majesty quite frankly did not want to go, but his friends begged him so hard that at last he consented. He and the Queen set off in the *Britannia,* visiting Naples, Messina, Taormina, Syracuse and Palermo. It was lovely weather, but the

King was pining for home. Cowes Bay had more appeal for him than the blue Mediterranean.

He returned to England at the end of April, very fit and brown and, as usual, when he had been away, his first visit in London was to Queen Alexandra. The Queen had held the deep affection of her son, and he and Queen Mary were often to be found at Marlborough House—Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra sitting together on the sofa, and King George leaning over the back as was his wont, bringing a sparkle of delight into the old lady's eyes by his jokes. In that drawing-room of Queen Alexandra, the collection of photographs was, I should think, unique. Photographs of King George could be seen from the day of his christening right up to the latest portrait that had been taken. Queen Alexandra, however, was getting very frail, and in November her strength began to fail slowly. The King and Queen were staying at York Cottage when they received an urgent message to come to Sandringham without delay. There was a hurried drive and their Majesties and Queen Alexandra's three daughters, who arrived at Sandringham about the same time, stayed until the end.

As she was dying she murmured the word "George," and the King, kneeling by her bedside, kissed her tenderly on the forehead. Then she asked for each of her three daughters, and kissed them, and then called finally for "May." Thus, with her son and daughters and her beloved daughter-in-law around her, she passed away on the 20th of November, 1923. Her death was a

sorrow to everyone, for her kindness and her charm had made her beloved by all.

Queen Alexandra was a great soul, with a great heart beating in that small body. I have always thought of her as a Viking—true as steel, cresting the waves of sorrow with that fortitude that is so rare. Her son, who understood his mother, I think, better than anyone else, said to me some days after her death: "Wherever she is, she will be happy; she always made happiness wherever she went." There was a simple memorial service in Sandringham Church; the cross placed by King George on the coffin was of red and white carnations, white chrysanthemums and violets, and had the following inscription: "To Darling Mother from her sorrowing and devoted children, George and May."

The funeral service in Westminster Abbey was attended by mourners representing countries all over the world. The coffin was borne to the Abbey on the same gun-carriage as was used at the funerals of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII, and the King and members of the Royal Family followed on foot with bowed heads. At the last rites at Windsor, the King made a special request that his mother's favourite hymn "Abide with Me" should be sung. His Majesty, who knew the words by heart, sang every word clearly—indeed he almost seemed to lead the singing in this hymn, which more than anything else seemed to remind him of his mother. After the ceremony, he thanked all the men of his own company of Grenadiers who had acted as bearers, shaking each man's hand,

and giving him the silver medal of the Royal Victorian Order. On that day the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled for the first time since King Edward's death.

Life is, fortunately, a mingled web of laughter and tears. On the 21st of April, 1926, a great joy came into the Royal Family with the birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York. She was named Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, but His Majesty really decided her name for, when he heard what she was to be called, he said laughingly: "She will soon be Betty; no little girl can keep up the dignity of Elizabeth," and "Betty" she became. The little granddaughter was a great delight to their Majesties. Princess Mary's children lived so far away that it was impossible for their grandparents to see them often; but the Duke of York's little daughter was "on the spot," as it were, living in Piccadilly, facing the Green Park.

She soon grew to know the two people who spoiled her, for it must be owned that although King George did not spoil his own children, he was always ready to obey little Princess Elizabeth's commands. "That is because I am getting older," he said once, but his spoiling was so delightful that it did his grandchildren more good than harm, I think.

Soon after the birth of Princess Elizabeth, the whole of England was plunged into the anxiety of the General Strike. Everyone knows how brilliantly the nation carried on, and none was prouder of the efforts that were made than His Majesty. "The most difficult thing

in the world is to be patient," he said to a friend during the deadlock, "and patience is the only thing that will help now." They were days of acute anxiety for His Majesty, for, of course, he could do nothing, and to a man of his character "doing nothing" is the most difficult thing in the world.

Immediately the Strike collapsed, His Majesty sent out a message to his people: "The nation has just passed through a period of extreme anxiety . . . At such a moment it is extremely important to bring together all my people to confront the difficult situation which still remains . . . Let us forget whatever elements and bitterness the events of the past few days may have created, only remembering how steady and orderly the country has remained, though severely tested, and forthwith address ourselves to the task of bringing into being a peace which will be lasting, because, forgetting the past, it looks only to the future of the hopefulness of a united people."

In 1927 their Majesties celebrated the thirty-fourth anniversary of their wedding by motoring to the People's Palace, Mile End. Here there was an informal guard of honour of men of the British Legion, and the King shook hands with every man. In the middle he stopped for a moment, and stretched his hand, apologising for the delay and remarking that his fingers sometimes got a little stiff. "A little stiff!" I wonder if many of us can realize what an agony of stiffness a hand can get, when it has been shaken firmly, and been shaken hundreds of times. I have seen His Majesty's

hand hanging practically useless by his side during the War, but he would never make any remark and would go on until the other hand was in the same state.

It was in 1927 that their Majesties inaugurated the charming little custom of sending a telegraphic message of congratulation to every subject attaining his or her 100th birthday. The Royal telegram took early precedence, so that it might be amongst the first greetings received. The pleasure which this Royal message gave to the centenarian was often touching to witness.

His Majesty can be very outspoken at times, and I shall never forget him at the British Industries Fair in February, 1928. He was looking at a staged battle-scene, formed by British-made toy-soldiers—a trade wrested from abroad, by the way. Suddenly he remarked: "That won't do. Good gracious, look at those marines leaving the transport in full dress! And fancy the Life Guards going into battle in that get-up!"

His Majesty, like his father, is a stickler for accuracy in naval and military matters, and cares enough to point out mistakes like these. There is still something of the boy in him when he looks at mechanical toys with pleasure. I wish we were all as vitally interested in everything as he is.

The year passed quietly; there were well-deserved holidays at Cowes, Balmoral, and Sandringham. Windsor is not used very much by their Majesties as a residence owing to its enormous cost of running. It requires a staff of 300, at least. Sandringham, with its greater sense of home, has always meant more to the King. On the 30th of October, their Majesties returned

to Buckingham Palace, and in great state the King opened the last session of the sixth parliament of his reign on the 6th of November.

November 11th was, as usual, kept by the King and Queen as a day of sacred remembrance. In the morning, the King laid a wreath of Flanders Poppies on the Cenotaph, and in the evening attended with the Queen the great British Legion Service at the Royal Albert Hall. On the next day their Majesties went back to Sandringham, and here it is believed that His Majesty caught the chill which resulted in his serious illness. I know Wolferton Marshes and am well aware how damp they can be. I was not with the Royal party, but heard that another member of the shooting-party felt the effects of the damp and was excused from continuing by the King. His Majesty decided to "carry on," although he was seen to be shivering when he returned home. His Majesty's homes are delightful, but Windsor has a damp climate, and Sandringham a bleak one; and the cold can be very acute at the latter. The King needs a climate that is both warm and dry, but this seems to be an impossibility in England. Their Majesties returned to London on the 19th of November, and on the 21st a bulletin was issued, stating that:

"His Majesty is suffering from a cold with some fever, and is remaining in bed.

(*Signed*) STANLEY HEWITT,
DAWSON OF PENN."

That was the beginning of long weeks of anxiety, which concerned not only our country, but was shared

by the whole world. On the 3rd of December, the doctors diagnosed congestion of one lung, and the bulletins became more frequent and more alarming. Not many people will forget those anxious days of December when the King lay in his bedroom fighting the hardest fight he has ever fought. Outside Buckingham Palace, crowds of silent men and women waited for the latest news. A profound gloom brooded over the Palace. Some of us who remembered the crowds at the Palace during King Edward's brief illness noticed a slight difference between the two crowds. There was less excitement about King George, but more personal concern.

I had never realised how greatly the King was loved until his serious illness. When, in the first midnight bulletin issued on the 2nd of December, the heart strength of His Majesty was first mentioned, and disquieting rumours were spreading over London, I looked at that vast white-faced crowd, and wondered whether in the whole world a man had ever been beloved as the King was. The people have always turned to Buckingham Palace in great events in our national history. Seeing them standing there, I thought of all that had happened outside those gates in the last few years. At the beginning of the War and at the end of the War, His Majesty's subjects had turned to the Palace. The King had done so much for them. I think that the great thought which rose from that mass of people was: "Now that he is ill, how can we repay him, and show him that we love him?"

On the 4th of December a Council of State was set

up to act for the King, the appointment being authorised at a Privy Council meeting held at the door of the sick-room. By this time, the Prince of Wales was on his way home from Africa. His rush back to England, expedited by the considerate action of other countries, and by splendid work on sea and land, needs a story to itself, for it is an epic of speed and co-operation. He arrived home on the 11th of December, at 10 o'clock in the evening. Victoria Station was bleak, and almost deserted. There were crowds behind the barriers, but they were silent and were mostly men. There was no red carpet. A breathless feeling of tension seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere. The Duke of York arrived to meet his brother, passing through the crowds with set face. I saw the Prince as he alighted. He looked tired out, and, without saying a word, clasped his brother's hand, and walked quickly with him across the platform. The King recognized his son when he went to the bedroom, and the very sight of him seemed to do him a little good for the moment. He even tried to smile as he murmured that the Prince would have "to take over."

On the 12th of December, an operation was performed for drainage of the right side of the chest, and then began the weary days of ebb-and-flow when none of us knew what we might hear next. For the King's friends it was an almost unendurable time, but it was alleviated by the sympathy of the whole Empire at home and beyond the seas.

In the United States of America the daily newspapers which used to write of "King George," now wrote of

"The King," as if there were no other King of any interest to their readers. Every bulletin was recorded daily, and read by millions. The total number of words cabled to the United States eclipsed all records. Italians, in their expressive way, showed their sympathy by a Te Deum in the Church of St. Paul's in Rome, and prayers for the King's health were offered up by thousands of people. The Pope said "I am praying for King George's recovery." A simple incident in Milan was told to me by an Englishman, who was there at the time. It shows how widely His Majesty was admired. A group of young Italians were lunching at Campan's, and discussing King George's illness. They decided to burn candles for the King's safe recovery. Walking reverently across to Milan Cathedral, they lit their candles before the Altar of "Our Lady of Good Counsel."

It is almost impossible to write without exaggeration of the Queen during those days. She was everywhere, and ready to do everything. Princess Mary and the Duchess of York were constantly with her; when the Prince of Wales arrived home, he occupied Prince George's suite in Buckingham Palace, and was thus able to be with the Queen at any time during the day or night.

When the King was very ill, he could not bear Queen Mary to be out of his sight. She was often in his room for hours together, and was the only one who could persuade him to take any food at all during the critical stage of his illness. Her Majesty's bedroom was very close to that which the King occupied, and she made it

a rule to visit his room once or twice each night to see that he was resting. Often he could obtain no sleep at that time. If he was not restful, she would ask the nurse if she might sit by him, and would often hold his hand until the early hours of the morning.

Her Majesty did not wish to leave her husband's bedside, even to go for a drive, but the Home Secretary said that if she did not make a daily appearance in public the people would think that the King was worse than was really the case. It was an argument that appealed to Her Majesty, although I know she was sometimes so tired and sad that she had not the least idea where she was being driven, only telling the chauffeur the length of time she wished to be absent from the Palace. Letters of sympathy to Her Majesty ran into thousands, and she spent much of her leisure time answering these.

Once she turned to me and said quietly: "I don't think any of these kind people realize how much they are doing for me by writing like this. I wonder why people are so good to me?"

A little time after the King's operation, ultra-violet rays were used by Dr. Hewitt and Dr. Woods. His Majesty seemed to be making slow progress when, on the 17th of December, there was another set-back. The King, although very weak and suffering great pain, did not forget his people, and remembered to instruct his secretary to send £5 to the Borough of Poplar Children's Carnival Fund, with a message hoping that the treat on New Year's day for 30,000 children living in the borough would be a success.

His Majesty had every bulletin that was issued read to him, so that he could see that his subjects were being told the truth. "I would not deceive them in any way," said the King, "for they have never deceived me." It was only when His Majesty lost consciousness, during the time that he was so dangerously ill, that the bulletins were not seen by him. A sad Christmas was spent at Buckingham Palace, but the Queen had the consolation of having all her children round her, for Prince Henry and Prince George managed to arrive home in time from abroad. Princess Elizabeth spent Christmas at Buckingham Palace, and often the King would ask how she was enjoying herself. The little girl was very sad about the King's illness, and, whenever she was taken to the Palace, the first words were always whether she might see "grandpa." His Majesty had always encouraged little visits to his study when Betty had been a guest, and tears were very near at Christmas when her request "to see grandpa to-day" had to be refused. The little Princess stands in no awe of her grandfather, and she became very important during his illness, explaining to her mother's callers that "grandpa had a bad cold."

Slowly His Majesty began to get better, and eventually went down to recuperate at Craigwell House, near Bognor. The doctors were delighted with His Majesty's wonderful recovery, which, they said, was due to a great extent to his own will-power.

His room at Craigwell House was papered a sunny yellow, and overlooked the sea. Queen Mary and the little Princess Elizabeth, who was often there, cheered

him up, and his stamp-albums once more gave him pleasure. As he sat by the window, or was taken out in the grounds, he often watched the race-horses which were in training along the Bognor Sands during the cold weather.

It seems to me, after watching his life for so many years, that at Craigwell House he had a vision, as it were, of his life and interests. There was the sea almost at his very doors—the sea that he loved and still loves with an almost passionate intensity—on which so much of his life had been spent. There were the long, lean horses exercising on the sands, to remind him of his life as a sportsman. Nearer still was the home life, that had always meant so much to him; Queen Mary who has never left him; the visits of his sons and daughter, and the infinite consolation of his little granddaughter.

Lastly—perhaps nearest to him of all—on the table beside him lay the despatch-box with its State papers, and the pile of newspapers that showed him day by day how the world fares. For, above the sea and sport, above even his home ties, is his knowledge of and devotion to the duties and responsibilities of Kingship. Never has he failed to put them first.

So we raise our glasses thankfully, perhaps a little tremulously, as the voice of the Nation, yea, the voice of the Empire, echoes the words that come from our very hearts—"The King, God bless him!"

THE END

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